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HUDIBRAS,

IN

THREE PARTS,

WITH FULL NOTES.

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

HUDIBRAS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

WITH NOTES AND PREFACE,

By ZACHARY GREY, LL.D.

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TO THE READER.

POETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may without offence observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our author wittily invokes.

"Which made them, tho' it were in spite Of nature and their stars, to write."

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning (Shakespeare, D'Avenant, &c.), but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are *raræ aves in terris*, so, when the muses have not disdained the assistance of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth; and our author, had his modesty permitted him, might with Horace have said, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius."
Or with Ovid,

"Jamque opus exigi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."

The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition, for, although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout this whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin (in his reflections), speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary, great natural gifts, a wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal, an understanding clear and distinct, an imagination neat and pleasant, an elevation of soul that depends not only on art of study, but is purely a gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity, judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it.—However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning, I have been desired to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him.

Samuel Butler, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized February. 13, 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in his son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated at the free school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jeffries of Earls-Croom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry, to which for his diversion, he joined music and painting; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning Elisabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell: and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal poem. For though fate more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a knight so notorious, both in his person, and politics, yet, by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more inducted to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole work.

After the restoration of King Charles II. those who were at the helm, minding money more than merit, our author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

"Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi:"——

And being endued with that innate modesty which rarely finds promotion in princes courts, he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow castle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family. She had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was little advantage to him. He is reported to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the university of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke

had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mæcenas of learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a signal instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it), "From the great vulgar, or the small."

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his friend Mr. Longueville (of the Temple), in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And, since he has no monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me:

"And tho' no monument can claim To be the treasurer of thy name:
This work, which ne'er will die, shall be An everlasting monument to thee."

The characters of this poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know, that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of kings, to introduce the worst of governments; destroyed the best of churches, that hypocrisy, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholesome laws and constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, none are so blind as they that will not see; so those who are not resolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their further satisfaction, to the histories of Mr. Fowlis of Presbytery, and Mr. Walker of Independency, but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person, that his general characters are not fictitious; and I could heartily wish these times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular persons reflected on which are not commonly known, and some old stories and uncouth words which want explication, we have thought fit to do that right to their memories, and, for the better information of the less learned readers, to explain them in some additional annotations.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called The Second Part of Hudibras, which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of Whacum,

towards the latter end of his Second Part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same nature, which, compared with this (Virgil Travestie excepted), deserve only to be condemned *ad sicum et piperem.*

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity that understands them to judge.

"Did not the learned [1] Glyn and [2] Maynard, Was not the king, by proclamation,
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard? Declar'd a [3] traitor through the nation?"

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your further curiosity with some of those golden remains which are in the custody of Mr. Longueville; but not having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures me he had from the author himself.

"No Jesuit e'er took in hand To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while A Swede or Russ to reconcile:
For, where there is no store of wealth, Souls are not worth the charge of health.
Spain, in America, had two designs To sell their gospel for their mines.
For, had the Mexicans been poor, No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore:
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted."

Two pamphlets are ascribed to our author, supposed to be Will. Pryn's; the one entitled, Mola Asinaria: or The Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen pressed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, &c. London, 1659, in one sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other, Pryn's Answer; in three sheets in folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Du Vall, a notorious highwayman, said to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I know not.

[1] Sergeant Glyn declared, That the protestation of the bishops (in favour of their rights) was high treason. (Echard.) He acted as judge during O. Cromwell's usurpation. Thurloe.

[2] Serjeant Maynard was a manager at the Earl of Strafford's trial, (Echard) and though, upon the declaration of no more addresses to the king, 1647-8, he drew up a famous argument against that declaration, shewing, that, by that resolution, they did, as far as in them lay, dissolve the Parliament, and he knew not after that with what security in point of law they could meet together and join with them, (Echard) yet he condescended during the usurpation to act as Cromwell's serjeant. When he waited on the Prince of Orange, with the men of the law, he was then near ninety, and said (Bp. Burnet observes,) "the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion: The Prince took notice of his great age, and said, that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time; he answered, "He had liked to have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over." If that had happened, he had certainly outlived it twice. He was very eminent in his profession, and made more of it than any one of his time. Whitelocke observes, that he made 700*l.* in one summer's circuit: and to his great gains in his profession Oldham alludes, in a satire.

"Then be advised, the slighted muse forsake,
And Cook and Dalton for thy study take;
For fees each term, sweat in the crowded hall,
And there for charters and crack'd titles bawl;
Where Maynard thrives, and pockets more each year
Than forty laureats on a theatre."

[3] Alluding to the vote of Parliament, upon the King's escape from Hampton-Court, Nov. 11, 1647, (though he had left his reasons for so doing, in a letter to the Parliament, and another to the General,) "That it should be confiscation of estate, and loss of life without mercy, to any one who detained the King's person, without revealing it to the two houses." Echard's History of England.

PREFACE.

THOUGH somewhat has already been said in the way of preface, by the writer of Mr. Butler's life; yet it may not be amiss to give the reader a short account of the purport and design of these notes.

They are chiefly historical and explanatory, with a small mixture of critical ones by my friends. The last are designed to illustrate some few of the poetical beauties of Hudibras, and to prove that it is at least equal to the most celebrated poems in the English language: and its conformity in some respects to epic poetry will be evinced, and comparisons here and there drawn, from Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

But these are so few, that it is much to be lamented, that the poet has not yet met with an Addison, a Prior, a Pope, or a Swift, to do him justice in this respect.

The historical and explanatory notes are intended to clear up the historical parts of the poem, which have in a great measure been passed over in the former annotations.

And the reader, it is hoped, will better apprehend and relish the satire couched in this poem, when he is acquainted with the persons and transactions at which it is levelled.

Though Hudibras has passed many editions, the real persons, shadowed under borrowed and fictitious names, have never yet been discovered in any of them: This has engaged the generality of readers to think, that those renowned champions Crowdero, Orsin, Talgol, Magnano, Cerdon, Colon, and the brave heroine Trulla, were only imaginary persons; from whence many have concluded these adventures to be romantic and fabulous, instead of true history: But in the course of these notes, I shall endeavour to obviate that error; and hope to prove that the greatest part of the poem contains a series of adventures that did really happen: All the real persons shadowed under fictitious characters will be brought to view from Sir Roger L'Estrange, who, being personally acquainted with the poet, undoubtedly received the secret from him.

Under the person whom he calls Hudibras, whom he makes the hero of this poem, the author gives us the true character of a Presbyterian committee-man and justice of the peace, who, notwithstanding they themselves were guilty of all sort of wickedness, yet pretended to be so scrupulous, that they could not in conscience permit the country people to use the diversions they were sometimes accustomed to, of dancing round a may-pole, bear-baitings, riding the skimmington, and the like.

The character therefore of the Knight might suit many of those busy, meddling, pragmatical fellows who were put into committees then set up in every county, and the commissions of the peace, that they might oppress all such as were believed to be friends to the King, and the

ancient government in church and state; and who acted like so many petty tyrants in all parts of the nation: However, we can hardly doubt, but the author had one particular person in view, whose adventures he gives us under the name of Hudibras, who actually endeavoured to suppress a bear-baiting, and set a fiddler in the stocks, and was on that occasion vilified and abused by the mob. It has been suggested by a reverend and learned person, to whom I shall acknowledge my obligations before I finish this preface, that, notwithstanding Sir Samuel Luke of Woodend, in the parish of Cople, in Bedfordshire, has generally been reputed the hero of this poem, yet, from the circumstances of his being compared to Sir Samuel Luke, Part i. Canto i. line 906, &c. it is scarce probable that he was intended, it being an uncommon thing to compare a person to himself; that the scene of action was in western clime, whereas Bedfordshire is north of London; and that he was credibly informed, by a Bencher of Gray's-Inn, who had it from an acquaintance of Mr. Butler's, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell of Ford-Abbey in Devonshire. These indeed would be probable reasons to deprive Bedfordshire of its hero, did not Mr. Butler, in his Memoirs of 1649, give the same description of Sir Samuel Luke; and in his Dunstable Downs expressly styled Sir Samuel Luke Sir Hudibras: and, from the sham Second Part published 1663, it appears, that the bear-baiting was at Brentford, which is west of London, and this might induce him to say, Part i. Canto i. v. 677.

"In western clime there is a town," &c.

The design of the author in writing this poem was to expose the hypocrisy and wickedness of those who began and carried on the rebellion, under a pretence of promoting religion and godliness, at the same time that they acted against all the precepts of religion. But, in order to understand the several disputes between the Knight and Squire, it may be proper to give an abstract of their forms of church government and worship, which may be a clue to guide us through several parts of the poem, which to the generality of readers may be thought not a little intricate. And, first, to give some account of the Presbyterian scheme of church government, as they endeavoured to have it set up here: and likewise of the Independent scheme, (whom the Anabaptists also, such as Ralph was, agreed with in this point, though they differed about infant baptism, who were also for a sort of church government, but very different from that of the Presbyterians). I think this the more necessary, because little of it is to be found in our histories of those times: and without some knowledge of their several schemes, many things, particularly the rubs the Squire gives the Knight in this poem, and the disputes between them, are not to be understood.

According to the Presbyterian scheme, every parish was to have a pastor or minister, and two ruling elders, who were lay-men, to be chosen by the parishioners, and one or more deacons to be chosen in the same manner, who were to receive the alms collected at the church doors, and to distribute them as directed by the minister and ruling elders: and they had a scribe to register what they did. It was a standing maxim that in all cases there should be two

ruling elders to one minister, and these governed by the whole parish in matters relating to church discipline. And if the parish was small, as some country parishes are, and had not two persons in it fit to be ruling elders, it was immediately to be under the government of the classis. The classis consisted of a number of parishes to be united for that purpose; the ministers and elders so united, being the ecclesiastical governors of all within that precinct, having the same power thus met in a classis, over all persons within that precinct, that each minister and his elders had over the several parishes: then there was a provincial synod, or an assembly of all the classes in a whole county, to which synod each classis sent two ministers, and four ruling elders: and above these, there was to be a national synod, to which the provincial synods were to send their deputies, amongst which there were always to be two ruling elders to one minister; but what number every province was to send to this national synod, is not set down in any ordinance I have yet seen.

The congregational or parochial eldership or assembly were to meet once a week, or oftener, and were empowered by an ordinance of the two houses, dated *Die Lunæ*, 20 Oct. 1645, to examine any person complained of, for any matter of scandal recited in that ordinance, such as adultery, fornication, drunkenness, cursing, swearing, gaming on the Lord's day, or travelling on that day without just occasion, with a multitude of other matters, filling up one page of a book close printed in quarto. "This eldership (says the ordinance) shall examine upon oath such witnesses as shall be produced before them, either for acquitting or condemning the party so accused of any of the scandalous crimes aforesaid, not capital, upon the testimony of two credible witnesses at least; and if they are proved guilty of the crimes they are charged with, then is the eldership to suspend them from the Lord's Supper, and satisfaction shall be given to the eldership of every congregation, by a sufficient manifestation of the offender's repentance, before a person lawfully convicted of such matters of scandal, as aforesaid, and thereupon suspended from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, be admitted thereto. If any man suspended from the Lord's Supper shall find himself grieved by the eldership of any congregation, he shall have liberty to appeal to the classical eldership, and from thence to the provincial assembly, from thence to the national, and from thence to the parliament. The classical eldership was appointed to meet once a month, the provincial assembly twice in a year, and the national assembly when the parliament pleased to call them. Thus the parliament kept the Presbyterians here under their own rule, but in Scotland the national assembly would acknowledge no superior in what they thought fit to call spirituals."

The Independents were so called, because they maintained that every congregation was a compleat church within itself, and ought to have no dependency as to matters relating to religion on any other assembly, classical, provincial, or national, nor on any civil magistrate. They chose their own minister, and that choice gave him sufficient authority to preach without any ordination; whereas the

Presbyterians required, that every minister should be ordained by laying on the hands of the Presbytery. The Independents also allowed any gifted brother, that is, any one who thought himself qualified, to preach and pray in their assemblies himself; and though Independent teachers got parish churches and good livings, as well as the Presbyterians, preached in them, and received the profits of them, yet all their parishioners were not properly their congregation; they were their hearers indeed, that is, such as might hear them preach, but not such unto whom they would administer sacraments; they had a select company for that purpose out of several parishes, who entered into a covenant with him they chose for their minister, and with one another, to walk by such rules as they thought proper to agree upon, and to appoint elders, who, together with their ministers, were to have a sort of rule over the congregation; I say, a sort of rule, because I think there lay an appeal to the whole congregation. In this covenant the rulers promised, in the presence of Christ, to rule faithfully, diligently, and courageously in the faith, and in the fear of God, &c. and the ruled promise to obey their rulers, and submit to them according to the word of God. These covenants have different terms in different congregations, for, as they are all independent from one another, no congregation can impose a form upon another. There is a long covenant of this kind which was entered into by the congregation of Rich. Davis of Rothwell in Northamptonshire, printed in the year 1700. And Dan. Williams, a famous Independent minister (who, as the newspapers said, died worth fifty thousand pounds) in a letter which he wrote to a rich widow who had left his congregation, put her in mind of the covenant she had entered into, saying, "Did not you, before God and his angels, renew your baptismal covenant, and accept me as your pastor, and solemnly engage to walk in subjection to Christ's appointment? If you have forgotten it, yet know it is recorded on high, and not forgotten by God. And how often have you witnessed it at the table of the Lord! does not Christ, who appointed a special relation between people and their pastors, account you to be related to me as your pastor; and does he not therefore command you to obey me, as having the rule over you, and to submit yourself to me according to his word?" There is a great deal more to the same purpose. This letter, with remarks upon it by Mr. Dorrington, was printed for Hen. Clements, 1710. Thus the Independent ministers, though they plead strenuously for liberty of conscience, yet take care to hamper the consciences of all that join them, by imposing upon them a covenant of their own contriving. And that such a covenant was used by the Independents when they began to show themselves, in the times of which Mr. Butler writes, we learn from a small pamphlet printed in 1647, the title of which is, What the Independents would have, written by John Cook of Gray's Inn, barrister, which I take to have been John Cooke, who was afterwards the regicide. There he says, p. 4. concerning an Independent. "He thinks no man will be godly unless he promises to be so, therefore wonders that any Christian should speak against a church covenant, which is no more than to promise to do that

by God's assistance which the Gospel requires of him." This is a full proof that the Independents at that time used what they called a church covenant, as well as they have done since, and I suppose continue to do so still. They admit all persons to be their hearers, but account none to be properly of their church or congregation, how constantly soever they attend their prayers or sermons, and contribute to the maintenance of their ministers, except they also sign that covenant.

The Presbyterians disliked this way of covenanting used by the Independents, and their calling every congregation a church without dependency upon any other; and also that they allowed men to perform all spiritual functions, upon the choice of the people only, without imposition of the hands of the Presbytery; forgetting that the founders of their own religion, Calvin, Beza, and others, had no other ordination than what the Independent ministers had. These differences continued between them, and they treated each other as schismatics, not only during the rebellion, note on P. III. Canto ii. v. 771, but also after the restoration of Charles II. and during the reign of James II. even till a year after the Revolution, and then they united together. Of which union Mr. Quick, a Presbyterian minister, in his *Synodicon in Gallia Reformata*, thus writes:

"After a most lamentable schism of above forty years continuance it pleased God at last to touch the hearts of the godly ministers of the Presbyterian and Independent persuasion with a deep sense of this great evil, in separating so long the one from the other. Whereupon several pious and learned pastors in the city of London, of both ways, met together divers times, and conferred each with other about healing this breach; and having frequent consultations about it, and poured out many mighty and fervent prayers unto the God of grace and peace to assist them in it, upon 6 Mar. 1690, most of the dissenting nonconforming ministers in the city, and many others from the adjacent parts of it, met together, and there was read to them the heads of agreement prepared by the committee, and which had been seen and perused by many of them before; and their assent unto them being demanded, it was readily accorded, and afterwards near 100 gave in their names unto this union. This example was taking and leading to all the nonconforming ministers of England, who, in many of their respective counties, had their meetings to compose this difference, and, by the blessing of God upon those their endeavours, it was also, upon the light and consideration of the printed heads of agreement among the united ministers of London, effected; whereof notice was sent up to the brethren here in London. When the London ministers first signed this union, they unanimously agreed to bury in the grave of oblivion the two names of distinction, Presbyterian and Independent, and to communicate these articles of union unto all members in communion with them, in their particular churches, the Lord's day come sevennight after; and that they would at the next meeting acquaint the united brethren, what entertainment and acceptance the reading of it had in their assemblies; which was done accordingly, and to general satisfaction." After this he gives the heads of their agreement, which those that are curious to know may

consult the book. It was said then, and I think it appears from the heads of their agreement, that the Presbyterians yielded to the Independents in almost every point about which they had so long contended with them. So that these united brethren, as after this union they styled themselves, might all properly enough be called Independents. However the names are now promiscuously used by others, and they are called indifferently by either of those names. For though many of them are now ordained after the Presbyterian way, by imposition of the hands of the Presbytery; yet if they are not so ordained, but only chosen, and appointed to officiate by their congregation, they are by this agreement sufficiently qualified to officiate as ministers in their congregations, the Independents having always esteemed such ordinations indifferent, which they might use or let alone as they pleased.

As to their worship contained in the Directory,[1] while the Presby-

[1] This directory contains no form of prayer, or of administration of sacraments; but only gives some general rules for the direction of ministers and people how to behave in church. As that the people should be grave and serious, attentive to the duty they are about; that the minister should begin with prayer, that then he shall read a psalm, or a chapter or two out of the Old and New Testament, and may expound them if he pleases; then a psalm is to be sung, after which the minister is to pray again, then to preach a sermon, and to conclude with another prayer. Baptism in private places is forbidden, and ordered to be done only in the place of public worship. There are directions for ministers to instruct the congregation in the nature and design of baptism, and to pray on the occasion, but in what words or form he pleases. Then he is to demand the name of the child, and to baptise it in the form of words prescribed in the gospel. When the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is to be administered, the minister, when his sermon is ended, shall make a short exhortation: the table is to be placed where the communicants may most conveniently sit about it, and is to be decently covered. The minister is to begin the action with sanctifying and blessing the elements of bread and wine set before him: then the words of the institution are to be read out of the evangelists, or Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians; then the minister is to take the bread into his hand, and to say thus, or something like it: "I take this bread and break it, and give it unto you, take ye, eat ye, this is the body of Christ; do this in remembrance of him." In like manner he is to take the cup, and to say these, or the like words: "According to the institution of our Lord Jesus Christ, I take this cup, and give it unto you; this cup is the New Testament in the blood of Christ, which is shed for the remission of the sins of many; drink ye all of it." He is also ordered to communicate himself; but it is not said, before he gives it to them, or after. He is ordered to say these words to the communicants in general, Take ye, eat ye; so he says them but once, and gives the bread, and also the cup afterwards to him that is next him; and so they are handed round the table from one to another. Then he is to put them in mind of the grace of God in the sacrament, and to conclude with a thanksgiving.

When persons are to be married, the minister is first to pray, then to declare the institution, use, and ends of matrimony, with the conjugal duties. Then the man is to take the woman by the right hand, saying, "I N. take thee N. to be my married wife, and do, in the presence of God, and before this congregation, promise and covenant to be a loving and faithful husband unto thee, until God shall separate us by death." Then the woman takes the man by the right hand, and says, "I N. take thee N. to be my married husband, and I do, in the presence of God, and before this congregation, promise and covenant to be a loving, faithful and obedient wife unto thee, until God shall separate us by death." Then, without any further ceremony, the minister pronounces them to be man and wife, and concludes with a prayer. When he visits the sick, he is to advise, direct, and pray with him. The dead shall be decently attended from the house to the place appointed for public burial, and then immediately interred, without any ceremony; praying, reading, and singing, both in going to and at the grave, shall be laid aside. In all these directions for prayer, the minister is to make his own prayers; there is no form appointed: that would be to stint the spirit.

The Lord's Prayer is once just mentioned, and it is acknowledged, that it may lawfully be used as a prayer, as well as a pattern of prayer, but there is no order for the use of it on any occasion; it is barely recommended to be used, if the minister thinks fit, and just when he pleases. Lord Clarendon tells us, that it was moved that the Creed and Ten Commandments should be mentioned in this directory; but being put to the vote, they were rejected. It was justly observed long ago, that this directory is a rule without restraint; an injunction leaving an indifferency to a possibility of licentiousness; an office without directing to any external act of worship, not prescribing so much as kneeling or standing, which but once names reverence, but enjoins it in no particular; an office that complies with no precedent of Scripture, nor of any ancient church.

terians had the ascendant in the parliament-houses, the Lords and Commons made an ordinance, dated *Die Veneris*, 3 *Jan.* 1644, for the taking away the Book of Common Prayer, for establishing and putting in execution of the Directory for the public worship of God.

The Directory was drawn up by the Assembly of Divines, which was called by the Parliament, to assist and advise them in the reformation of religion, in the year 1643, and continued to sit so long as the Presbyterians power prevailed. This Assembly of Divines, as it was called, consisted of 110 peers, 20 members of the House of Commons, about 20 episcopal Divines, and 100 persons more, most of which were Presbyterians, a few Independents, and some to represent the kirk of Scotland, who were very zealous Presbyterians. Few of the episcopal party, though summoned with the rest, ever sat with them, and those few that did soon left them. Lord Clarendon says, that, except these few episcopal Divines, "the rest were all declared enemies to the doctrine and discipline of the church of England, some of them infamous in their lives and conversations, most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance, and of no other reputation than of malice to the church of England." This assembly, besides the Directory, drew up[2] several other matters, which they addressed, To the Right Honourable the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament.

I have given, the best account I can of the intention of our author in writing this poem; and shall beg leave to add some few observations upon the poem, and its author.

In the first place, it may be proper to take notice of an objection that has been made to it, by a celebrated writer.

"If Hudibras (says Addison, Spectator, 249,) had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with his double rhymes, that I don't expect many will be of my opinion in this particular." This seems to contradict what he asserts just before, where he delivers it as his opinion, that burlesque,[3] when the hero is to be pulled

[1] Mr. Selden gives this reason, "That there must be some laymen in the synod, to overlook the clergy, lest they spoil the civil work: just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream."

[2] They styled one piece, The humble advice of the Assembly of Divines, now sitting by ordinance of Parliament at Westminster. They drew up likewise a confession of faith, a larger catechism, and a shorter catechism; all addressed as their humble advice to both Houses of Parliament. But I do not find that the Parliament added their authority to these pieces.

[3] *Burlesk*, ludicrus, jocularis. A burlesk poem, *carmen jocucare*; G. *burlesque*: It. *burlesco*. To *burlesk*; G. *burler*; It. *burlare*; Lat. Barbaris *burdare est jocare*. With regard to burlesque (says a French writer) "the English have a poet whose reputation is equal to that of Scarron in French. I mean the author of Hudibras, a comical history in verse, written in the time of Oliver Cromwell: it is said to be a delicate satire on that kind of interregnum; and that it is levelled particularly at the conduct of the Presbyterians, whom the author represents as a senseless set of people, promoters of anarchy, and complete hypocrites. Hudibras, the hero of this poem, is a holy Don Quixote of that sect, and the redresser of the imaginary wrongs that are done to his Dulcinea. The Knight has his Rosinante, his burlesque adventures, and his Sancho: but the Squire of the English poet is of an opposite character to that of the Spanish Sancho; for whereas the latter is a plain unaffected peasant, the English Squire is a tailor by trade, a Tartuff, or finished hypocrite by birth; and so deep a dogmatic divine that

He could deep mysteries unriddle, As easily as thread a needle,

as is said in the poem. The author of Hudibras is preferable to Scarron, because he has one fixed mark or object: and that, by a surprising effort of imagination, he has found the art of leading his readers to it, by diverting them."

down, and degraded, runs best in doggerel. And I may appeal to the reader, whether our hero, who was a knight, colonel, and justice of the peace, is not effectually pulled down, and degraded, in the character and fortune of Sir Hudibras? However, Addison's observation is certainly just, and we cannot forbear wishing with Dryden, that so great a genius (as Mr. Butler possessed) had not condescended to burlesque, but left that task to others, for he would always have excelled, had he taken any other kind of verse."

But since burlesque was his peculiar talent, and he has chosen this kind of verse, let us examine how far he may be justified and applauded for it. And here we cannot begin better than with the opinion of Dryden. Speaking of Butler, he says, "the worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation; and he is above my censure; the choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debas'd the dignity of style: his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults; we pass through the levity of his rhyme, and one is immediately carried into some admirable useful thought: after all he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it."

To this let me add, that the shortness of verse, and quick returns of rhyme, have been some of the principal means of raising and perpetuating the fame which this poem has acquired; for the turns of wit and satirical sayings, being short and pithy, are therefore more tenable by the memory; and this is the reason why Hudibras is more frequently quoted in conversation than the finest pieces of wit in heroic poetry.

As to the double rhymes[1] we have Dryden's authority, that they are necessary companions of burlesque writing. Besides, were they really faults, they are neither so many as to cast a blemish upon the known excellencies of this poem; nor yet solely to captivate the affections of the generality of its readers: no; their admiration is moved by a higher pleasure than the mere jingle of words; the sublimity of wit and pungency of satire claim our regard and merit our highest applause: in short, the poet has surprisingly displayed the noblest thoughts in a dress so humorous and comical, that it is no wonder that it soon became the chief entertainment of the King and court after its publication, was highly esteemed by one of the greatest[2] wits in that reign, and still continues to be an entertainment to all who have a taste for the most refined ridicule and satire.

Hudibras is then an indisputable original; for the poet trod in a path wherein he had no guide, nor has he had many followers. Though he had no pattern, yet he had the art of erecting himself into a standard, lofty and elegant. Numberless imitators have been unwarily drawn after it: his method and verse he has chosen at first view seeming so easy and inviting, they were readily lifted into the view of his fame:

[1] "As to the double rhymes in Hudibras, though some have looked upon them as a blemish, it is generally the reverse, they heightening the ridicule that was otherwise in the representation, of which many instances may be produced."

[2] The Earl of Rochester seemed to set a high value upon his approbation.

"I loath the rabble, 'tis enough for me, If Sedley, Shadwell, Sheppard, Wycherly,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham, And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense. I count their censure fame."

but alas! how miserably have they failed in the attempt. Such wretched imitations have augmented the fame of the original, and evidenced the chiefest excellency in writing to be in Butler, which is the being natural and easy, and yet inimitable.

This has been long the distinguishing characteristic of Hudibras, grounded upon an undeniable truth, that all imitations have hitherto proved unsuccessful. Indeed, it must be owned that Prior has been the most happy of all the followers of Butler, and has approached the nearest to his style and humour. Though he was second to Butler, as Philips was to Milton, yet he was sensible of an apparent disparity betwixt them, as is observed in the notes, (see the last note on the first Canto of this poem; where is the ingenuous acknowledgment he makes of his inferiority, in a singular compliment to our poet.)

Attempts have likewise been made to translate some parts of this poem into the Latin tongue: we have three similes of this kind by the learned Dr. Harmer, in the poet's life; but he and all others have found a thorough translation impracticable. Nay, so far spread is the fame of Hudibras, that we are told it has met with a general and kind reception through Christendom by all that are acquainted with the language; and that it had been before now translated into most European languages in the last or present age, had not the poet, by coining new words, to make jingle to his verses (called Carmen Joculare by the Latins) rendered it so extremely difficult to make it intelligible in another tongue. However, he is still the unrivalled darling of his own country; and his name will be ever famed, while he continues to be read in the closets, and quoted in the writings and conversation of the politest writers of the English nation.

Among the many excellencies peculiar to this poem, a very singular one ought not to be omitted, with which it may be said to be qualified, in common with some other extraordinary writings. I mean the fashion that has prevailed of prescribing them for the cure of distempers both in body and mind; for instance, Dr. Serenus Sammonicus, a celebrated physician, has gravely prescribed the fourth book of Homer's Iliad to be laid under the head for a cure of a quartan ague. Mons. Saint Evremont has likewise recommended Don Quixote as a proper portion to give relief to an heavy heart. Jealousy has been cured by the 170th and 171st Spectators taken in a dish of chocolate; and No. 173, 184, 191, 203, 221, with half a dozen more of these wonder-working papers, are attested to be infallible cures for hypochondriac melancholy. See No. 547.—Hudibras may come in for his share of fame with these renowned remedies; and I am much mistaken if he may not stand in competition with any of the Spectators for the cure of the last-mentioned distemper. Upon these authorities[1] why might not this poem be prescribed as an infallible cure not only of the spleen and vapours, but of enthusiasm and hypocrisy?

[1] "There is one English poem—the title whereof is Hudibras—it is Don Quixote, it is our Satyre Menipèe blended together. I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this; which at the same time is the most difficult to be translated; who would believe that a work which paints in such lively and natural colours the several foibles and follies of mankind, and where we meet with more sentiments than words, should baffle the endeavours of the ablest translator! But the reason of it is this; almost every part of it alludes to particular incidents. Voltaire.

Having thus set to view the excellency of this Poem, and the universal applause it has deservedly met with, what naturally follows but an enquiry after the Poet, and the respect that has been paid him?

Lord Dorset was the first that introduced Hudibras into reputation at court; for Prior says it was owing to him that the court tasted that poem. It soon became the chief entertainment of the King, who often pleasantly quoted it in conversation. From this fair prospect, therefore, we might rationally conclude, that the poet tasted plentifully of royal munificence, and that he was cherished by the great, as well as his poem. I am sure his wit and his loyalty equally merited reward and encouragement: but alas! upon the strictest enquiry, we shall find, that he met with neglect[1] instead of regard, and empty delusive promises in the room of real performances. A disregard of his friends was what King Charles has been highly blamed for; and we cannot have a stronger instance of that disregard, than his being unmindful of Mr. Butler, whose works had done eminent service to the royal cause, and honour to his country.

We are indeed informed, that Mr. Butler was once in a fair way of obtaining a royal gratuity, as the following account, if true, will show. "Mr. Wycherly had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered to represent to his Grace (the Duke of Buckingham) how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the Royal Family by writing his inimitable Hudibras; and that it was a reproach to the court that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough: and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherly, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce the modest and unfortunate Poet to his new patron: at last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was appointed to be the Roe-Buck: Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly, the Duke joined them." But by an unluckly incident this interview was broke off, for which I refer the reader to the authority cited in the margin.

The King's excessive fondness for this Poem, and surprising[2] disregard and neglect of the author, is fully and movingly related by Mr. Butler (Hudibras at court, see Remains), who thence takes occasion to do justice to his poem by hinting its excellencies in general;[3] and paying a few modest compliments to himself, of which the following lines are worth transcribing:

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
And so peculiar in his manner,
With such perfections gifted was,
That all that saw him did him honour;

[1] "Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
Has shown how far your charities extend;
He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead."
Hind and Panther, Dryden.

[2] "King Charles II. never ordered Butler more than one gratuity, and that was 300 pounds, which had this compliment paid to it, that it passed all the offices without a fee, at the solicitation of Mr. William Longueville of the Temple, Lord Danby being at that time High Treasurer." A proof of the great honour and honesty of our poet, is this, "That, upon his being ordered the three hundred pounds above mentioned by the King, he called to mind that he owed more than that sum to different persons, from whom he had borrowed monies, or otherwise contracted debts; for which reason he entreated Mr. Longueville to pay away the whole gratuity, who accordingly did so; and Butler did not receive a shilling of it." (Butler's life.)

[3] See Cervantes's reflection upon the bad books of his time, with a compliment upon his own, under the denomination of the Licenciate Marquez Torres. Jarvis's Life of Cervantes, p. 25.

Among the rest, this prince was one
This prince, whose ready wit and parts
Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,
He never eat, nor drank, nor slept
Never would go to church or so,
Nor yet to visit concubine,
But Hudibras must still be there,
Now, after all, was it not hard
That fitted out this Knight and Squire
That he should never reimburse
Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
But this good king it seems was told
If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Such were the doctrines that were taught,
To leave his friends to starve and die,
Admir'd his conversation:
Conquer'd both men and women's hearts,
That he could never claw it off;
But Hudibras still near him kept:
But Hudibras must with him go:
Or at a city feast to dine,
Or all the fat was in the fire.
That he should meet with no reward
This monarch did so much admire?
The man for th' equipage or horse
In anybody but a king.
By some that were with him too bold,
Caress your foes and trust your friends.—
'Till this unthinking king was brought
A poor reward for loyalty.

Mr. Butler's claim to a poet's imaginary immortality, is in another place (Hudibras's epitaph, Remains) as handsomely and modestly made as by any other poet whatsoever:

But since his worship's dead and gone,
The reader is desir'd to look
Which will preserve from Knight the tale,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
For his achievements in his book;
'Till time and death itself shall fail.

Oldham pathetically commiserates the extraordinary sufferings of our Poet in a remarkable manner. In his satire against poetry, he introduces the ghost of Spenser, dissuading him from it, upon experience and example, that poverty and contempt were its inseparable attendants. After Spenser has gone over his own lamentable case, and mentioned Homer and Cowley in the same view, he thus movingly bewails the great and unhappy Mr. Butler:

On Butler who can think without just rage,
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Courted and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
But what reward for all that he at last
The wretch at summing up his mispent days,
Of all his gains by verse, he could not save
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
And well might bless the fever that was sent
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown;
And promises of princely favour fed,
After a life in dull expectance past,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise;
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave;
Was fain to die and be interr'd on tick:
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

Nor does Butler stand alone in such lamentable misfortunes: Spenser and Cowley before him will be indelible reproaches to the generosity of this nation. Dryden has published to the world the hardships he laboured under, and Otway deters us from poetry upon the same topics with Spenser; but, for the cure of such as are addicted to the muses he adventures this wholesome advice:

All you who have male issue, born
Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service were return'd:
And if such warning they refuse to take,
With hands behind him, see th' offender ty'd,
Then lead him to some stall that does expose
'Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
To keep his skins clean, and not foul the land,
'Till he against his nature learn to strive,
The last experiment, O parents! make:
The parish whip and beadle by his side:
The authors he loves most, there rub his nose,
He by the due correction understand
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

Nothing more contributes to the honour of our country than this munificent regard to poetry: those of our age have abounded in plenty, as much as theirs languished in want. For poor Homer, we can boast of his admirable translator; for Spenser we can name his last editor, the late Mr. Hughes, who enjoyed a beneficial place under the Lords Chancellors Cowper and Macclesfield; and his son Philips

Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and Congreve, may compensate for a Dryden and an Otway; and for Butler we can refer to Prior and Swift.

Nor is the bounteous munificence of the present age confined only to its contemporary poets, but gratefully extends itself to those that are dead. Dr. Garth's complaint that "Dryden, who could make kings immortal, and raise triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor square foot of stone to shew where the ashes of one of the greatest poets that ever was upon earth are deposited," can now no longer be popular. It was hearkened to by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire, who, in 1720, erected a monument of marble for him in Westminster Abbey.

But we can now say with great satisfaction, that Mr. Butler, among the infinite number of readers whom he constantly delighted, at length found one who publicly adopted him for his darling author; and out of a grateful sense of his merits and character, erected a neat monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey,[1] which next to Hudibras will preserve the fame of the poet, and the exemplary generosity of the patron.—It sums up his character both justly and elegantly.

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI,

Qui Strenshamiæ, in agro, Vigorn nat. 1612,
obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis fœlix;
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
JOHANNIS BARBER, Civis Londinensis, 1721.

Which is thus translated:

Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, 1612.
And died at London, 1680.

A man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity;
Peculiarly happy in his writings,
Not so in the encouragement of them:
The curious inventor of a kind of satire amongst us,
By which he pluck'd the mask from pious hypocrisy,
And plentifully exposed the villainy of rebels:
The first and last of writers in his way.

Lest he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,
Should (when dead) want likewise a monument,
JOHN BARBER, Citizen of London, hath taken care,
by placing this stone over him, 1721.

Cambridge,
May 1, 1744.

ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

[1] Mr. Sam. Wesley wrote the following lines upon the setting up of Mr. Butler's monument in Westminster Abbey:

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
Presented with a monumental bust.
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His horse's virtues, and his own.
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.[1]

WHEN civil dudgeon[2] first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;[3]
When hard words,[4] jealousies, and fears Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, For Dame Religion, as for punk,[5]
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;[6]
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded[7]

[1] A ridicule on Ronsarde's Franciade, and Davenante's Gondibert.

[2] To take in dudgeon is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury.

[3] It may be justly said they knew not why, (as Lord Clarendon observes), "The like peace and plenty and universal tranquillity was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together before those unhappy troubles began."

[4] He probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times: such as *gospel-walking, gospel-preaching, soul-saving, elect, saints, the godly, the predestinate*, and the like, which they applied to their own preachers and themselves; likewise *Arminians, papists, prelatists, malignants, reprobates, wicked, ungodly*, and *carnal-minded*, which they applied to all loyal persons, who were desirous of maintaining the established constitution in church and state; by which they infused strange fears and jealousies into the heads of the people, and made them believe there was a formed design in the King and his ministers to deprive them of their religion and liberties; so that, as soon as the parliament met, and the demagogues had assumed a licentiousness in speech, they first raised mobs to drive the King from his palace, and then regular forces to fight (as they falsely and wickedly pretended) for their religion: they set the people against the Common Prayer, which they made them believe was the Mass-book in English, and nicknamed it *Porridge*. They enraged them likewise against the surplice, calling it *a rag of Popery, the whore of Babylon's smock, and the smock of the whore of Rome.*

[5] Suckling has expressed this thought a little more decently in the tragedy of Brennoralt:

"Religion now is a young mistress here, For which each man will fight and die at least;
Let it alone a while, and 'twill become A kind of married wife, people will be
Content to live with it in quietness."

[6] The greatest bigots are usually persons of the shallowest judgment, as it was in those wicked times, when women and the meanest mechanics became zealous sticklers for controversies, which none of them could be supposed to understand. An ingenious Italian, in Queen Elisabeth's days, gave this character of the Disciplinarians, their predecessors, "That the common people were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were better able to judge of predestination, and what laws were fit to be made concerning church-government, than what were fit to be obeyed or demolished; that they were more able (or at least thought so) to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience than the most learned colleges in Italy; that men of slightest learning, or at least the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or a super-, or re-reformation of religion. And in this they appeared like that man who would never leave to whet and whet his knife till there was no steel left to make it useful."

[7] The Presbyterians (many of whom before the war had got into parish-churches) preached the people into rebellion, incited them to take up arms and fight the Lord's battles, and

With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;[1]
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,[2] Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :[3]
Then did Sir Knight[4] abandon dwelling, And out he rode a colonelling.[5]
A wight[6] he was whose very sight would
Entitle him, Mirror of Knighthood ;[7]
That never bow'd his stubborn knee To any thing but chivalry ;[8]

destroy the Amalekites, root and branch, hip and thigh, and to root out the wicked from the earth ; that was, in their sense, all that loved the King, the bishops, and the common prayer. They told the people afterwards, that they should bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron ; and one Durance prayed to God at Sandwich, "That the King might be brought in chains of iron to his parliament ;" both which they literally did. And it has been fully made out, that many of the regicides were drawn into the grand rebellion by the direful imprecations of seditious preachers from the pulpit : This some of them owned, and, in particular, Dr. South tells us, "That he had it from the mouth of Axtell the regicide, that he, with many more, went into that execrable war with such a controlling horror upon their spirits, from those public sermons, especially of Brooks and Calamy, that they verily believed they should have been accursed by God for ever if they had not acted their part in that dismal tragedy, and heartily done the devil's work." And in this sense is that remarkable expression of the Doctor to be taken, "That it was the pulpit that supplied the field with swordsmen, and the parliament-house with incendiaries." Sir Roger L'Estrange girds them notably upon this head : "A trumpeter," says he, "in the pulpit is the very emblem of a trumpeter in the field, and the same charge holds good against both ; only the spiritual trumpet is the most pernicious instrument of the two : for the latter serves only to rouse the courage of the soldiers, without any doctrine or application upon the text ; whereas the other infuses malice over and above, and preaches death and damnation both in one, and gives the very chapter and verse for it." See Spectator, No. 60 and 153.

[1] Their ears appeared to greater advantage from the shortness of their hair ; whence they got the name of Round-heads : Clarendon's Rebellion, vol. i. p. 267. Cleveland, in his Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter, describes him to be

"With hair in character, and luggs in text :"

And Dryden, 'Hind and Panther,'

"And pricks up his predestinating ears."

"His barber shall so roundly indent with his head, that our eyes may as well see his ears, as our ears hear his doctrine."

"England farewel, with sin and Neptune bounded,
Nile ne'er produc'd a monster like a Round-head."

I have heard of one H—ll, a precisian of this cut, who, after the Restoration, rebuking an orthodox clergyman for the length of his hair, in answer to him he replied, "Old Prig, I promise you to cut my hair up to my ears, provided you will cut your ears up to your hair."

[2] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum. The author of A Character of England observes, "That they had the action of a thrasher rather than of a divine :" and it is remarked of John Sedgewick, "That he thrashed such a sweating lecture, that he put off his doublet ;" and by Echard, "That the preacher shrunk up his shoulders, and stretched himself, as if he was going to cleave a bullock's head. Their action in the pulpit, and precise hypocritical behaviour in other respects, is alluded to in the following lines :

"Both Cain and Judas back are come, In vizards most divine ;
God bless us from a pulpit drum, And preaching Catiline !"
(Sir J. Birkenhead revived, p. 5.)

The mock majesty of placing the epithet after the substantive, and the extreme appositeness of the simile, may make it well deserve to be quoted, without any consideration of the rhyme.

[3] The speaking *a stick* as one word, with the stress upon *a*, seems not blameable ; for the change of accent only heightens the burlesque, and consequently is rather an excellency than a fault.

[4] Butler, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

[5] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct ; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country ; his peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The succeeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces, but here the Poet seems impatient till he get into the description and character of his hero.

[6] *Wight* often used for *person* by Chaucer, Spencer, and Fairfax in his Godfrey of Bulloign, &c.

[7] There was a book so called ; see Don Quixote, who is so called by Cervantes, and Mirror of Chivalry.

[8] He kneeled to the King when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :[1]
Chief of domestic knights and errant, Either for chartel[2] or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,[3]
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :[4]
Mighty he was at both of these, And styl'd of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature, Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that As Montaigne, playing with his cat,[5]
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir HUDIBRAS,[6]

[1] Alluding to the blow the King laid on his shoulder with a sword when he knighted him. To this he refers, Part II. Canto i.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, Our princes worship, with a blow ;

and to some of the other ceremonies of knighthood, Part I. Canto ii.

Was I for this entitled Sir, And girt with rusty sword and spur?

In the time of Charles the Great, the way of knighting by the *Colophus*, or giving a blow on the ear, was used in sign of sustaining future hardships. The *Accolade*, or ceremony of embracing a knight (a ceremony often mentioned by the writer of Amadis de Gaul), was first performed by Charlemagne, upon knighting his son Lewis Debonair. The customary way of knighting at this time is as follows: "He that is to be made knight is stricken by the prince with a drawn sword upon his back or shoulder, the prince saying, *Soys Chevalier, (Soy Chivaler, à nome de Dieu ;)* and in times past was added *Saint George ;* and, when the knight riseth, the prince saith *Avance.*" This is the manner of dubbing knights at this present, and the word *dubbing* was the old word, and not *creating.* Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, upon Bolingbroke's challenge (Shakespeare's Richard II.) and throwing down his gauntlet, says,

"I take it up, and by this sword I swear, Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree, Or chivalrous design of trial."

Sir Kenelm Digby tells us that when King James I. who had an antipathy to a sword, dubbed him knight, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright, in lieu of touching his shoulder, he had certainly run the point of it into his eye. See the manner in which the innkeeper dubbed Don Quixote knight.

[2] Chartel signifies a letter of defiance or challenge to a duel, in use when combats were allowed to decide difficult controversies not otherwise to be determined by law. A trial (and the last) of this kind was intended between the Marquis of Hamilton and the Lord Rea in 1631, but the King put an end to the dispute: Echard's England. In this sense Lord Roos uses the word, in his answer to the Marquis of Dorchester's letter, Feb. 25, 1659. "You had better have been drunk, and set in the stocks for it, when you sent the post with a whole packet of chartels for me." See Tatler, No. 93; and of trials of titles in this way, Salmon's Hertfordshire. Mezeray produces one instance of a combat in trial of a person's innocence as early as the year 628. History of France.

[3] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

[4] *Swaddle*, bang, cudgel, or drub.

[5] "When I am playing with my cat," says Montaigne, "who knows whether she hath more sport in dallying with me than I have in gaming with her? We entertain one another with mutual apish tricks," &c. How finely is this simple humour in Montaigne ridiculed in a pretty simile? But we are in a more refined age than that which Butler lived in, and this humour is rather applauded than condemned.

[6] Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph, makes mention of a British King of this name, who lived about the time of Solomon, and reigned 39 years; he composed all dissensions among his people, and built Kaerlem or Canterbury, Kaergruen or Winchester, and the town of Paladur, now Shaftesbury. I am of opinion that Mr. Butler rather alludes to one of Spenser's knights: See Fairy Queen.

"He that made love unto the oldest dame Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man ;
Yet not so good of deeds as great of name, Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errand arms to sew he first began. (*follow*)

(For that's the name our valiant Knight To all his challenges did write):
But they're mistaken very much, 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, altho' he had much wit, H' was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out, And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so, As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek As naturally as pigs squeak;[1]
That Latin was no more difficile, Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:[2]
Being rich in both, he never scanted His bounty unto such as wanted:[3]
But much of either would afford To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found[4]
To flourish most in barren ground,[5]
He had such plenty as suffic'd To make some think him circumcis'd:[6]
And truly so he was, perhaps, Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,[7] Profoundly skill'd in analytic:[8]
He could distinguish and divide, A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force Of argument, a man's no horse;

1 "He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons pease."
Panegyric Verses upon Tom Coriat and his Crudities, by Lionel Cranfield.

2 Sancho Pancha observes upon Don Quixote "that he is a main scholard, latins it hugely, and talks his own mother tongue as well as one of your varsity doctors." The country people were in those days fond of hearing Latin in sermons, as appears from the following account of Dr. Pocock. "One of the learned Dr. Pocock's friends, passing through Childrey, which was the Doctor's living, enquired who was the minister, and how they liked him: and received from them this answer:. "Our parson is one Mr. Pocock, a plain honest man; but, Master," said they, "he is no Latiner."

3 This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

4 Dr. Echard tells us, "That some are of opinion that children may speak Hebrew at four years of age, if they be brought up in a wood, and suck of a wolf;" and Sir Thos. Browne observes, "That children in the school of Nature, without institution, would naturally speak the primitive language of the world, was the opinion of the ancient Heathens, and continued since by Christians, who will have it our Hebrew tongue, as being the language of Adam."

5 If so, why may we not infer that German monk to have been a wag, who, taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of "A book that has the beginning where the end should be." Tatler, No. 239.

6 Here again is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,
And truly so he was, perhaps, Not as a proselyte, but for claps,
are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,
And truly so perhaps he was, 'Tis many a pious Christian's case:
restored in the edition of 1704. The Heathens had an odd opinion, and gave a strange reason why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the Jews, which, how untrue soever, I will give the learned reader an account of, without translation, as I find it in the annotation upon Horace, wrote by my friend Baxter, Hor. sat. 9. sermon. lib. i. "Curtis, quia pellicula imminuti sunt; quia Moses Rex Judæorum, cujus legibus reguntur, negligentia φιμωθεις medicinaliter exfectus est, et ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit." Vet. schol. vocem φιμωθεις, quæ inscitia librarii exciderat, reposuimus ex conjectura, uti & *medicinaliter exsectus* pro *medicinalis effectus*, quæ nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam satyra quinta hæc habet: "Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant."

7 See a definition of a critic, Tale of a Tub, Tatler, No. 165, and a banter upon critics, Spectator, No. 592. Some of the saints of those times were no great friends to logic, as appears from the following passage: "Know you, that logic and philosophy (in which you are better versed than in the word of God) are not inventions or institutions of Jesus Christ and his apostles, but of the devil and antichrist, with which they have mainly and principally upheld their black, dark, and wicked kingdom."

8 "Analytic method takes the whole compound as it finds it, whether it be a species or an individual, and leads us into the knowledge of it, by resolving it into its principles or parts, its generic nature, and special properties: and is called the method of resolution." Watts's Logic.

He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl, And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman,[1] a goose a justice,[2]
And rooks committee-men[3] and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation, And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true[4] In mood and figure,[5] he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope His mouth, but out there flew a trope,[6]
And when he happen'd to break off In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why, And tell what rules he did it by;[7]
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk:
For all a rhetorician's rules Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,[8] Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress Of patch'd and piebald languages:
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,[9]
Like fustian heretofore on sattin.[10]
It had an odd promiscuous tone, As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;[11]
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,[12]

[1] Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) a malignant psalm. Clarendon's Rebellion.

[2] Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before were now justices of the peace, who executed the commands of the parliament in all the counties with rigour and tyranny, as was natural for such persons to use over and towards those upon whom they had looked at such a distance: the whole government of the nation remained in a manner wholly in their hands who, in the beginning of the parliament, were scarce ever heard of, or their names known, but in the places where they inhabited." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us that the "town of Chelmsford, in Essex, was governed, at the beginning of the rebellion, by a tinker, two coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars." The fable in Sir Roger L'Estrange, of the Asses made Justices, is a just satire upon those times; and I wish it had never suited more modern ones. To such Justices the Tatler's (No. 14) might have been properly applied, "Who would do justice on the justices?"

[3] In the several counties, especially the associated ones, Middlesex, Kent, Surry, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire (Echard's England), which sided with the parliament, committees were erected of such men as were for the *good cause*, as they called it, who had authority from the members of the two houses at Westminster to fine and imprison whom they pleased; and they harassed and oppressed the country in a most arbitrary and scandalous manner; on which account they are with great propriety called *rooks*.

[4] An argument in logic consisting of three propositions, wherein, some things being supposed or taken for granted, a conclusion is drawn different from the things supposed.

[5] *figure*, in logic, is a due disposal of a middle term of a syllogism with the two extremes.

[6] The turning of a word from its proper signification to another.

[7] "Oliver Maillard etoit un Cordelier, qui precholt avec reputation dans le dernier siecle. On a de lui deux volumes en octavo de sermons en Latin, imprimez à Paris en 1521, 1523." "Les predicateurs de son tems affectant de TOUSSER, comme un chose qui donnoit de la grace à leurs declamations, il n'a pas manqué dans un sermon en François, imprimé à Bruges vers l'année 1500, de marquer à la marge par des *hem hem* les endroits où il avoit toussé."

[8] A confusion of languages, such as some of our modern virtuosi were used to express themselves in.

[9] The leading men of those times were fond of appearing learned, and commonly mixed Latin with English in their speeches, especially the country justices, of which Hudibras was one, though they knew little more of the Latin tongue than Pratt, Chancellor of France, who having read the letter which King Henry VIII. sent to the French King, Francis I., wherein this clause was, "Mitto tibi duodecim molossos, I send you twelve mastiff dogs," he expounded it, "I send you a dozen mules." The story is told of a cardinal by Dr. Fuller, Worthies of Somersetshire, p. 18.

[10] A fashion, from the manner of expression, probably not then in use, where the coarse fustian was pinked, or cut into holes, that the fine sattin might appear through it. The author of A short Character of France, 1659, compares their finest pieces of architecture to sattin pinked upon canvas.

[11] The phrase alludes to the old catches in three parts.

[12] Diodorus Siculus makes mention of some southern islands, the inhabitants of which, having their tongues divided, were capable of speaking two different languages, and conversing with

Or Cerberus himself[1] pronounce A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge, He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin or counterfeit New words,[2] with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;[3]
And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,[4]
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator,[5] who once Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater Than Tycho Brahe,[6] or Erra Pater:[7]
For he, by geometric scale, Could take the size of pots of ale;[8]
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight, If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day The clock does strike by algebra.[9]
Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;

two different persons at the same time. Rabelais carries the point a great deal further, in his romantic account of the monster Hearsay, whose mouth, he observes, was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts, and he talked with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages. See Milton's description of the confusion of languages, Paradise Lost, book xii. l. 48, &c.

[1] Cerberus, a name which poets give to a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again; yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads denotes the past, the present, and the time to come, which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity.

[2] The presbyterians coined a great number, such as out-goings, carryings-on, nothingness, workings-out, gospel-walking-times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter, in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this poem. The Spectator (No. 458) observes, "That those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm."

[3] Thus it stands in every edition that I have met with, which induced me to think that he alluded to the touchstone, a stone to try gold and silver on: but Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that no tone would be an emendation, *i.e.*, words so debased and hard, that it was the utmost difficulty to pronounce them: which reading he thinks is made good by the following lines.

4 Magna voce boat——— Celeri cursu verba fatigat.

5 This and the three following lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

[6] An eminent Danish mathematician. At Gottorp there was a large globe celestial within, and terrestrial without, made after a design of Tycho Brahe: twelve persons might sit round a table within side of it, and make celestial observations in the turning of it.

[7] William Lilly the famous astrologer of those times, so called by Mr. Butler, Memoirs of the year 1649 and 1650. The House of Commons had so great a regard to his predictions, that the author of Mercurius Pragmaticus, styles the members the sons of Erra Pater. Butler probably named him so from an old astrologer of whose predictions John Taylor the water poet makes mention, in the Preface to his Cast over the Water. The elder Loveless (in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady) calls Abigail, "Dirty December, with a face as old as Erra Pater, and such a prognosticating nose:" and of Charles the Scholar (in Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother) 'tis observ'd, "That, after six hours' conference with the stars, he sups with old Erra Pater:" See Younger Brother, by Beaumont and Fletcher, act i. sc. 2. And the writer of A letter sent to London from a Spy at Oxford, 1643, p. 13. says, "Surely the devil ow'd us a shame, that none of us were skilled in the book of fortune, Erra Pater, or Booker's Almanac." Some are of opinion, that by Erra Pater he meant the Wandering Jew, named Joh. Buttadæus.

[8] As a justice of the peace he had a right to inspect weights and measures.
"For well his Worship knows, that ale-house sins Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins."
A Satyr against Hypocrites, p. 3, 4.

[9] There are many algebraic questions to which Butler may probably allude: See an odd account of the measuring of time, in Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, and of a movement that measures time after a particular manner, Philosophical Transactions, vol. xiv. No. 161.

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,[1] He understood b' implicit faith :
Whatever sceptic[2] cou'd enquire for, For every why he had a wherefore ;[3]
Knew more than forty of them do As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote, And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong, They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well, That which was which he could not tell,[4]
But oftentimes mistook the one For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce[5] all things to acts, And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity, The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;[6]
Where truth[7] in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.[8]
He knew what's what, and that's as high As metaphysic wit can fly.[9]
In school-divinity as able As he that hight[10] *Irrefragable*,[11]

[1] This and the following line not in the two first editions of 1664, and first inserted in that of 1674.

[2] Sceptic.—Pyrrho was the chief of Sceptic philosophers, and was at first as Appollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom ; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th olympiad. His followers were call'd Pyrrhonians ; besides which, they were named the Ephectics and Aphorectics, but more generally Sceptics.* This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions, in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they called *ataxia* and *metriopathia ;* and in suspending their judgment in regard of good and evil, truth and falsehood, which they called *epoche*. Sextus Empiricus who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek σκεπτεσθαι quod est, *considerare, speculari*.

[3] *i. e.* He could answer one question by another, or elude one difficulty by proposing another.

[4] This satire is against those philosophers who took their ideas of substances to be the combinations of nature, and not the arbitrary workmanship of the human mind ; and that the essence of each sort is no more than the abstract idea : Lock on the Names of Substances. This must give one a great idea of our author's penetration in metaphysical enquiries.

[5] The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences ; and when they had refined them into the nicest subtleties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions : But (as Seneca says), the subtiller things are rendered they are but the nearer to nothing ; so are all their definitions of things by acts the nearer to nonsense. This and the following line added 1674.

[6] He calls the abstracted notions of entity and quiddity very properly the ghosts of bodies ; thereby lashing the too nice distinctions of metaphysicians, who distinguish body, entity, and substance so finely from each other, that they say the two latter ideas or notions may remain, when the body is gone and perished ; and so while Hudibras was pulling down Popery, he was setting up transubstantiation.

[7] Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature ; and therefore Aristotle says, Unumquod que sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem." Met. L. 2.

[8] See an explanation of this passage and a merry account of words freezing in Nova Zembla, Tatler, No. 254. and Rabelais's account of the bloody fight of the Armasphians and Nephelebites, upon the confines of the frozen sea. To which Dohe probably refers, in his Panegyric upon T. Coryat and his crudities :

"Tt's not that French, which made his giants sey
Those uncouth islands, where words frozen be,
Till by the thaw next year they're voice again."

[9] A ridicule on the idle senseless questions in the common systems of logic, as Burgersdicius's Quid est quid ? from whence came the common proverbial expression He knows what's what, to denote a shrewd man.* Metaphysics, a science which treats of *being* in general and its properties ; of forms abstracted from matter ; of immaterial things, as God, angels, &c.

[10] *Hight* signifies *called*, or named. In this sense it is used by Chaucer,

"A worthy duke that hight Pirithous, That fellow was to Duke Theseus."

Chaucer's Knight's Tale. And Spenser uses it in like manner.

"Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight."

Fairy Queen. See Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher.

[11] Alexander Hales, so called. He was an Englishman, born in Glocestershire, and flourished

A second Thomas, or at once To name them all, another Dunce :[1]
Profound in all the nominal And real[2] ways beyond them all ;
For he a rope of sand could twist As tough as learned Sorbonist ;[3]

about the year 1236, at the time when what was called school-divinity was much in vogue ; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called Doctor Irrefragabilis ; that is, the Invincible Doctor, whose arguments could not be resisted. The schoolmen spun their arguments very fine, and to a great length, and used such nice distinctions that they are here justly compared to cobwebs. Mr. Pope (Essay on Criticism) speaks of them with great contempt.

" Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread : Who knew most sentences was deepest read ;
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed, And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane."

Bishop Sanderson makes mention of one " Paul Cortesius, who, whilst following Thomas and Scotus, and many more, he compiled Commentaries upon the Four Books of Sentences," growing weary of the terms used by the schools, as less Ciceronian, for church chose rather to say senate, for ecclesiastical laws senate decrees, for predestination presignation, for ordination of priests initiation, for angel genius, bishop flamen, and the like.

[1] Thus they stood in the two first editions of 1664, left out in those of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not restored till 1704. *Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

* Johannes Dunscotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland ; the Scots alledge he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called Dunscotus : Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph,

" Scotia me genuit, Anglia susceptit, Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet."

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's historia Literaria, he is said to have been extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy ; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures ; that, when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine, and, for being a very acute logician, was called Dr. Subtilis, which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the Lathy Doctor.

[2] Gulielmus Occham was Father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunscotus of the Reals. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

[3] Altered thus in edit. 1674 and continued till 1704 :

And with as delicate a hand, Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

Mr. Smith of Harleston is of opinion, that Mr. Butler alludes to the following story. A gentleman of Paris, who was reduced in circumstances, walking in the fields in a melancholy manner, was met by a person in the habit of a Doctor of the *Sorbon, who, enquiring into his case, told him, that he had acquired so much by his studies, that it was in his power to relieve him, and he would do it, provided the gentleman would be at his devoirs, when he could no longer employ him. The agreement was made, and the cloven foot soon began to appear ; for the gentleman set the Sorbonist to fill a sieve with water, which he performed, after stopping the holes with wax : Then he ordered him to make a rope of sand, which the devil not being able to do, scratched his head, and marched off in confusion. I meet with a ludicrous and parallel instance (Facet. Facetiar. hoc est Joco-seriorum. Fasciculi. Nov. de peditu, ejusque speciebus, p. 27.), " Cum quidam a dæmone valde urgeretur, ut se ei dederet ; assentit tandem, si diabolus tria præstet : petit igitur primo magnam vim auri ; data est diabolo : Secundo ut invisibilis fieret ; et ipsum diabolus docuit ; Tertiâ vice cum maximè anxius esset, quidnam peteret, quod diabolus præstare non posset : ei forte fortuna præ nimio metu elabitur diphthongus (species peditus) hunc mihi modo si potes connecte : quod cum diabolus præstare non posset, et alias isto tormentario bombo territus fugeret, ille miser præsentissimo animæ periculo, hoc uno bono ereptus est."

* Sorbon was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of St. Lewis, by Robert Sorbon, which name is sometimes given to the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuin, who was one of the first professors there ; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richelieu, and contains lodging for thirty-six doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those who are received among them, before they have received their doctor's degree, are only said to be of the Hospitality of Sorbon. Mezeray seems to think that the university of Paris was founded in the year 790.

And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull That's empty when the moon is full;[1]
Such as take lodgings in a head That's to be let unfurnished,
He cou'd raise scruples dark and nice And after solve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful proof we find They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of paradise, Could tell in what degree it lies;[2]
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it Below the moon, or else above it.[3]
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride Came from her closet in his side;[4]
Whither the devil tempted her By a High Dutch interpreter;[5]
If either of them had a navel;[6] Who first made music malleable;[7]
Whether the serpent, at the fall, Had cloven feet, or none at all.
All this, without a gloss or comment, He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion,[8] it was fit To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue, For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true church militant;[9]

1 For the skull of lunatics.

2 See several whimsical opinions concerning the seat of paradise collected in a book entitled, The Spanish Mandeville of Miracles. Sir W. Raleigh's Hist. &c.

3 The Spanish Mandeville informs us, "That Strabo (whom he calls the Theologian) affirmed, that the height of the earth where paradise was reached to the circle of the moon, through which cause it was not damnified by the flood. Mahomet the Impostor assured his followers, that paradise was seated in heaven, and that Adam was cast down from thence to this earth when he trangressed. But it is probable that he alludes to the mountains of the moon, called De Luna by the Portuguese, the first discoverers of it, and near that part of the world where paradise was situated, according to some writers.

4 The Knight here pretends to no more than what Milton has done, who represents Adam relating his dream in a passage inexpressibly charming, book viii. v. 46—484. See something to the same purpose in the tenth Iliad of Homer, and the ninth Æneid of Virgil (Mr. B.)

5 Ben Johnson (in his Alchymist), in banter probably of Goropius Becanus, who endeavours to prove that High Dutch was the language of Adam and Eve in paradise, introduces Surly asking Mammon the following question: "*Surly.* Did Adam write in High Dutch? *Mammon.* He did, which proves it to be the primitive tongue."

6 Several of the ancients have supposed, that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion: "All other men," says he, "being born of woman have a navel, by reason of the umbilical vessels inserted into it, which from the placenta carry nourishment to children in the womb of their mothers; but it could not be so with our first parents. Besides, it cannot be believed, that God gave them navels; which would have been altogether useless, and have made them subject to a dangerous disease, called an *Omphalocele.*"

7 Pythagoras ex malleorum ictibus diverse concrepantibus, musicæ septem discrimina vocum invenit. Wolfii Lexicon Memorab. "Macrobius (Spectator, No. 334.), relates, that Pythagoras, passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found, in like manner, that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonants; as that two strings, of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, give that interval which is called *Diapason*, or an eighth. The same was also effected from two strings, of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce what was only before noise to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics, and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences." Long's Astronomy.

8 Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion: it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish. Whether the poet has been just in the portrait must be left to every reader's observation.

9 Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like

Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun ;[1]
Decide all controversies by Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks ;[2]
Call fire and sword, and desolation, A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on, And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies ;[3]
In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss :[4]
More peevish, cross, and splenetic, Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way :[5]

the religion of Mahomet: Thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France for some time, by what means it obtained a toleration. Much blood was shed to get it established in England; and once, during that grand rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here: and in the year 1645 and 1646, several ordinances of Lords and Commons in Parliament were made for that purpose; and these ordinances for the Presbyterian government and discipline were begun to be put in execution in the cities of London, Westminster, and parts adjacent: but the Independents, by Cromwell's artifices, gaining an ascendant in the parliament-house, put a stop to their proceedings, and hindered their gaining the settlement they had so long sought for: and if they could get full power, it is to be feared they would tolerate no other religion. This was their practice in Scotland, whilst they had power to do it; and they endeavoured to hinder it in England, whilst they had encouragement from the two houses at Westminster, declaring, "That to make a law for toleration was establishing iniquity by law;" nay, they asserted, "That a toleration was the appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to, a toleration of soul-murder, the greatest murder of all others." And it is observed by Dr. Bruno Ryves, "That, where Puritanism prevails it cancels all obligations both of religion and nature." Rapin Thoyras was of the same opinion, declaring, "That it is certain that, if ever the Presbyterians are in a condition to act without being opposed, they will never be contented till they have totally destroyed the Hierarchy, and in general the whole Church of England."

[1] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the king by force from Holdenby, for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of these instructions, "Joyce said, he should see them presently; and so drawing up his troops in the inward court, These Sir (said the Cornet) are my instructions."—Echard's England.

[2] "Sunday, 9th September, 1649, at the church of St. Peter's Paul's Wharf, Mr. Williams reading morning service out of the Book of Common Prayer, and having prayed for the king (as in that liturgy, established by act of parliament, he is enjoined), six soldiers from Saint Paul's church (where they quarter) came, with swords and pistols cocked, into the church, commanding him to come down out of the pulpit, which he immediately did, and went quietly with them into the vestry, when presently a party of horse from St. Paul's rode into the church, with swords drawn and pistols spanned, crying out, Knock the rogues on the head, shoot them, kill them; and presently shot at random at the crowd of unarmed men, women and children, shot an old woman into the head, wounded grievously above forty more, whereof many were likely to die, frighted women with child, and rifled and plundered away their cloaks, hats, and other spoils of the Egyptians, and carried the minister away to Whitehall, prisoner." Clement Walker: History of Independency.

[3] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

[4] Butler describes them to the same purpose, Character of a Fanatic.

"His head is full of fears and fictions, His conscience form'd of contradictions,
Is never therefore long content With any church or government;
But fancies everything that is, For want of mending, much amiss."

They were at that time much of the temper and disposition of those Disciplinarians in Queen Elizabeth's days, four classes of whom complained to the Lord Burleigh against the liturgy then in use. He enquired, whether they would have it quite taken away? They said, No. He ordered them to make a better. The first class made one agreeable to the Geneva form; this the second disliked, and corrected in six hundred particulars; that had the misfortune to be quarrelled at by the third class; and what the third resolved on was found fault with by the fourth. Fuller's Church History. It is observed of Queen Elizabeth, that she was often heard to say, that she knew very well what would content the Catholics, but that she never could learn what would content the Puritans.

[5] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day. They made an ordinance for abolishing that and other saints days, and an order of council, Dec. 22, 1657, to abolish Christmas and other holidays; and it is observed by a writer in those times, that, upon the changing Christmas-day into a fast, in 1644, this was the

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.[1]
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge;[2]
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass[3] and widgeon.[4]
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.[5]
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on the inside, not the outward;
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:

first time since the apostles that there was any fast kept upon that day in the Christian church; and because many would not fast, they sent soldiers into their houses a little before dinner to visit their kitchens and ovens, who carried away the meat, and eat it, though it was a fasting day, who were exempted from fasting, provided they made others fast. Sir John Birkenhead put this query, whether the Parliament had not cause to forbid Christmas, when they found their public acts under so many Christmas pies? The Scots Presbyterians gave more early proof of their obstinacy in this respect; for, when King James I. desired the magistrates of Edinburgh to feast the French ambassadors before their return to France, the ministers, to show their rebellious authority, proclaimed a fast to be kept the same day.

[1] These lines were added in 1674.

[2] Sir John Birkenhead queries, whether Mr. Peters did justly preach against Christmas pies the same day that he eat two minced pies for his dinner? and their folly in this respect is humorously bantered by the author of a poem entitled, Sir John Birkenhead revived, p. 9.

"All plumbs the prophets sons despise
And spice broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot:
Christmas farewel, thy days (I fear)
And merry days are done;
So they may keep feasts all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none.
Gone are the golden days of yore
When Christmas was an high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more,—
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

Ib. p. 36.

Ben Johnson banters this preciseness, in his character of Raby Busy. They would at that time declare a man incapable of serving in parliament for having bays in his windows, or a minced pie at Christmas, in answer to another, Warner, who was afterwards Lord Mayor, raised a tumult on Christmas about rosemary and bays: Notwithstanding, see his petition in the Spectator, No. 629. sets forth, that he was remarkable in the country for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the Assembly of Divines, with brawn and minced pies upon New-year's day.

[3] By the *ass* is meant the *alborak*, a creature of a mixed nature between an ass and a mule, which Mahomet said he rode upon in his night journey to Heaven. Abul Feeda owns, that it was controverted among the doctors, whether this night-journey of Mahomet was real, or only imaginary, and in a dream.

[4] When Mahomet fled from Mecca, he got into a cave at Mount Thur, where he lay three days to avoid the search of his enemies: Two pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance, and a spider covered the mouth of it, which made them search no farther. It is farther fabled of him, that he had a tame pigeon that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. Scot's Witchcraft.

[5] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience, in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him, but refused, because he said it was stolen; but being to march away, he, who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare. For plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world, that the Old Pharisee and New Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." How would mended two brave soldiers to draw lots for their lives, and him to be shot upon whom the lot fell, for taking some milk and curds from a child; and a dragoon to be shot upon the spot for ill-using his host, who attempted to prevent his killing some fowls.

His tawny beard[1] was th' equal grace Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,[2] A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey; The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor[3] did denounce The fall of scepters and of crowns:
With grisly type did represent Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic spade,[4]
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers,[5] it grew In time to make a nation rue;[6]
Tho' it contributed its own fall, To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monastic,[7] and did grow In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe, As that of rigid Cordelier:[8]
'Twas bound to suffer persecution And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn, Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd, Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast, As long as monarchy should last,
But, when the state should hap to reel, 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,[9]
And fall, as it was consecrate, A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters[10]
Did twist together with its whiskers,

[1] Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques's description of the Country Justice, in Shakespeare's play, As you like it. It may be asked, why the poet is so particular upon the knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain: The knight had made a vow not to cut it till the parliament had subdued the King; hence it became necessary to have it fully described. This beard, and that of Philip Nye, mentioned by the knight in his epistle to his mistress, might probably be two of the most remarkable beards of the times.

[2] They were then so curious in the management of their beards, that some had paste-board cases to put over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them, and rumple them in their sleep.

[3] A comet so called from coma.

[4] Alluding to the picture of Time and Death. *Hieroglyphics.*

[5] Heart-breakers, love-locks, *cirri amatorii.*

[6] Samson's strength consisted in the hair of his head: when Dalilah had treacherously cut it off, the Philistines put out his eyes; but as it grew again, his strength returned, and then he pulled down the house over the heads of his enemies, and was himself buried with them in the ruins. Judges xvi.

[7] Altered to canonic 1674, restored 1704. This whimsical resolution of the Knight was so peculiar, that the poet cannot forbear descanting upon it in his humourous tale of the Coblor and Vicar of Bray: Remains.

"This worthy knight was one that swore He would not cut his beard,
Till this ungodly nation was From kings and bishops clear'd.
Which holy vow he firmly kept, And most devoutly wore
A gristly meteor on his face, Till they were both no more."

He was not of the mind of Selim I. Emperor of the Turks, who was the first emperor that shaved his beard after he ascended the throne, contrary to the khoran and the received custom; and being reprimanded by the Mufti, he answered, "That he did it to prevent his Visier's having anything to lead him by."

[8] A grey friar of the Franciscan order, so called from a cord full of knots which he wears about his middle: "Cordâ nodosâ corpus domare consuevit."

[9] Arcite, Chaucer's Knight's Tale, devotes his beard to Mars the god of war in the following manner:

"And eke to this a vow I will me bind, My beard my hair that hangeth low adown,
That never yet felt offencyoun Of rasour, ne of sheer, I woll thee *yeue.*" (*give*)

See Don Quixote.

[10] Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the three destinies, whom the ancient poets feigned to spin and determine how long the thread of life should last. Virgilii. Thus Spenser describes them, Fairy Queen:

"There he them found all sitting round about, The direful distaff standing in the mid,
And with unweary'd fingers drawing out The lines of life from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rock; the whiles the thread By gristly Lachesis was spun with pain,
That cruel Atropos undid, With cursed knife cutting the twist in twain:
Most wretched men, whose days depend on threads so vain."

And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius[1] from The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which Would last as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock was out, Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.[2]
His back, or rather burden, show'd As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire, Upon his shoulders, thro' the fire,[3]
Our Knight did bear no less a pack Of his own buttocks on his back:[4]

[1] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A.D. 1553, and was professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin, called Chirurgia Nova in which he teaches the art of engrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages: this book has passed through two editions. Many are of opinion that Taliacotius never put his ingenious contrivances in practice; they imagine that such operations are too painful and difficult to be attempted, and doubt the success: however, Taliacotius is not singular in his doctrine; for he shews that Alexander Benedictus, a famous writer in surgery, described the operation for lost noses before him; as does that great anatomist Vesalius: And Ambr. Pereus mentions a surgeon that practised this art with success in several instances. Our own countryman, Charles Barnard, sergeant-surgeon to Queen Anne, asserts, that it has been practised with wonderful dexterity and success, as may be proved from authorities not to be contested, whatever scruples some, who have not examined the history, may entertain concerning either the truth or possibility of the fact; so that it is a most surprising thing, that few or none have since attempted to imitate so worthy and excellent a pattern. See Tatler, No. 260. Dr. Fludd, a Rosicrucian philosopher and physician, mentioned before, has improved upon this story: Defence of Weapon Salve, or the Squeezing of Parson Foster's Spunge, 1635, p. 132. He informs us, as he pretends from unexceptional authority, of a certain nobleman in Italy, who lost a great part of his nose in a duel: he was advised by one of his physicians to take one of his slaves, and to make a wound in his arm, and to join the little remainder of his nose to the wounded arm of his slave, and to continue it there for some time, till the flesh of the arm was united to his nose. The nobleman prevailed upon one of his slaves, on the promise of his freedom and a reward, to consent to the experiment; by which the double flesh was united, and a piece of flesh was cut out of the slave's arm, which was so managed by a skilful surgeon as to serve for a natural nose. The slave being rewarded and set free, went to Naples, where he fell sick and died: at which instant a gangrene appeared upon the nobleman's nose; upon which that part of the nose which belonged to the dead man's arm was, by the advice of his physicians, cut off; and, being encouraged by the above-mentioned experiment, he was prevailed upon to have his own arm wounded in like manner, and to apply it to the remainder of his nose, which he did; a new nose was cut out of it, which continued with him till death.

[2] Nock signifies notch, or nick: Sir Roger L'Estrange, says, that "by Nock is meant Oliver Cromwell," alluding probably, as he was a brewer, to Notch, the brewer's clerk.

[3] Æneas was the son of Anchises and Venus; a Trojan who, after long travels, came into Italy, and, after the death of his father-in-law Latinus, was made King of Latium, and reigned three years. His story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's Æneis. Troy being laid in ashes, took his aged father Anchises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies: but being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife Creusa; which Dryden, in his excellent translation, thus expresseth:

"Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait), And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life shall be my care, One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son, and you, My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue."

We meet with a like instance of filial piety in Oppius's carrying off his aged father upon that dreadful proscription of three hundred of the senatorian and about two thousand of the equestrian rank, during the second triumvirate: Echard's Roman History, 3. Mr. George Sandys, Notes upon the 14th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, p. 248, edit. 1640, produces two other instances: the first in the piety of those women who, when Conrade III. besieged Guelphus Duke of Bavaria in the city of Stensberg, having their lives granted them upon the surrender of the city, with as much of their goods as they could carry about them, took up their husbands and sons on their backs, and, by that honest deceit, preserved them from slaughter: See likewise Spectator, No. 499. The like liberty being given at the taking of Cales by the Earl of Essex, who was willing to secure the honour of the women, a Spanish lady, neglecting everything else that was precious, though young and beautiful, bore away her old and decrepit husband, whom before she had hidden.

[4] Thersites, in Homer, seems to have been in some respects of the same make.

"His figure such as might his soul proclaim, One eye was blinking and one leg was lame:
His mountain shoulders hulf his breast o'erspread, Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd, And much he hated all, but most the best."
Mr. Pope.

Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore A paunch of the same bulk before;
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot,[1] butter-milk, and curds, Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cup-board, where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,[2] And tho' not sword- yet cudgel- proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.[3]
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;[4]
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice The ammunition to surprise:
And when he put a hand but in The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.[5]
And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink[6]

He would have been a fashionable subject in Richard III.'s day, who set up half the backs of the nation, and high shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. Spect. No. 32.

1 This dish is more peculiar to the county of Devon than to any other, and on that account is commonly called Devonshire white-pot.
"Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings, And Leicester beans and bacon, fit for kings."
Dr. King's Art of Cookery. Spect. p. 99. 1st edit.

2 "Who would have thought, says Butler, Memoirs of the years 1649, 1650, "that buff and feather were *jure divino?*" From this we may infer their fondness in those times for buff; when probably lived that whimsical fellow called Captain Buff. "Nothing could please him but buff; buff shirt, band, beaver, boots, &c. all buff, and he dwelt in a buff budget, like Diogenes in his tub, and would eat nothing but tripe, because it looked like buff."

3 This is to be explained by the fantastic rules of honour then in vogue.

4 Buloign was besieged by King Henry VIII. in person July 14, 1544, and surrendered in Sept.: Stowe's Annals and Echard's England. Mr. Cotton had this line probably in view in dressing Iulus: Virgil Travestie, book iv. p. 81.

5 A small fort or square figure, that has no defence but in the front.

6 See something to the same purpose, Dunstable Downes, Butler's Remains. He alludes probably to a saying of Don Quixote, "Though I think," says he, "I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that the knights-errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; and other times they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts." This humour is merrily bantered by Dr. Holdforth: "A man must be very romantic indeed to suppose good natural corporeal men can subsist upon pure spirituals, without so much as a civil pair of breeches, a material dish of victuals, and external pot of ale, a secular shirt, and a temporal mansion. This indeed, is, in Dryden's sense, a very fair state, and you might as well turn them loose to reside on school distinctions, or keep house with the four cardinal virtues." They did not probably fare so delicately as Mammon proposed to do, Ben Johnson's Alchymist, when he was prevailed upon by Subtle, to think, that all the imperfect metals in his house should be turned to gold; nor quite on so light a diet as that of the fairies described by Dr. King, in his Orpheus and Euridice; nor yet so grossly as is reported of Athenæus of Milo, who was said in the Olympic games, for the length of a furlong, to have

Because when thorough desarts vast And regions desolate they pass'd,
Where belly-timber, above ground, Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight;
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall Round table, like a farthingal,[1]
On which, with shirts pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd.
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,[2]
In which he carried as much meat As he and all his knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.[3]
But let that pass at present, lest We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword[4] unto his side, Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,[5]
And serve for fight and dinner both:
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch, He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade,[6] Toledo trusty,[7]
For want of fighting was grown rusty.[8]
And ate into itself, for lack Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt The rancour of its edge had felt;

carried an ox four years old upon his shoulders, and the same day to have carried it in his belly: or Garagantua who swallowed six pilgrims in a salad.

[1] By some of our historians mention is made of a famous British king of that name, in the sixth century, who instituted an order of knights, called the Knights of the Round Table: For, to avoid any dispute about priority of place when they met together at meat, he caused a round table to be made, whereat none could be thought to sit higher or lower than another. Tatler, No. 148. observes of the renowned King Arthur, that he is generally looked upon as the first that ever sat down to a whole roasted ox (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy); and it is farther added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment.

[2] Don Quixote's advice to Sancho Pancha, when he was going to his government, was not to wear wide-kneed breeches, or trunked hose; for they became neither swordsmen nor men of business.

[3] An afternoon's repast.

[4] See an account of the sword of Attila, King of the Huns, Pistorii Bibliothec. of King Arthur's sword Caliburn, Geoffrey of Monmouth's, Orlando's sword Durandana, Don Quixote, of the Sword of Bevis of Southampton, called Morglay, Gallant Hist. of Bevis of Southampton, Queen of Tartaria, a Dramatic Romance made English, 1679, the swords of some ancient heroes, Note upon Shakespeare's King Henry IV., and Capt. Bluff's, in Congreve's Old Batchelor.

[5] Pope has a thought much like this,
"In days of old our fathers went to war, Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their morion stew'd, And in their basket-hilt their bev'rage brew'd."

[6] A sharp cutting blade.
"As by his belt he wore a long *pavade, (dagger)*
And of his sword full trenchant was the blade." Chaucer's Reve's Tale.

[7] The capital city of New Castile. The two cities of Toledo and Bilboa, in Spain, were famed for making of sword-blades, and other armour.
"Thy bilboe oft bath'd in the blood of foemans, Like Caius Marius, Consul of the Romans.
The mighty Alexander of Macedo. Ne'er fought as thou hast done with thy Toledo."
Works of J. Taylor, the water poet, to Captain O'Toole, p. 17.

[8] Mr. Cotton, in his Virgil-Travestie, has borrowed a thought from hence. Describing Julia's dress, when he attended Queen Dido a-hunting, he has the following lines:
"Athwart his brawny shoulders came *A pauldrick*, made and trimm'd with same: *(belt)*
Where twibil hung with basket-hilt, Grown rusty now, and had been gilt,
Or guilty else of many a thwack, With dudgeon dagger at his back." v. 379.

For of the lower end two handful It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case, As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.[1]
Oft had it ta'en possession, And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page, That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so, As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.[2]
It was a serviceable dudgeon,[3] Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers,[4] or chip bread;
Toast cheese[5] or bacon, tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,[6] Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow, Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat As in his hose he could not get.

[1] How wittily does the poet describe an arrest! This thought has been much admired, and has given a hint to two celebrated writers to improve upon it in as fine a vein of satire and burlesque as ever appeared in any language. I think the reader cannot be displeased to see them quoted in this place.

"——— Behind him stalks Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the Gods
With haste incredible and magic charms Erst have endu'd. If he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont) To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form Of money, Pallas sets the captive free."
Philips's Splendid Shilling.

"As for Tipstaffe, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons and his sons sons have all of them been the veriest rogues living: it is this unlucky branch has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, sergeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is overrun.—Tipstaffe, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that, by a touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body that he can never come abroad afterwards." Tatler, No. 11.

[2] A thing frequently mentioned by romance writers. See Amadis de Gaul, and Amadis of Greece.

[3] Curio, speaking of the justice, see Coxcomb, act v. Beaumont and Fletcher says, "An his justice be as short as his memory, a dudgeon dagger will serve him to mow down sin withal." Bailey says, that dudgeon dagger signifies a small dagger: and in this sense it is used by our poet. The great gun at Guynes, in Henry VI.'s time was called Dygeon.

[4] Hudibras's dagger puts me in mind of Scrub, Squire Sullen's servant, Farquhar's Beaux Stratagem, who had a new office and employment for every day in the week: "A Monday (says he) I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plow, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw beer."

[5] Like Corporal Nim's sword, Shakespeare's King Henry V. "I dare not fight," says he, "But I will wink and hold out my iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end."

[6] A banter upon Oliver Cromwell (and others), who, though of a good family, was a brewer at Huntingdon; to which Butler alludes in his poem, entitled Oliver's Court.

"Who, fickler than the city ruff, Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
His day-cart to a coach, the beast Into two Flanders mares at least;
Nay, hath the art to murder kings, Like David, only with his slings.

He is girded likewise by the author of a poem, entitled, "Sir John Birkenhead revived, p. 36.

"'Tis Nol's old brewhouse now I swear: The speaker's but his skinker,
Their members are like th' council of war, Carmen, pedlars, tinkers."

And at p. 12 merrily observes, That having formed a conspiracy against Beelzebub, "they met in a certain blind dog-hole, where a poor fellow sold cock-ale for sixpence a bottle, and three pipes of gunpowder, instead of tobacco, for two pence: this man the Protector had served with drink, when he was a brewer."

These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap, As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still, And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.[1]
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force, He got on the out-side of his horse;
For having but one stirrup ty'd T' his saddle,[2] on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado To reach it with his desp'rate toe:
But, after many strains and heaves, He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,[3]
With so much vigour, strength and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main, Which oft he us'd instead of rein.
But, now we talk of mounting steed, Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,[4]
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one, As most agree, tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gate Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, when Spaniard whipt:[5]
And yet so fiery, he would bound, As if he griev'd to touch the ground;[6]

[1] Mice and rats. Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

[2] Julius Cæsar was so excellent an horseman in his youth, "that being mounted on the bare back, without saddle or bridle, he could make his horse run, stop, and turn, and perform all his airs with his hands behind him." Montaign. Ess.

[3] The knight was of very low stature, and as his horse was "sturdy, large, and tall," and he furnished with so many accoutrements, no wonder he had great difficulty in mounting him. We must not imagine this to be fiction, but true in fact: for the figure our hero made on horse-back was so remarkable as to be thus introduced by another celebrated satyrist and poet, by way of comparison. "List (says Cleveland) a diurnal maker, a writer, and you smother Jeffery in swabber slops. Jeffery was the queen's dwarf. "The very name of Dabbler oversets him; he is swallowed up in the phrase, like Sir Samuel Luke in a great saddle nothing to be seen but the giddy feathers in his crown." From hence we apprehend the fine raillery of this preceding part of his character,

Great on the bench, great in the saddle, That could as well bind o'er as swaddle.

[4] In Canto ii. he calls him ——— steed of bones and leather;
and in Part II. Canto iii. ——— Leathern Bare-bones;
which description nearly resembles that of Don Quixote's Rosinante, "whose bones," Cervantes observes, "stuck out like the corners of a Spanish reel;" and yet the Don styles him, The Glory of Horse-flesh; or Shakespeare's description of Petruchio's horse, see Taming of the Shrew, act iii. and Grandtree's description of the English horses before the battle of Agincourt, Shakespeare's King Henry V., and is far from coming up to the beauty of Cain's horse, as described by Dubartus, or the Dauphin's horse, Shakespeare's King Henry V., or the strength of Hector's horse Galathee, Destruction of Troy, Alexander's Bucephalus, or Garagantua's mare, Rabelais, or those famed horses or knight-errants, Don Quixote.

[5] Alluding to the story in the fable, L'Estrange's Fables, of the Spaniard under the lash, who made a point of honour of it not to mend his pace for the saving his carcase, and so marched his stage with as much gravity as if he had been upon a procession; insomuch that one of the spectators advised him to consider, that the longer he was upon the way the longer he must be under the scourge, and the more haste he made the sooner he would be out of his pain. "Noble Sir," says the Spaniard, "I kiss your hand for your courtesy, but it is below the spirit of a man to run like a dog: if ever it should be your fortune to fall under the same discipline, you shall have my consent to walk your course at what rate you please yourself; but in the meantime, with your good favour, I shall make bold to use my own liberty."

[6] See description of Don Quixote's Rosinante.

That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,[1]
Was not by half so tender hoofs, Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known) Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt, Which on his rider he wou'd flurt
Still as his tender side he prick'd
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd;
For Hudibras wore but one spur, As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse, The other wou'd not hang on worse.
A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,[2]
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone, Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre safe, We'll call him so; if not plain Raph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour He had lain in, by birth a tailor.[3]

[1] Julius Cæsar had a horse with feet like a man's. "Utebatur equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, et in modum digitorum unguibus fissis."

[2] Sir Roger L'Estrange, Key to Hudibras, says, This famous squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querpo-cut in church-government: but in a key at the end of a burlesque poem of Butler's, 1706, it is observed, "that Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the committee of sequestrators." As Butler borrowed his knight's name from Spenser, it is probable he named his squire from Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, called the Knight of the Burning Pestle. It might be asked, How it comes to pass that the Knight makes choice of a Squire of different principles from his own; and why the poet afterwards says,

Never did trusty Squire with Knight, Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right:
Their arms and equipage did fit, As well as virtues, parts, and wit,

when there is so manifest a disagreement in the principal part of their characters? To which it may be answered, That the end they proposed by those adventures was the same, and, though they differed about circumstantials, they agreed to unite their forces against the established religion. The poet, by this piece of management, intended to show the joint concurrence of sectaries against all law and order at that time. Had the Knight and his Squire been in all occurrences of one opinion, we should never have had those eloquent disputes about synods, oaths, conscience, &c., which are some of the chief beauties in the poem; besides, this conduct was necessary to give an agreeable diversity of character to the principal hero of it.

[3] The tailor's trade was no contemptible one in those times, if what the author of a tract, 1647, be true, who observes, "That there were numbered, between Temple-bar and Charing-cross, eight thousand of that trade." The description of a tailor by the author of a Tale of a Tub, is very humorous, and agreeable to this of Butler: "About this time it happened that a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread far in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three feet. He was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superfices, with his legs interwoven under him. This God has a goose for his ensign, whence it is that some men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath his altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the unformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is

The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,[1]
Did leave it, with a castle fair, To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,[2]
Fam'd for their faith,[3] and warlike fights
Against the bloody canibal, Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass Of golden bough,[4] but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:[5] Some call it *gifts*, and some *new-light*,
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him, for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crook'd,
With—To and from my Love—it look'd.[6]
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves[7] will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free,

human gore, and who is in so great repute abroad by being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus. Millions of these animals were slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was worshipped also as the inventor of the yard and needle: whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently clear."

1 The passage referred to in Virgil is thus translated by Mr. Cotton, Virgil-Travestie.

"At last she came, with all her people, To yonder town with the spire steeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for Five marks as some would give five pounds for;
Where now she lives, a housewife wary, Has her ground stock'd, and keeps a dairy."

Thebes was built in the same manner, according to Lidgate: And Thong-Castor in Lincolnshire by Hengist the Dane: Geoffrey of Monmouth.

2 The knights-templars had their effigies laid on their tombs, with their legs across. He alludes to the tailor's posture in sitting.

3 Obliged to trust much in their way of trade.

4 He alludes to Æneas's consulting the Sibyl, concerning the method he should take to see his beloved father Anchises in the shades below; who has the following answer: Æneid vi.

"Receive my council. In this neighbour grove There stands a tree, the Queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own: thick wood and gloomy night Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears, but, wond'rous to behold, The ductile rind, and leaves of radiant gold;
This from the vulgar branches must be torn, And to fair Proserpine the present borne."
Dryden.

Tailors call that place hell where they put all they steal.

5 The independents and Anabaptists (of which sect Ralph probably was) pretended to great gifts, as they called them, by inspiration; and their preachers, though they could scarce read, were called Gifted Brethren.

6 Until the year 1696, when all money not milled was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now; which bending was called to my Love and from my Love, and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts, as tokens of love. The Shilling, Tatler's dream, No. 240. in the account of its rambles, says, "My officer (a recruiting serjeant in the rebellion), chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid: the wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying, more properly than she intended, the usual form of, To my Love and from my Love."

7 The author of a tract, entitled Sir John Birkenhead revived, girds those pretended saints in the following manner:

"If these be saints, 'tis vain indeed To think there's good or evil;
The world will soon be of this creed, No God, no king, no devil.
Of all those monsters which we read In Afric, Ind, or Nile,
None like to those now lately bred Within this wretched isle.
The cannibal, the tyger fell, Crocodile and sycophant,
The Turk, the Jew, and infidel, Make up an English saint."

By means of this, with hem and cough, Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle, As easily as thread a needle,
For as of vagabonds we say, That they are ne'er beside their way;
Whate'er men speak by this new light, Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high, For spiritual trades to cozen by;[1]
An *ignis fatuus*,[2] that bewitches And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves,[3] and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;[4]
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation, And fish to catch regeneration.[5]
This light inspires and plays upon The nose of saint,[6] like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,[7]
Such language as no mortal ear But spiritu'l eaves-droppers can hear,[8]

[1] Mercers, silkmen, drapers, &c. have a peculiar light, which comes from the top of their shops, by which they shew their goods to advantage, called, I think, a sky-light; to this he probably alludes, designing, at the same time, to sneer such a preacher as Echard makes mention of, who, preaching about the sacrament and faith, tells his hearers, that Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities; and therefore, opening his wide throat, cries aloud, "Good people, what do you lack, what do you buy? Will you buy any balm of Gilead and eye-salve, any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe of righteousness, or with a white garment? See here! what is it you want? Here's a very choice armoury; Shall I shew you an helmet of salvation, a shield or breastplate of faith? Will you please to walk in and see some precious stones, a jasper, a sapphire, a chalcedony? Speak, what do you buy?" Now, for my part, says Echard, I must needs say, and I much fancy I speak the mind of thousands, that it had been much better for such an imprudent and ridiculous bawler as this was to have been condemned to have cried oysters and brooms, than to discredit, at this unsanctified rate, his profession and our religion.

[2] A Jack o' Lanthorn, or Will with the Wisp. This appears chiefly in summer nights in church-yards, meadows, and bogs, and is thought to be a vicious substance, or fat exhalation, kindled in the air to a thin flame, without any sensible heat, often causing people to wander out of the way.

[3] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an Anabaptist, or dipper. The different ways of administering baptism, by the sectaries of those times, is exposed in a Satyr against Hypocrites,

"Men say there was a sacred wisdom then,
That rul'd the strange opinions of these men;
For by much washing child got cold i' th' head,
Which was the cause so many saints snuffled.
On, cry'd another sect, let's wash all o'er,
The parts behind, and eke the parts before——
—Then, full of sauce and zeal, steps up Elnathan,
This was his name now, once he had another,
Until the ducking pond made him a brother,
A deacon, and a bufleter of Satan."

Juvenal makes mention of a wicked set of worshippers of Cotytto, or Cotyttia, the Goddess of Impudence, called Baptæ or Dippers, sat. viii.

[4] See Sancho Pancha's reasoning against dirty suds, Don Quixote.

[5] Dr. Bruno Ryves observes, that, at Chelmsford, in Essex, there were two sorts of Anabaptists, the one they called the Old Men, or Aspersi, because they were but sprinkled: the other they called the New Men, or Immersi, because they were overwhelmed in their rebaptization.

[6] They then affected to speak through the nose.

"With face and fashion to be known For the nose of pure election;
With eyes all white, and many a groan, With neck aside to draw in tone,
With harp in's nose, or he is none."

[7] Alluding probably to the mistaken notion, that the oracles at Delphos and other places were delivered in that manner. The Brazen Head in Don Quixote, where the person who gave answers did it thro' a pipe, from the chamber below, and by the hollowness of the trunk received their questions, and delivered his answers in clear articulate words; or the Brazen Head in the History of Valentine and Orson.

[8] They are taxed as encouragers of such by the writer of A Spy at Oxford, 1643. "It is a rare piece of wisdom," says he, "in you, to allow eavesdroppers, and promoting knaves, to be as mouse-traps to catch words, undo all such as wish well to the King, and hang as many as dare to drink Prince Robert's (Rupert's) health." Eavesdroppers are criminal in the eye of the law, and punishable in the court-leet by fine by stat. of Westminster, c. xxxiii.

So Phœbus,[1] or some friendly muse, Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible, As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair,[2] Spoke truth point blank, tho' unaware.
For mystic learning, wond'rous able In magic[3] talisman[4] and cabal,[5]
Whose primitive tradition reaches As far as Adam's first green breeches;[6]
Deep-sighted in intelligences,[7] Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *terra incognita*, Th' intelligible world, could say;[8]
A deep occult philosopher, As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa,[9] for profound And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus,[10] and Floud[11] And Jacob Behemen understood;[12]

[1] There is a near relation between poetry and enthusiasm. Somebody said well, that a poet is an enthusiast in jest, and an enthusiast a poet in good earnest: it is remarkable that poetry made Milton an enthusiast, and enthusiasm made Norris a poet.

[2] Referring to the *tripos*, or the three-footed stool, upon which the priestess at Delphos sat, when she gave forth her oracles; Joseph's divining cup, Gen. xliv. 5, or the Pope's infallible chair.

[3] Magic, in its primitive signification, was a harmless thing. Vocabulum hoc *magus*, nec Latinum est, nec Græcum, sed Persicum, et idem linguâ Persicâ significat quod apud nos sapientia. Afterwards they became jugglers and impostors: See the remarkable juggle of some Persian magicians to hinder Isdegerdes their King, in the fifth century, from turning Christian, with their punishment. Basnagii Annal.

[4] Talisman is a devise to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the effect with admirable success. Sigilla Syderum apud Cornelium Agrippam, Paracelsum, et id genus mugæ aliæ Talisman Arabibus vocantur, Judæis verò scuta Davidis τὰ Ἀποτελεσθέντα τελέσματα (Tyanæi). See a large dissertation on the original of talismans, upon Samuel vi. 5. Mr. John Gregory's Golden Mice, Works.

[5] Raymund Lully interprets *cabal*, out of the Arabic, to signify scientia superabundans, which his commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, by over-magnifying, has rendered "a very superfluous foppery."

[6] The author of Magia Adamica endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in paradise before the fall. Wierus speaks to the same purpose, "Et hodiè adhuc titulis quos præ foribus splendidos suspendunt hi Magi, ementiti circumferuntur libri sub nomine Adæ Abelis," &c. I am of opinion, that he designed to sneer the Geneva translation of the Bible, published in English, with notes, in 4to and 8vo in 1557, and in 1615, in which, in Gen. iii. 7, are the following words: "And they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches," instead of aprens, in the authorised translations. From this translation some of the softer sex have undertaken to prove, that the women had as good a title to the breeches as the men. Roger the chaplain, Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, thus reproaches Abigail: "Go, Dalilah, you make men fools, and wear fig-breeches."

[7] So the Peripatetics called those angels or spirits which they supposed to move the celestial orbs.

[8] The intelligible world is a kind of *terra del fuego*, or *psittacorum regio*, discovered only by the philosophers, of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not understand.

[9] Cornelius Agrippa was secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, doctor in divinity at Dole and Pavia, syndic and advocate to the city of Metz, physician to the Duchess of Anjou, mother of King Francis I., counsellor and historiographer to the Emperor Charles V.

[10] Anthroposophia Theomagica, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man in the State after Death, which was the title of a book which contained a great deal of unintelligible jargon, such as no one could understand what the author meant, or aimed at.

[11] See an account of Fludd, and his works, Wood's Athen. Oxon. Webster says "he was a man acquainted with all kinds of learning, and one of the most Christian philosophers that ever writ."

[12] He was generally esteemed a religious person: but what understanding he must have who understands Jacob Behmen, may be guessed from his own account of his works to Caspar Lindern, in his second epistle, dated Gerlitz, on the day of Mary's Ascension, 1621. "I. Aurora climbeth up out of infancy, and shews you the creation of all beings; yet very mysteriously, and not sufficiently explained, of much and deep magical [cabalistical] or parabolical understanding or meaning. II. The three principles of the divine essence, a key and an alphabet for all those who desire to understand my writings: it treateth of the creation, also of the eternal birth or generation of the Deity, &c. It is an eye to know the wonders in the mystery of God. III. The threefold life: a key for above and below to all mysteries whatsoever tho

Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,[2] As he that *verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds[3] As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,[4]
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope,[5] and Walk, knave, walk.[6]

mind is able to think upon. It serveth every one according to his property, *i.e.*, says the margin, constellation, inclination, disposition, complexion, profession, and condition. He may therein sound the depths and the resolves of all questions, whatsoever reason is able to devise or propound. IV. Forty questions about the soul, all things which are necessary for a man to know. V. The fifth book hath three parts, the second of Christ's passion, suffering, and death, wholly brought forth and enlarged and confirmed out of the center, through the three principles, very deep. VI. The six points. How the three principles mutually beget, bring forth, and bear each other, wholly induced out of the ground, that is, out of the nothing into the something, and all in the ground [and center] of nature. This book is such a mystery, however, in plainness and simplicity it is brought to light, that no reason or natural astral head-piece, though ever so acute, and literally learned, can fathom or understand the same, without the light of God: it is the key to all. VII. For melancholy. VIII. De signatura rerum, a very deep book: what the beginning, ruin, and cure of every thing is. This entereth wholly into the eternal, and then into the temporal, inchoative, and external nature and its form." Of all which I can only say, what Jacob himself says in the next page, He that can understand it, let him understand it.

[2] The author of a Tale of a Tub makes the following observation upon the Rosicrucians. "Night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark, and therefore the true illuminated (a name of the Rosicrucians), that is to say, the darkest of all, have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifry hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may be very justly allowed the lawful parents of them. The words of such writers being just like seeds, however scattered at random, when they light upon such fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or the imagination of the sower." As alchymists, or pretenders to the grand secret of transmutation of metals, Lemery (preface to his book of chymistry) gives the following definition of their art: "Ars sine arte, cujus principium mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare." An art without an art, whose beginning is lying, and whose middle is nothing but labour, and whose end is beggary. Sir Roger L'Estrange, in the fable of the Alchymist. "A chymical pretender," says he, "who had written a discourse plausible enough on the transmutation of metals, and turning brass and silver into gold, thought he could not place such a curiosity better than in the hands of Leo X., and so he made his Holiness a present of it. The Pope received it with great humanity, and with this compliment over and above; Sir, says he, I should have given you my acknowledgments in your own metal, but gold upon gold would have been false heraldry; so that I shall rather make you a return of a dozen empty purses to put your treasure in: for though you can make gold, I don't find that you can make purses.

[2] *A title* assumed by such alchymists as pretended to have found out the philosopher's stone, called Adept Philosophers.

[3] Dr. Shuckford observes, "That the author of the latter Targum upon Esther, reports, that Solomon understood the language of birds, and sent a bird of a message to the Queen of Sheba: and Mahomet was silly enough to believe it; for we have the same story in his Alchoran." That this opinion was ancient appears from the following account, "Inveterata fuit gentilium opinio, inter se colloqui bruta, et eorum sermones a multis intelligi: unde ars Οἰωνικὴ, vel interpretandi voces animalium; in quâ excelluisse dicuntur apud veteres, Melampus, Tiresias, Thales Milesius, Appolonius Thyanæus. Democritus autor utique est quod dentur aves, quarum ex confuso sanguine nascatur serpens, quem si quis ederit, avium linguas et colloquia interpretaturum, teste Plinio lib. x.

[4] Willoughby, in his Ornithology, gives the following remarkable story, "which Gesner saith was told him by a certain friend, of a parrot, which fell out of K. Henry VIII.'s palace at Westminster into the river Thames that runs by, and then very seasonably remembering the words it had often heard some, whether in danger or in jest, use, cried out amain, 'A boat, a boat for twenty pounds.' A certain experienced boatman made thither presently, took up the bird, and restored it to the King, to whom he knew it belonged, hoping for as great a reward as the bird had promised. The King agreed that he should have as the bird anew should say; and the bird answers, 'Give the knave a groat.'"

[5] When *Rope* was cried, I imagine it was upon the Puisne Baron Tomlinson; for in a ludicrous speech made and printed on occasion of the Barons swearing the Sheriffs Warner and Love into their office, part of his charge to them is as follows: "You are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr.

He'd extract numbers out of matter,[1] And keep them in a glass like water;
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, drop'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profess'd) He had first matter seen undress'd;
He took her naked all alone, Before one rag of form was on.
The chaos too he had descry'd, And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd:
Not that of paste-board, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Bartholmew;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and reformation came,[2]
Both cousins-german, and right able T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But reformation was, some say, O' th' younger house to puppet-play,[3]
He could foretel[4] whatsoe'er was By consequence to come to pass.
As death of great men, alterations, Diseases, battles, inundations;
All this without th' eclipse of the sun, Or dreadful comet,[5] he hath done,
By inward light,[6] a way as good, And easy to be understood,

Sheriff, I shall intreat a favour of you; I have a kinsman at your end of the town, a rope-maker, I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time; pray make use of him, you will do the poor man a favour, and yourself no prejudice."

[6] A tract was published by Mr. Edward Gayton, probably with a design to banter Colonel Hewson, with this title, "Walk, knaves, walk; a discourse intended to have been spoken at court, and now published for the satisfaction of all those that have participated of public employments, by Hodge Turbervill, Chaplain to the late Lord Hewson."

[1] A sneer probably upon the Pythagoreans and Platonists for their explication of generation, which Dr. Wotton has given us from Censorinus, and Aristides, in the following words: "Perfect animals are generated in two distinct periods of time: some in seven months, some in nine. Those generations that are completed in seven months proceed in this order: in the first six days after conception the humour is milky: in the eighth it is turned into blood, which number 8 bears the proportion of 1 1-3d to 6: in nine days more it becomes flesh: 9 is in a sesquiplè proportion to 6; in twelve days more the embryo is formed; 12 is double to 6: here then are these stages, 6, 8, 9, 12; 6 is the first perfect number, because it is the sum of 1, 2, 3, the only numbers by which it can be divided: now if we add these four numbers, 6, 8, 9, 12, together, the sum is 35, which, multiplied by 6, make 210, the number of days from the conception to the birth, which is just seven months, allowing 30 days to a month. A like proportion must be observed in the larger period of nine months, only 10, the sum of 1, 2, 3, 4, added together, must be added to 35, which makes 45; that multiplied by 6 gives 270, or nine times 30, the number of days in larger births."

[2] Reformation was the pretext of all the sectaries; but it was such a reformation as tended to bring all things into confusion.

[3] The sectaries who claimed the only right to the name of reformed, in their pretence to inspiration, and being passive under the influence of the Holy Spirit, took the hint from those machines of wood and wire that are moved by a superior hand.

[4] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk. "O my good Lord God, I praise thee for discovering the last week in the day-time a vision: that there were two great armies about York, 20,000 of the malignant party about the King, the other party parliament and professors; and the better side should have help from Heaven against the worst; about or at which instant of time we heard the soldiers at York had raised a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull; against which fort Sir John Hotham, keeper of Hull by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it. Lord, I praise thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in thee, then presently thou didst by this vision strongly possess her soul, that thine and our enemies should be overcome."

[5] See an account of a dreadful comet that appeared in the year 1577, and Sir Isaac Newton's Calculations concerning the dreadful comet that appeared in the year 1680, Spectator, No. 101.

[6] They were great pretenders to inspiration, tho' they were really as ignorant of what they called the *inward light*, as that woman who requested a certain priest "to put for her in his mass a halfpennyworth or five farthings worth of the Holy Ghost."

But with more lucky hit than those That use to make the stars depose,
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge,
As if they were consenting to All mischiefs in the world men do :[1]
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house to know
Who broke and robb'd a house[2] below ;
Examine Venus, and the Moon, Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
And though they nothing will confess, Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole and who received the goods.
They'll question Mars,[3] and by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak :
Make Mercury confess and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach,[4]
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
Like him that took the doctor's bill, And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill ;[5]
Cast the nativity o' th' question,[6] And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars, To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
And tell what crisis does divine The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
In men what gives or cures the itch,

[1] "It is injurious to the stars," says Gassendus, "to dishonour them with the imputation of such power and efficacy as is incompetent to them, and to make them many times the instruments not only to men's ruins, but even to all their vicious inclinations and detestable villanies." It is observed by Dr. Young, of Sir Christopher Heyden, the great advocate for astrologers, that he affirmed, "That the efficacy of the stars cannot be frustrated without a miracle : where then (says he) is the providence of God and free-will? We are not free agents, but like Bartholomew puppets, act and speak as Mars and Jupiter please to constrain us ;" or as the astrologer spoken of by St. Austin, "It is not we that lusted, but Venus ; not we that slew, but Mars ; not we that stole, but Mercury ; not God that helped, but Jupiter : and so free-born man is made a star-born slave."

[2] Gassendus's Vanity of Judiciary Astrology, Tatler, No. 56.

[3] "A ship," says Gassendus, "is not to be put to sea, whilst Mars is in the middle of heaven ; because Mars being the patron of pirates, he threateneth the taking and robbing the ship by them."

[4] Mercury was the god of merchants and of thieves, and therefore he is commonly pictured with a purse in his hand.

[5] The countryman's swallowing the paper on which the prescription was written, upon the physician's ordering him to take it, was literally true. This man did by the doctor's bill as Clayton did when he clawed the pudding, by eating bag and all : and why might not this operate upon a strong imagination as well as the ugly parson in Oldham. "The very sight of whom in a morning," he observes, "would work beyond jalap or rhubarb ; and that a doctor prescribed him to one of his patients as a remedy against costiveness ;" or what is mentioned by Dr. D. Turner, who informs us, "that the bare imagination of a purging potion has wrought such an alteration on the blood and humours of sundry persons, as to bring on several stools like those they call *physical* : and he mentions a young gentleman his patient, who, having occasion to take many vomits, had such an antipathy to them, that ever after he could vomit as strongly by the force of imagination, by the bare sight of an emetic bolus, drinking posset drink at the same time, as most could do by medicine." The application of a clyster-pipe, without the clyster, has had the same effect upon others.

[6] Mr. Smith is of opinion, that, when any one came to an astrologer to have his child's nativity cast, and had forgot the hour and minute when it was born, which were necessary to be known, in order to the erecting a scheme for the purpose, the figure-caster, looking upon the enquirer as wholly influenced, entirely guided by the stars in the affair, took the position of the heavens the minute the question was asked, and formed his judgment accordingly of the child's future fortune ; just as if the child had been born the very same moment that the question was put to the conjurer.

What makes them cuckolds,[1] poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
But not what wise, or only of those The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:[2]
There they say right, and like true Trojans,
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course,[3] of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire[4] e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit, As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too were of a rate, And out they sally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
For fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met, Of which anon we mean to treat.
But ere we venture to unfold Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use, Invoke th' assistance of some muse:[5]
However critics count it sillier Than jugglers talking to familiar.
We think[6] 'tis no great matter which; They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most, Whom therefore thus we do accost.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers,[7] Pryn,[8] and Vicars,[9]

[1] "This is worthy of our remembrance, that, in the revolution of the planets, if the moon come to that place where Saturn was in the root, then the person shall marry an old withered crone, and in all likelihood despise and cuckold her." Gassendus.

[2] *i.e.* The astrologers themselves can no more dispose of (*i.e.* deceive) a wise man than can the stars. What makes the obscurity is the using the word *dispose* in two senses; to signify *influence* where it relates to the stars, and *deceive* where it relates to the astrologers. (Mr. W.)

[3] *i.e.* Religious impostures; by which the author finely insinuates, that even wise men at that time were deceived by those pretences.

[4] It was Cervantes's observation upon Don Quixote and Sancho Pancha, "That one would think that they had been cast in the same mould."

[5] The poet cannot permit the usual exordium of an epic poem to pass by him unimitated, though he immediately ridicules the custom. The invocation he uses is very satirical, and reaches abundance of writers; and his compliance with the custom was owing to a strong propensity he found in himself to ridicule it.

[6] It should be *they think*, *i.e.* the critics, for the author in "One that fits our purpose most," declares the muses are not all alike.

[7] See an account of Withers, Note upon Dunciad. These gentlemen might, in Mr. Shakespeare's style, see his play, entitled, Much ado about Nothing, be born under a rhyming planet; and yet the mill of the Dutch mechanic, Spectator, No. 220, for making verses, might have served their purpose full as well. They certainly fall under the censure of Cervantes.

[8] Anthony Wood gives the following account of Mr. Pryn's elegant apparatus for the solicitation of the muses.—"His custom was, when he studied, to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, seldom eating any dinner, would every three hours or more be manching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale brought him by his servant." Cowley speaks of him as follows:

"——— One lately did not fear Without the muses leave to plant verse here,
But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge:
Written by William Pryn Esqui-re the Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey muse! and he's, for his high style, Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle."

Another poet speaks of Withers and Pryn in the following manner:

"When each notch'd 'prentice might a poet prove, Warbling thro' the nose a hymn of love;
When sage George Withers, and grave William Pryn, Himself might for a poet's share put in."

[9] Vicars was a man of as great interest and authority in the late reformation as Pryn, or Withers, and as able a poet: he translated Virgil's Aeneids into as horrible travestie in earnest as the French Scarron did in burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the politic author of Oceana.

And force them, tho' it was in spite Of nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,[1] And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want, The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author penn'd B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;[2]
The itch of picture in the front, With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill[3] To make men scribble without skill;[4]
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate, And teach all people to translate,
Tho' out of languages, in which They understand no part of speech:[5]
Assist me but this once, I'mplore, And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,[6] To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader:
For brevity is very good, When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair On days of market, or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did trudge and labour.
But now a sport more formidable, Had rak'd together village rabble:
'Twas an old way of recreating, Which learned butchers call bear-baiting.[7]
A bold advent'rous exercise, With ancient heroes in high prize:
For authors do affirm it came From Isthmian or Nemean game;
Others derive it from the bear That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about, And overturns the rabble rout.
For after solemn proclamation In the bear's name[8] (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms, To keep men from inglorious harms),
That none presume to come so near As forty feet of stake of bear;

[1] For satyrical writings; well expressed, as implying, that such writers as Withers, Pryn, and Vicars, had no more than ill-nature towards making a satyrist.

[2] A sneer upon the too common practice of those times, in prefixing of panegyrical verses to the most stupid performances.

[3] Parnassus, alluding to its two tops.

"Nec fonte labia olui caballino Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem." Aul. Persii Sat. Prol.

"I never did in cleft Parnassus dream, Nor taste the Heliconian stream." Dryden.

[4] To such Persius alludes, Prolog. v. 12. John Taylor, the water poet, thus describes such pretenders, Revenge, to William Fenner.

"An ass in cloth of gold is but an ass, And rhyming rascals may for poets pass
Among misjudging and illiterate hinds: But judgment knows to use them in their kinds.
Myself knows how (sometimes) a verse to frame, Yet dare I not put on a poet's name;
And I dare write with thee at any time, For what thou dar'st, in either prose or rhyme:
For thou of poesy art the very scum, Of riff raff rubbish wit the total sum;
The loathsome glanders of all base abuse; The only filch-line of each labouring muse;
The knave, the ass, the coxcomb, and the fool, The scorn of poets, and true wit's close-stool."

[5] A gird probably upon some poetical translators, of which number Vicars was one. George Fox the Quaker, though an illiterate creature, pretended to be inspired in one night with twenty-four languages; and set his hand as author to six languages, in his Battle-door, printed 1660, *viz.*, Latin, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac.

[6] Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant; gathered from Part II. Canto iii., where he tells the Knight what befel him there.

And though you overcome the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

[7] This game is ushered into the poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the poem is only adorned with this game and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the poet to be very particular and full in the description: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures; and consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil?

[8] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire, where solemn proclamation was made by the steward, before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty feet, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril."

If any yet be so fool-hardy, T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off and lame, No honour's got by such a maim,
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice, If any press upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know at their own cost, That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms, Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of the fray, 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,)
Thither the knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;
As he believ'd he was bound to do In conscience and commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
We that are[1] wisely mounted higher
Than constables[2] in curule wit, When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee, From Pharos of authority,[3]
Portended mischiefs farther than Low proletarian tything-men:[4]
And therefore being inform'd, by bruit, That dog and bear are to dispute;
For so of late men fighting name, Because they often prove the same:
(For where the first does hap to be, The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save the expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation Of treaty[5] and accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose The bloody duel, without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives, The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake For cov'nant[6] and the cause's sake;[7]
But in that quarrel dogs and bears, As well as we, must venture theirs.
This feud by Jesuits invented,[8] By evil counsel is fomented;

[1] This speech is set down as it was delivered by the Knight in his own words; but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, and all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

[2] Had that remarkable motion in the house of commons taken place, the constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least: "That it was necessary for the house of commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels;" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body; because Harry Martyn, out of tenderness of conscience in this particular, immediately quashed the motion, by saying, "The power was too great for any man."

[3] Meaning that, as a justice of the peace, upon the bench, he was mounted above the crowd.

[4] The lowest of the people. Aulus Gellius, thus explains the word *proletarius*: "Qui in plebe Romanâ tenuissimi, pauperrimique errant, nec amplius quam mille quingentum, [illegible] censum deferebant, Proletarii appellati sunt" "Erant Romæ qui generationi liberorum vacabant et proletarii dicebantur."

[5] A gird upon the parliament, for their unreasonable instructions to their commissioners in all the treaties set on foot, in order to defeat them.

[6] This was the solemn leagues and covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish parliament, and by them sent to the parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both houses, and by the city of London and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent by holding up his hand at the reading of it.

[7] Sir William Dugdale informs us, that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland, for settling of God's cause: I say, quoth he, this is God's cause, and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me; but the devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the martyr did, that if I had so many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause.

"Which pluck'd down the king, the [illegible] the laws,
To set up an idol, they nick-nam'd the cause, Like Bell and Dragon, to gorge their own maws."

[8] As Don Quixote took every occurrence for a rogue [illegible] so our Knight took every

There is a Machiavilian plot,[1] (Tho' ev'ry *nare olfact* it not:)
And deep design in't to divide The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother, To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*, That *cane et angue pejus* hate us;
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our ownselves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie In bloody cynarctomachy[2]
Is plain enough to him that knows
How saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish myself pseudo-prophet, But sure some mischief will come of it;
Unless by providential wit, Or force we averruncate[3] it.
For what design what interest, Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused cause,[4] Frail privilege,[5] fundamental laws,

thing he saw to relate to the differences of state then contested; it is necessary to carry this in our eye to discover the beauties of the passage.

1 See L'Estrange's fable, entitled, Machiavel Condemned, 493.

2 Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears, though both the learned and ignorant agree, that in such words very great knowledge is contained; and our Knight, as one or both of those, was of the same opinion. This was not only the Knight's opinion, but that of his party, as is plain from what follows. Extract of a paper called, A Perfect Diurnal of some Passages of Parliament, and from other parts of the Kingdom, from Mon. July 24, to Mon. July 31, 1643, No. 5. Thurs. July 27. "From Colonel Cromwell there is certain news come, he hath taken Stamford and Burleigh-house; a great receptacle for the Newark cavaliers for their inroad into Northamptonshire, and parts thereabouts: One thing is certified from those parts, which I cannot omit, and will cause admiration to such as hear it, *viz.*, did any man imagine, upon the first fomenting of this bloody and unnatural war against the parliament, that such numbers of English and Irish Papists should be admitted into His Majesty's protection, to be asserters of the Protestant religion, much less did any think that brute and savage beasts should be fetched from foreign parts to be a terror to the English nation, to compel their obedience to the King? and yet we find it true, and are credibly informed, that, upon the Queen's coming from Holland, she brought with her, besides a company of savage ruffians, a company of savage bears, to what purpose you may judge by the sequel; for these bears were left about Newark, and were brought into country towns constantly on the Lord's day to be baiten (such is the religion these here related would settle amongst us), and if any went about but to hinder or but to speak about their damnable profanations, they were presently noted as Roundheads and Puritans, and sure to be plundered for it; but some of Colonel Cromwell's forces coming by accident unto Uppingham town in Rutland, on the Lord's day, found these bears playing there in the usual manner; and in the height of their sport, caused them to be seized upon, tied to a tree and shot."

"We robb'd——
The whole of food to pamper out the few, Excised your wares,
And tax'd you round, sixpence the pound, And massacred your bears."

The Rump Ululant. There was an ordinance of lords and commons assembled in parliament for suppressing of public play-houses, dancing on the ropes, and bear-beating, die Sabbati, 17 Julii 1647, and it was an article in their instructions to the Major-Generals afterwards in the year 1655, amongst other unlawful sports (as they called them) to suppress bearbeatings. That probably might be deemed a malignant bear, which was forced upon old Mr. Jones, Vicar of Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, by Lieutenant Grimes, a desperate Brownist "which, running between his legs, took him upon her back, and laying aside the untractableness of her nature, grew patient of her burden; but when the rebels dismounted him, and one of their ringleaders bestrid the bear, she dismounted her rider; and, as if she had been robbed of her whelps, did so mangle, rend, and tear him with her teeth and paws, that the presumptuous wretch died of his wounds soon after."

3 Another of the same kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

4 Alluding to the clamours of the rebels, who falsely pretended, that their liberty, property, and privileges were in danger: For this they are justly pantered by a satirist of those times.

"For liberty and privilege, Religion and the King,
We fought, but oh, the golden wedge! That is the only thing:
Their lies the cream of all the cause, Religion is but whig;
Pure privilege eats up the laws, And cries, for King—a fig."

5 *Frail* privilege, that is, broken, violated, would have been better, since it alludes to the impeachment of the five members, which was then thought to be the highest breach of privilege, and was one of the most professed causes for taking arms.

Nor for a thorough reformation, Nor covenant nor protestation,[1]
Nor liberty of consciences,[2] Nor lords nor common ordinances;[3]
Nor for the church, nor for churchlands,
To get them in their own no-hands;[4]
Nor evil counsellors to bring To justice,[5] that seduce the King,
Nor for the worship of his men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs,[6] and for Their faith made internecine war.

[1] This protestation, with the design and consequences of it, may be seen in Clarendon's Rebellion, and Echard Hist. of England observes, "That there was one clause that was looked on as a preservative against any alteration against church government; but to undeceive all persons as to that clause, the commons made such an explanation, to show that the bishops and the church were to receive no real benefit by it." Mr. Allen Blaney, Curate of Newington, Surry, was summoned before the parliament for preaching against the protestation.

[2] Thus the two first editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the subsequent editions, and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse; free liberty being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the author here intended to give us.

[3] The King being driven from parliament, no legal acts of parliament could be made: therefore, when the lords and commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes An Ordinance of Parliament. Cleveland, speaking of these ordinances, merrily observes, "That an ordinance is law still-born, dropped before quickened with the royal assent. It is one of the parliament's bye-blows, acts only being legitimate, and hath no more fire than a Spanish jennet that is begotten by the wind."

[4] The way of sequestering, and invading church-livings, by a committee for that purpose, is well known. It was so notoriously unjust and tyrannical, that even Lilly, the Sidrophel of this poem, could not forbear giving the following remarkable instance: "About this time (1646), says he, the most famous mathematician of all Europe, Mr. William Oughtred, Parson of Aldbury in Surry, was in danger of sequestration by the committee of or for plundered ministers (ambodexters they were); several considerable articles were deposed and sworn against him, material enough to have sequestered him; but that, upon his day of hearing, I applied myself to Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, and all my own friends, who in such numbers appeared in his behalf, that though the chairman, and many other Presbyterian members, were stiff against him, yet he was cleared by the major number. The truth is, he had a considerable parsonage, and that only was enough to sequester any moderate judgment. He was also well known to affect his Majesty. In these times many worthy ministers lost their livings or benefices for not complying with the Three-penny Directory. Had you seen, O noble Squire, what pitiful idiots were preferred into sequestered church-benefices, you would have been grieved in your soul: but when they came before the classis of divines, could these simpletons only say, They were converted by hearing such a sermon, such a lecture, of that godly man Hugh Peters, Stephen Marshal, or any of that gang, he was presently admitted." They sequestered the estates of dead men; see an account of the sequestration upon Sir William Hunsby's estate after his death, tho' he never was questioned for delinquency during his life.

[5] Alluding to the unreasonable clamours of the members at Westminster against the King's friends, whom they styled Evil Counsellors, and ordered a committee, October 1641, to prepare heads for a petition to the King against them, which persons they marked out as delinquents; with a request, previous to the treaty of Newport in the Isle of Wight, to have them excepted from pardon; and these were such as were unwilling to give up the constitution.

[6] Anubis, one of their gods, was figured with a dog's face. The worship of the Egyptians is exposed by Juvenal, sat. xv. lin. 1, &c.

"Quis nescit, Volusi Bythinice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat, crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc——"

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays, Others to Ibis, that on serpents preys.
Where Thebes thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memnon's magic harp is heard;
Where these are mould'ring, let the sots combine With pious care a monkey to enshrine
Fish gods you'll meet, with fins and scales o'ergrown,
Diana's dogs ador'd in ev'ry town,
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none.
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour, Each clove of garlic is a sacred pow'r.
Religious nation, sure, and bless'd abodes, Where ev'ry orchard is o'er-run with gods!
To kill is murder, sacrilege to eat A kid or lamb, man's flesh is lawful meat." Dryden.

The Egyptians likewise worshipped cats: see an instance of their extreme severity in punishing a noble Roman with death who killed a cat by mistake, notwithstanding the Egyptian nobility interposed in his behalf.

Others ador'd a rat[1] and some For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;[2]
And many to defend that faith, Fought it out *mordicus* to death.[3]
But no beast ever was so slight, For man, as for his god, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse The rage in them like *boute-feus*;[4]
'Tis our example that instils In them th' infection of our ills.
For as some late philosophers Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs Get pigs all th' year and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle Learn to give one another battle.
We read, in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,[5] And then set dogs about their ears:
From whence, no doubt, the invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian game.[6]

[1] The ichneumon, the water-rat of the Nile. Diodorus Siculus mentions this, The ichneumon was a great enemy to the asp and crocodile. The manner of destroying them is described by Dubartas,

"Thou mak'st the ichneumon, whom the Memphs adore,
To rid of poisons Nile's manured shore:
Altho' indeed he doth not conquer them So much by strength, as subtle stratagem,——
So Pharaoh's rat, ere he begins the fray 'Gainst the blind aspic, with a cleaving clay
Upon his coat he wraps an earthen cake, Which afterwards the sun's hot beams do bake;
Arm'd with this plaister, th' aspic he approacheth,
And in his throat his crooked tooth he broacheth:
While the other bootless strives to pierce and prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick.
Yet knowing himself too weak, with all his wile, Alone to match the scaly crocodile,
He with the wren his ruin doth conspire:
The wren, who seeing him press'd with sleep's desire,
Nile's pois'ny pirate, press the slimy shore, Suddenly comes, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull serpent gapes Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then like a shaft the ichneumon instantly Into the tyrant's greedy gorge doth
And feeds upon that glutton, for whose riot
All Nile's fat margent could scarce furnish diet."

And Rollin observes, that he is so great an enemy to the crocodile, that he destroys his eggs, but does not eat them. Mice were likewise worshipped in some places: Mendesii Murem colunt.

[2] It was worshipped by the people of Malabar and Ceylon. Malabres et Chielonenses, Πιθηκολατραι sunt, 1554, pro solo dente Simiæ, religiosè abs illis culto, et in monte Adami intercepto. obtulisse 700,000 ducatorum. "When it was burnt at the instance of the priests, as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the fire had been made of the same ingredients with which seamen used to compose that kind of grenadoes which they call stinkards." See an account of a law-suit between a couple of convents for a human tooth found in a catacomb, each of them pretending that it belonged to a saint who was of their order, Tatler, No. 129.

[3] When Catesby advised King Richard III. to fly and save his life, see Shakespeare's King Richard III., sc. the last, he answered,

"Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the dye."

[4] *Boute-feus* is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English person (especially of quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need any exposition.

[5] This is confirmed by Tacitus, "Et peracuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contexti laniatu canum interirent." In this he was imitated by Basilowitz the Great Duke (or rather tyrant) of Muscovy: who used to punish his nobility who offended him in this manner, covering them with bear skins, and baiting them with fierce English mastiffs.

[6] Alluding probably to Pryn's Histrio-mastix, who has endeavoured to prove it such from the 61st canon of the sixth council of Constantinople, which he has thus translated: "Those ought also to be subject to six years excommunication who carry about bears, or such like creatures, for sport, to the hurt of simple people." Our Knight was not the only stickler in those times against bear-baiting. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman, was likewise a hero in these kind of exploits, as we learn from a ballad upon him, which, having described his zeal against cock-fighting, goes on thus:

"But flush'd with these spoils, the next of his toils
Was to fall with wild beasts by the ears;

To this, quoth Ralpho, verily The point seems very plain to me:
It is an Antichristian game, Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;[1]
For certainly, there's no such word In all the Scripture on record:[2]
Therefore unlawful and a sin. And so is (secondly the thing;
A vile assembly 'tis[3] that can No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, classic, national, Mere human-creature cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous; For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan, No less than worshipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat; Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad admussim*, as thou say'st;
(For that bear-baiting should appear *Jure divino* lawfuller
Than synods are, thou do'st deny, *Totidem verbis*; so do I):
Yet there's a fallacy in this; For if, by sly *homœosis*,[4]
Thou would'st sophistically imply Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out
In gospel times, as lawful as is Provincial or parochial classis;
And that both are so near of kin, And like in all, as well as sin,

To the bearward he goeth, and then open'd his mouth,
And said, Oh! are you there with your bears?
The crime of the bears was, they were cavaliers,
And had formerly fought for the King:
And had pull'd by the burs, the round-headed curs,
That they made their ears to ring."

Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731. Indeed the rebels seemed enemies to all kinds of public diversions, if we may believe a merry cavalier, who triumphs at the approach of a free parliament, in the following words:

"A hound and a hawk no longer Shall be tokens of disaffection:
A cock-fight shall cease To be breach of the peace,
And a horse-race an insurrection."

[1] This is a banter upon the members of the Assembly of Divines, who, in their note upon Gen. chap. 1. ver. 1. libel the King for creating of honours.

[2] "The Disciplinarians held, That the scripture of God is in such sort the rule of human actions, that simply, whatever we do, and are not by it directed thereto, the same is sin." Of this stamp were the French Huguenots mentioned by Montlue, who were so nicely scrupulous, that they made a conscience of paying their landlords their rents, unless they could shew a text for it. L'Estrange's Fables. In a tract printed in those times: "First, *Accommodation* is not the language of Canaan, and therefore it cannot conduce to the peace of Jerusalem: 2. It is no Scripture-word: now to vilify the ordinances which are in Scripture, and to set up *accommodation*, which is not in Scripture, no not so much as in the Apocrypha, is to relinquish the word, and follow the inventions of man, which is plain Popery." Cowley exposes them for their folly in this respect:

"What mighty sums have they squeez'd out o' th' city,
Enough to make them poor, and something witty;
Excise, loan, contributions, pole-monies,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament privileges;
Are words which you ne'er learn'd in holy writ,
Till the spirit of your synod mended it."

[3] Meaning the Assembly of Divines, composed chiefly of Presbyterians: for pretending that their form of church-government, by classical, provincial, and national assemblies, was founded on the authority of Scripture, when no such words as *classical*, &c. are to be met with there. Sir John Birkenhead speaks of them as follows: "Weigh him single, and he has the pride of three tyrants, the forehead of six gaolers, and the fraud of six brokers; and take them in a bunch, and the whole assembly are a club of hypocrites, where six dozen of schismatics spend two hours for four shillings a-piece." What opinion Selden had of them appears from the following account: "The house of parliament once making a question, whether they had best admit Bishop Usher to the Assembly of Divines? he said, they had as good enquire, whether they had best admit Inigo Jones, the King's architect, to the company of mouse-trap makers?"

[4] An explanation of a thing by something resembling it.

That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless You measure by their wickedness:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'st much, But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage, *Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage;[1]
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,[2] Or sheer swine, all cry and no wool:[3]
For what can synods have at all, With bear that's analogical?[4]
Or what relation has debating Of church-affairs, with bear-baiting
A just comparison still is Of things *ejusdem generis*.
And then what genus rightly doth Include[5] and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may As justly[6] pass for bears as they:
For we are animals no less, Although of different species.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place Nor time to argue out the case;
For now the field is not far off, Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords Actions for arguments not words;[7]
Which we must manage at a rate Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise
And all the godly[8] expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless We're slurr'd and outed by success:
Success, the mark no mortal wit, Or surest hand, can always hit:

[1] "Rodolphus Agricola, vir immortalitate dignus, libro Dialectices tertio, testator apud Græcos proverbio dici solere, 'Egregia de lente,' quoties res humilis et pusilla magnis laudibus attolleretur: perinde quasi lentem, minutum, ac vile legumen splendidis encomiis efferras: Opinor Græcis efferri hunc in modum Δεινὰ περὶ φακῆς." Erasmi Adag.

[2] Alluding to that proverbial saying, "As wise as the Waltham calf, that went nine miles to suck a bull." The Cynic said of two impertinent disputants, Spectator, No. 138, "The one of these fellows is milking a ram, and the other holds the pail." This and the following line thus altered 1674,

"Thou canst at best but overstrain A paradox, and thy own brain."

Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700; restored in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

"Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, &c.,

and the blunder continued, I believe, in all the editions to this time.

[3] "Now that ever a wise woman should see her master come to this, to run a wool-gathering: I would it were so well: but the wool that we shall have is as much as the Devil (God bless us) got when he shore a hog." Don Quixote.

[4] That is, proportional.

[5] In the two first editions of 1663, Comprehend them inclusive both.

[6] In the two first editions.

[7] Alluding to the character of Drances, in Virgil's Æneid, lib. xi. 338, 339.

"——— Lingua melior, sed frigida bello Dextera ———"

Such persons may, in the style of the writer of The famous History of Guy Earl of Warwick, cant. iv. be called "Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall."

[8] The Presbyterians and sectaries of those times called themselves the *godly*, and all that were for the church and King the *ungodly*, though they themselves were a pack of the most sanctified knaves that ever lived upon earth; and it was the observation of Harry Martin, L'Estrange's Fables: "That one godly knave was worth fifty arrant knaves, and in proof, he offered to be judged by the four Evangelists." *Rebel.* "I laugh to think how, when I counterfeit a whining passion, and talk of God and goodness, walk with a sad and mortified countenance, how I am admired among the brethren, and styled A Man of God." They acted very much like that consummate hypocrite, Richard Duke of Gloucester, in whose mouth Shakespeare puts the following words:

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture Tell them, that God bids me do good for evil:
And thus I cloak my naked villainy With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

Cowley describes them in the character of Barebottle, the soap-boiler: "He was a very rogue, that's the truth on't, in the business between man and man; but as to Godward, he was always accounted an upright man, and very devout."

For whatsoe'er we perpetrate, We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,[1]
Which in success oft disinherits, For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons Of great and mighty resolutions:
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth Events still equal to their worth:
But sometimes fail, and in their stead Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which tho' th' are known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight Did whilom kill his bear in fight,[2]
And wound a fiddler: we have both Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from Th' attempt or victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke[3] In foreign land, yclep'd a Luke,[4]
To whom we have been oft compar'd[5]
For person, parts, address, and beard;

[1] The Presbyterians in those days were exceedingly zealous for the doctrine of predestination, and of opinion that all things must happen as was decreed or fated. The author of a Tale of a Tub, speaking of Jack the Calvinist, or Presbyterian, says, "He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel (as he seldom failed to do one or both), he would tell the gibing 'prentices that looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of Fate, with which he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or cuff: and whoever durst undertake to do either would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose: It was ordained (said he), some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter, and therefore Providence thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business had been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man with all his foresight about him?" Of this opinion was that lay-elderly coachman, who, as a person of honour was following his bowl upon a cast, and crying, "Rub, rub, rub," to it, crossed the green upon him, with these words in his mouth, "My Lord, leave that to God." Spectator, No. 142.

[2] Whether this is true history, or fiction, I really cannot tell, though in both history and romance there are instances of knights killing of bears.

[3] Mamalukes, the name of the militia of the Sultans of Egypt: it signifies a servant or soldier: they were commonly captives, taken from among the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry: their power was great; for, besides that the Sultans were chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom: they were formidable about two hundred years, till at last Selim, Sultan of the Turks, routed them and killed their sultan, near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of the Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years. Paulus Jovius, &c.

[4] The writers of the General Historical Dictionary, "that the chasm here is to be filled up with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this poem is of eight."

[5] See Preface, and Butler's Memoirs, 1649, 1650, where he has given a most ludicrous description of Sir Samuel Luke's person, in prose and verse. Sir Samuel was Governor of Newport-Pagnel, in the county of Bucks. In the MS. collections of the Rev. Dr. Williams, late of Cambridge, there is an original letter from Sir Samuel Luke, to Mr. Pym, intimating that the Earl of Essex's forces had beat the King's garrison out of Newport, Oct. 29, 1643, and a letter in the same volume, No. 67, Nov. 2. desiring the weekly sum of 1000*l.* for the garrison of Newport, to be raised in the counties of Bedford, Hertford, and Northampton, and another in vol. iv. No. 3. to Mr. Lenthall the Speaker, giving an account of the state of Newport-Pagnel, of which he was then Governor. In Jan. 11, 1646, "an order for four thousand five hundred pounds for Sir Samuel Luke his arrears out of Goldsmith's hall," and yet, notwithstanding his active behaviour against the King and his friends, at that time some remarkable instances of which are upon record, and, among the rest, that of his plundering of the Duke of Vendosme about Feb. 1642, at Uxbridge, in his return from visiting the King at Oxford, though he had obtained a pass from the Close Committee, that he might be free from any lett or molestation in his journey, Mercurius Rusticus, No. viii. p. 87, 88. I cannot but think, that the writer of Mr. Butler's short life is mistaken in his observations, "That Sir Samuel Luke, to his dishonour, was an eminent commander under the usurper Cromwell;" for Samuel Luke and his father Sir Oliver Luke, are both in the list of the secluded members, who were turned out, or forcibly kept out of the house, to make way for the King's trial and murder.

Both equally reputed stout, And in the same cause both have fought:
He oft, in such attempts as these, Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution, For want of equal resolution,
Honour is like a widow, won[1] With brisk attempt and putting on,
With ent'ring manfully and urging; Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse,[2] and just as much He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,[3]
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail, and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel, A wight bestride a common-weal,[4]
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirred.

CANTO II.—ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character Of th' enemies best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear, And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle, There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.[5]

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,

[1] See Hudibras at Court, Remains, Ray's Proverbs, and the conditions of marrying Widows by the Salique and Saxon Laws, and Spectator, No. 566.

[2] Alluding to Laocoon, who. suspecting the treachery of the Grecians, smote their wooden horse with a spear;

"Equo ne credite Teucri," &c. Virgil Æn. ii. 48.

[3] J. Taylor the water poet thus describes the Trojan horse:

"When aged Ganemede, carousing nectar, Did leave the Greeks much matter to repine on;
Until the wooden horse of trusty Simon Foaled a whole letter of mad colts in harness,
As furious as the host of Holoferness."

[4] Alluding probably to that harmless inoffensive person Richard Cromwell, who was dispossessed of the government as Protector in a small time; which is hinted at by the following loyal songsters:

But Nol, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,
And made her shew tricks, and curvet, and rebound;
She quickly perceiv'd he rode widdle-waddle,
And, like his coach-horses, threw his Highness to ground.
Then Dick being lame, rode holding by the pommel,
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein;
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd footmen again."

A Ballad, Collect. of Loyal Songs, 1731.

The notes upon this Canto cannot be better concluded than with a compliment paid to Butler, by a poet who was the best imitator of the life and spirit of Hudibras. It is a good defence of our poet for abruptly breaking the thread of his narration at the end of this Canto.

"But shall we take the muse abroad, To drop her idly on the road,
And leave our subject in the middle, As Butler did his bear and fiddle.
Yet he, consummate master, knew When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach What other folks despair to reach;
He, perfect master, climbs the rope, And balances your fear and hope.
If, after some distinguish'd leap, He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gath'ring all his active strength, He raises higher half his length;
With wonder you approve his flight, And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But, like poor Andrew, I advance, False mimic of my master's dance,
Around the cord a while I sprawl, And then, tho' low, in earnest fall."

Prior's Alma.

[5] In the stocks. The state prison in France so called. "Bastile ab Anglis, cum hic dominarentur, ut vulgo creditur, constructa, tametsi Ruæus scribat Hugonem Aubriorum, præfectum urbis, id munimentum regnante Carolo V. fecisse," &c. Zeilleri Topograph. Galliæ.

That had read Alexander Ross over.[1]
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love;
Just so romances are,[2] for what else Is in them all but love and battles?[3]
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right, We mean, in what concerns just fight.
Certes, our authors are to blame, For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place;)[4]
They never care how many others They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce dead-doing man,[5]
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors.[6]
So a wild Tartar, when he spies A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,[7]
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart,[8] or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt, A man should have his brains beat out

[1] This verse runs the same fate with the eleventh of the first Canto, in being censured by Addison, Spectator, No. 60, for being more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole; as he gives no reason why this couplet does not deserve a quotation, so his censure lets us know what a value men of wit have upon it. (B.) Alexander Ross was a Scotch Divine, and one of the chaplains to King Charles I. who wrote a book, entitled, A View of all Religions in the World from the Creation to his own Time: which book has had many impressions.

[2] An exquisite satire on modern romances, where a great number of characters are introduced for no other end but to be demolished by the hero. The Spectator, No. 26, on the tombs in Westminster-Abbey, says, "They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head."

Γλαυκοντα Μεδοντα τε Θερσιλοκοντε. Homer.

"Glacumque, Medontaque, Thersilocumque." Virgil.

[3] Gayton, in his Notes upon Don Quixote, serves, "That a knight without a lady is like a fiddle without a bridge, a body without a head, a soldier without a sword, a monkey without a tail, a lady without a looking-glass, a glass without a face, a face without a nose."

[4] Alluding probably to the building of Somerset-house in the Strand, in the reign of King Edward VI. for which one parish church, and three episcopal houses in the Strand were pulled down, and some superstitious buildings about St. Paul's, and the steeple of that church, and the greatest part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, not far from Smithfield, and the materials employed in the same work.

[5] "Stay thy dead-doing hand," says Nicodemus to Cornelius, Beaumont and Fletcher.

[6] Nine tailors, it is commonly said, make a man: The Spectator, No. 28. alluding to this saying, observes the impropriety of seeing a tailor at the sign of a Lion. Sir R. L'Estrange proves a tailor to be no man, from the useful way of interpreting Scripture in those times. Petruchio, in Taming of the Shrew, uses his tailor with as much contempt as if he had really been but the ninth part of a man. "Thou thread," says he, "thou thimble, thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,—thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou I braved in mine own house with a skean of thread: Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, &c. I shall so bemete thee with thy yard, as thou shalt think of prating whilst thou livest."

[7] The Spectator makes the like observation No. 126. "That the wild Tartars are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that, upon his decease, the same talents, whatsoever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer."

[8] Alluding to romances, and prob'ably to Hector's cutting King Prothenor's body in two with one stroke of his sword.

Because h'es tall, and has large bones,[1]
As men kill beavers for their stones.[2]
But as for our part, we shall tell The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,[3]
With neither faction shall take part, But give to each his due desert.
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This being profess'd, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether *tollutation*, As they do term't, or *succussation*),[4]
We leave it, and go on, as now Suppose they did, no matter how:
Yet some from subtile hints have got Mysterious light, it was a trot.
But let that pass: They now begun To spur their living engines on.
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, The learned hold, are animals;[5]
So horses they affirm to be Mere engines made by geometry,[6]
And were invented first from engines,[7]
As Indian Britons were from Penguins.

[1] Alluding to the case of many Cavaliers who suffered for their bravery, and amongst the rest to that of the brave Lord Capel, of whom it was observed, that (notwithstanding quarter was granted him), "they durst not let him live."

[2] Castor, which is generally taken from the beaver's stones (though a mistake according to Sir Tho. Browne) is from an amphibious animal not much unlike the English otter: some of it is brought from Hudson's Bay, but the best from Russia: it is of great use in many distempers, but more especially in hysteric and hypochondriacal cases. It was a very ancient opinion that the beaver, to escape the hunter, bit off his testicles. To this, Juvenal alludes;

"—— Imitatus Castora, qui se Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
Testiculorum: adeo medicatum intellegit inguen."

"Just as the beaver, that wise thinking brute, Who, when hard hunted, on a close pursuit,
Bites off his stones, the cause of all the strife, And pays them down a ransom of his life.
Dryden.

Castor animal a Castrando, Gul. Alvern. but Sir Thomas Browne, Vulgar Errors, has fully disproved this opinion, from authors of note, both ancient and modern. See an account of beavers formerly in Cardiganshire, in the river Tivy, Dratou's Polyolbion.

[3] "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato. sed magis amica veritas."

[4] *Tollutation* and *succussation*, are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans; since I never read they made use of the tramel, or any other art, to pace their horses.

[5] Those philosophers who held horses to be machines, or engines, might, with no greater absurdity, hold whipp'd tops to be animals.

[6] Des Cartes, who died in the court of Christiana Queen of Sweden, anno 1654, taught that horses, and other brute animals, had no life in them, but were mere engines moved by certain springs, like clock-work, having neither sense nor perception of any thing. (Dr. B.) See a confutation of his opinion, Turkish Spy, vol. ii. letter 26. vol. iv. book iii. letter 4. vol. iv. book iv. letter 7. vol. vii. book iii. letter 8.

[7] As Des Cartes is the person sneered in the first line, so probably Selden, with others, may be intended in the second. He tells us, "That about the year 1570, Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made a sea-voyage to Florida; and, by probability, those names of Capo de Broton, in Norimberg, and Penguin, in part of the Northern America, for a white rock, and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were relicts of this discovery; so that the Welch may challenge priority of finding that new world before the Spaniard, Genoa, and others mentioned by Lopez, Marinæus, and the rest of that kind." Butler's meaning seems to be hit off in the following note communicated to me by an admirable lady, well known to the learned world.

"The author's explanation of the last line, which is an illustration of the first, must, I think, be the clew which must lead us to the meaning of these lines. He tells us, that some authors have endeavoured to prove from the bird called *Penguin*, and other Indian words, that the Americans are originally derived from Britons; that is, that these are Indian Britons; and, agreeable to this, some authors have endeavoured to prove from engines, that horses are mere engines made by geometry. But have these authors proved their points? Certainly not. Then it follows that horses, which are mere engines made from geometry, and Indian Britons, are mere creatures of the brain, invented creatures; and

So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reached the fatal champain,
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain,[1] where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field, As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold, Mounted a pick back on the old,[2]
Much further off, much further he, Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
Yet not sufficient to descry All postures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopped his willing steed, To fit himself for martial deed.
Both kinds of metal he prepared, Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force, Prepar'd for better or for worse.[3]
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck, From rusty durance, he bail'd tuck.[4]
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star, The beacon of approaching war.[5]

if they are only invented creatures, they may well be supposed to be invented from engines and penguins, from whence these authors have endeavoured, in vain, to prove their existence. Upon the whole, I imagine, that, in these and the lines immediately preceding, three sorts of writers are equally bantered by our author; those who hold machines to be animals, those who hold animals to be machines, and those who hold that the Americans are derived from Britons. Warburton observes upon these lines, "That the thought is extremely fine, and well exposes the folly of a philosopher, for attempting to establish a principle of great importance in his science on as slender a foundation as an etymologist advances an historical conjecture."

1 Pharsalia is a city of Thessaly, famous for the battle won by Julius Cæsar against Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome, of which read Lucan's Pharsalia.

2 A banter on those modern writers who held, as Sir W. Temple observes, "That, as to knowledge, the moderns must have more than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own; which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf's standing upon a giant's shoulder, or seeing more or further than he."

3 Thus altered 1674,
Courage within, and steel without, To give and to receive a rout.

4 Thus altered 1674, He bar'd at length the rugged tuck.

5 All apparitions in the air have been vulgarly numbered with prodigies preternatural, and comets to be of baleful influence. Such was the blazing comet which appeared when the Emperor Charles V. sickened, increased as his disease increased, and at last shooting its fiery hair point blank against the monastery of St. Justus, where he lived, in the very hour the Emperor died the comet vanished. Richard Corbet, in his verses inscribed to Sir Thomas Aylesbury, on occasion of the blazing star which appeared before the death of King James's Queen, 1618, has the following lines:

"Hath this same star been object of the wonder
Of our forefathers, shall the same come under
The sentence of our nephews, write, and send, Or else this star a quarrel doth portend."

The ancients were of opinion that they portended destruction, "Cometas Græci vocant nostri crinitas horrentes crine sanguineo, et comarum modo in vertice hispidas. Diri cometæ, quidni? Quia crudelia atque immania, famem, bella, cædes, cædes, morbos, eversiones urbium, regionum vastitates, hominum interitus portendere creduntur," &c. Plinii Nat. Hist. But this opinion is bantered by Dr. Harris. See an account of the several blazing stars and comets that have appeared in these kingdoms, in Stow's Annals.

Ralpho rode on with no less speed Than Hugo in the forest did ;[1]
But far more in returning made : For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, Crowdero marched, expert and able.[2]
Instead of trumpet and of drum, That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer By thunder turn'd to vinegar ;
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd Unto his neck on north-east side,[3]
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose :[4]
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings :
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudding :
From whence men borrow every kind Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.[5]
His gristly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick :

[1] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,
The Squire advanc'd with greater speed Than could b' expected from his steed.
Restored in 1704. This Hugo was scout-master to Gondibert : when he and his party of hunters were in danger of an ambuscade, from Oswald and his forces, he sent little Hugo to reconnoitre the enemy. Davenant's Gondibert.

LXVI.

"The Duke this falling storm does now discern Bids little Hugo fly, but 'tis to view
The foe, and their first count'nance learn, Whilst firm he in a square his hunters drew.

LXVII.

And Hugo soon, light as his courser's heels, Was in their faces troublesome as wind,
And like to it so wingedly he wheels, No one could catch what all with trouble find," &c.

[2] *Crowdero*, so called from *crowd* a fiddle. This was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Round-heads, and had lost a leg in it ; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle from one ale-house to another for his bread. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue ; for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler, or bag-piper. I would observe in this place, that we have the exact characters of the usual attendants at a bear-baiting fully drawn, and a catalogue of warriors conformable to the practice of epic poets.

[3] Why the north-east side? Do fiddlers always, or most generally, stand or sit according to the points of the compass, so as to answer this description? No, surely. I lately heard an ingenious explication of this passage, taken from the position of a body when it is buried, which being always the head to the west, and the feet to the east, consequently the left side of the neck, that part where the fiddle is usually placed, must be due north-east (B.) Perhaps the fiddler and company were marching towards the east, which would occasion the same position of the fiddle.

[4] The noose I am told is always placed under the left ear.

[5] This thought probably was borrowed from the following words of an humorous writer. "Sed hic maxime ardua a Willichio movetur quæstio, an in his crepitibus possit esse musica? ad quam secundum illum magistraliter, et resolutive respondemus : esse in dipthongis maximè non quidem eam quæ fit voce per ejus instrumenta aut impulsu rei cujuspiam sonoræ, ut fit in chordis citharæ, vel testudinis, vel psalterii ; sed quæ sit spiritu, sicuti per tubam et tibiam redditur. Quapropter hic non est harmonica, vel Ρυθμικη, sed organica musica : in quâ ut in aliis, leges componendi et canendi non difficulter, exagitare et consarcinari possent ; ita ut acuti et puellares primo loco, post illas mediæ vel civiles, aniles aut vetulares : ultimo graves vel viriles rusticorum statuerentur, non secus ac Diatonico canendi genere per Pythagoream dimensionem dispositum est." "In musicorum gratiam, quæritur, quot sint genera crepituum secundum differentiam soni? Resp. 62. Nam, sicuti Cardanus ostendit, podex quatuor modis simplicibus crepitum format ; acutum, gravem, reflexum, et liberum ; ex quibus compositis fiunt modi 58, quibus additis quatuor simplicibus erunt ex prolationis differentiâ 62 crepituum genera. Qui volet computet."

For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard,[1] had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis aver'd, He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy,[2] not birth;
Where bulls do choose the boldest king,
And ruler o'er the men of string;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaimed by a horse that neigh'd)[3]
He, bravely venturing at a crown, By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke, Had got a deputy of oak:[4]
For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,
The knee with one of timber's propp'd,
Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.[5]
Next marched to Orsin,[6] famous for Wise conduct and success in war:
A skilful leader, stout, severe, Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head, The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face.
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great, Either for charge or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,[7] To fall back and retreat as well.

[1] Chiron, a Centaur, son to Saturn and Phillyris, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to Æsculapius, and was afterwards Apollo's governor, until, being wounded by Hercules, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven, where he forms the sign of Sagittarius, or the Archer.

[2] See Dr. Plot's Staffordshire, for the whole ceremony; and an account of the charter for incorporating the minstrels, Manley's Interpreter. Minstrels were not held in so high esteem in all ages and places; for, by 4th Henry IV. cap. xxvii. it is enacted, that to eschew many diseases and mischiefs which have happened before this time in the land of Wales, by many wasters, rhimers, minstrels, and other vagabonds, it is ordained, That no master rhimer, minstrel, nor vagabond be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales.

[3] Darius was declared King of Persia in this manner, as is related by Herodotus, Prideaux, Connect. sub ann. 521. "Seven princes (of whom Darius was one), having slain the usurpers of the crown of Persia, entered into consultation among themselves about settling of the government, and agreed, that the monarchy should be continued in the same manner as it had been established by Cyrus: and that, for the determining which of them should be the Monarch, they should meet on horseback the next morning, against the rising of the sun, at a place appointed for that purpose; and that he whose horse should first neigh should be King. The groom of Darius, being informed of what was agreed on, made use of a device which secured the crown to his master; for, the night before, having tied a mare to the place where they were the next morning to meet, he brought Darius's horse thither, and put him to cover the mare, and therefore, as soon as the princes came thither at the time appointed, Darius's horse, at the sight of the place, remembering the mare, ran thither, and neighed, whereon he was forthwith saluted King by the rest, and accordingly placed on the throne."

[4] I have heard of a brave sea-officer, who having lost a leg and an arm in the service, once ordered the hostler, upon his travels, to unbuckle his leg, which he did; then he bid him unskrew his arm, which was made of steel, which he did, but seemingly surprised; which the officer perceiving, he bid unskrew his neck, at which the hostler scoured off, taking him for the devil.

[5] Alluding to the awkward steps a man with a wooden leg makes in walking, who always sets it first.

[6] Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-Garden in Southwark; however, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament. See an account of Orsin the bearward, in Ben Johnson's Masque of Augurs.

[7] *Pell-mell*; i. e. confusedly, without order. Fr. of *pele*, locks of wool, and *mêle*, mixed together

So lawyers, left the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error, Reserve of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry Whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,[1] So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,[2]
That fed him with the purchas'd prey Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is, In military Garden-Paris.[3]
For soldiers heretofore did grow[4] In gardens, just as weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot politicians T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention[5] Th' had found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth statesmen: yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.

1 "Romulus and Rhemus were said to have been nursed by a wolf; Telephus, the son of Hercules, by a hind; Peleus, the son of Neptune, by a mare; and Ægisthus by a goat: not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined; but their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them." Spectator, No. 246.

2 Maintained by the diversion which his bear afforded the rabble. He might likewise have the romantic story of Orson's being suckled by a bear in view; see History of Valentine and Orson, chap. iv. Mr. Mottraye, in his Voyages and Travels, vol. iii. 1722, p. 203, gives some remarkable instances of children exposed by their unnatural parents, that were nursed by bears, and walked on their hands and feet, and roared like them, and fled the sight of men.

3 In Southwark, so called from its possessor; it was the place where bears were formerly baited: See John Field's Declaration of God's Judgment at Paris-Garden, and Mr. Stubbs's Anatomy of Abuses, against bear-baiting, p. 133, 134, 135. Pryn's Histrio-mastix, part i. p. 563.

4 This is a satire on the London butchers, who formed a great body in the militia.

5 This and the following lines are fully explained in Boccalini's Advert. from Parnassus, which begins thus: "Ambassadors from all the gardeners in the world are come to the court, who have acquainted his Majesty, that were it either from the bad condition of their seed, the naughtiness of the soil, or from evil celestial influences, so great abundance of weeds grew up in their gardens, as, not being any longer able to undergo the charges they were at in weeding them out, and of cleansing their gardens, they should be enforced either to give them over, or else to enhance the price of their pumpions, cabbages, and other herbs, unless his Majesty would help them to some instrument, by means whereof they might not be at such excessive charge in keeping their gardens. His Majesty did much wonder at the gardeners foolish request, and, being full of indignation, answered their ambassadors, that they should tell those that sent them, that they should use their accustomed manual instruments, their spades and mattocks, for no better could be found or wished for, and cease from demanding such impertinent things. The ambassadors did then couragiously reply, that they made this request, being moved thereunto by the great benefit which they saw his Majesty had been pleased to grant to princes, who, to purge their states from evil weeds and seditious plants, which, to the great misfortune of good men, do grow there in such abundance, had obtained the miraculous instruments of drum and trumpet, at the sound whereof mallows, henbane, dog-caul, and other pernicious plants, of unuseful persons, do of themselves willingly forsake the ground, to make room for lettuce, burnet, sorrel, and other useful herbs of artificers and citizens, and wither of themselves and die, amongst the brakes and brambles, out of the garden (their country), the which they did much prejudice: and that the gardeners would esteem it a great happiness, if they could obtain such an instrument from his Majesty. To this Apollo answered, That if princes could as easily discern seditious men, and such as were unworthy to live in this world's garden, as gardeners might know nettles and henbane from spinnage and lettuce, he would have only given them halters and axes for their instruments, which are the true pick-axes, by which the seditious herbs (vagabonds which, being but the useless luxuries of human fecundity, deserve not to eat bread) may be rooted up. But since all men were made after the same manner, so as the good could not be known from the bad by the leaves of face, or stalks of stature, the instruments of drum and trumpet were granted for public peace sake to princes, the sound whereof was cheerfully followed by such plants as took delight in dying, to the end that, by the frequent use of gibbets, wholesome herbs should not be extirpated, instead of such as were venomous. The ambassadors would have replied again, but Apollo, with much indignation, bid them hold their peace, and charged them to be gone from Parnassus with all speed; for it was altogether impertinent and ridiculous to compare the purging of the world from seditious spirits with the weeding of noisome herbs out of a garden."

Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo :[1]
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum ! (quoth Phœbus), troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But though of voice and instrument We are th' undoubted president ;
We such loud music do not profess, The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass, if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.[2]
To him apply yourselves, and he Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill, Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing Were on before, that is, stout Orsin.
That which so oft by sundry writers[3]
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this; Than any other warrior, *(viz.)*
None ever acted both parts bolder, Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origin Deriv'd himself in a right line :
Not as the ancient heroes did,[4]
Who, that their base births might be hid ;[5]
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons) ;[6]

[1] Apollo, the God of music, supposed by some to be Jubal, the son of Lamech, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Gen. iv. 21.

[2] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licenses for new inventions ; which licenses, as well as their orders, were signed by the clerk of the House ; having borrowed the method of drums from Boccalini, who makes Apollo send the inventor of this engine to the devil, by whom he supposes that House of Commons to be governed.

[3] A satire on common characters of historians.

[4] This is one instance of the author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

[5] This foible has but too often prevailed with persons of infamous characters, even in low life. Several instances are given by L'Estrange : one, where he mentions a Frenchwoman that stood up for the honour of her family, "Her coat (she said) was quartered with the arms of France, which was so far true, that she had the flower de luce stamped (we must not say branded) upon her shoulder." A second instance he gives, where he tells us of a Spaniard that was wonderfully upon the huff about his extraction, and would needs prove himself of such a family by the spelling of his name. A cavalier, in company with whom he had the controversy, very civilly yielded him the point, "For (says he) I have examined the records of a certain house of correction, and I find your grandfather was whipped there by that name." A third of a gentleman-thief, under sentence of death for a robbery upon the high way, who petitioned for the right hand in the cart to the place of execution. And of a gentleman-cobler, who charged his son at his death to maintain the honour of his family. Spectator, No. 630.

[6] Several of the Grecian and Trojan heroes are represented by Homer as vainly boasting of their births, when they should have been in the heat of action ; and amongst these Diomed, in Iliad xiv. l. 124, &c.

"A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs, May speak to counsels, and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son, Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall." Pope.

Thus Idomeneus, Iliad xiii. 564, &c.

"From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame, Great Minos, guardian of his country, came :
Deucalion, blameless prince ! was Minos' heir, His first-born I, the third from Jupiter." Pope.

And Æneas does the same, Iliad xx. 245, &c., when he is going to engage Achilles, who had insulted him.

Arctophylax in northern sphere[1] Was his undoubted ancestor:
From him his great forefathers came, And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore, For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder.
By skilful chymist, with great cost, Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Tho' by Promethean fire made,[2] As they do quack that drive that trade:
For, as when slovens do amiss At others doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit[3] B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as sure As that did mischief this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable: And as the prince Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far Than half a hundred men of war;[4]

"To this Anchises' son:—Such words employ To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we disdain: the best may be defy'd With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride,
Unworthy the high race from which we came, Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of Fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line, Each goddess-born, half-human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies, And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes." Pope.

[1] A star near Ursa Major, called Bootes. "Septentriones autem sequitur Arctophylax vulgo qui dicitur esse Bootes." Cic. de Naturâ Deo.

[2] Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that, having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually. But the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain, and that, among other things, he found out the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog in the Scripture to be the Prometheus of the Pagans. He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon-salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise *ex professo* on that subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world. "There is an old heathen story," says Swift, "that Prometheus, who was a potter of Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments, and how judiciously he assigned each of them his work, according to his natural capacities and talents, so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty. In one chamber you might see a leg-shaper, in another a skull-roller, in a third an arm-stretcher, in the fourth a gut-winder; for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art, such as a knuckle-turner, tooth-grinder, rib-cooper, muscle-maker, tendon-drawer, paunch-blower, vein-brancher, and such like. But Prometheus himself made the eyes, the ears, and the heart, which, because of their nice and their intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a master workman. Besides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the several parts together, according to the best symmetry and proportion. The statues are now upon their legs: life, the chief ingredient, is wanting: Prometheus takes a ferula in his hand (a reed in the island Chios, having an old pith), steals up the back stairs to Apollo's lodging, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the sun; so down he creeps upon his tiptoes to his warehouse, and in a very few minutes, by the application of the flame to the nostrils of his clay images, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing: They looked so like the latter end of a Lord Mayor's feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them passions, or life would be an insipid thing; and so, from the superabundance of them in other animals, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he blended and tempered so well before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought can conceive."

[3] A banter upon Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, 1660, where the reader may meet with a fuller account of this whimsical experiment. Aullus Gellius takes notice, that there was a place in Rome where it was not lawful to spit. "De loco Romæ ubi spuere non licebat," and Sir John Maundevile, that, in some provinces of the Tartars, it was death to make water in a house inhabited.

[4] Homer speaks this upon Machaon's being wounded.
Ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων Iliad, A. l. 514.

So he appear'd, and by his skill, No less than dint of sword, could kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him, With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen, Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin;
Clad in a mantle delle guerre Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose like Indian king,* He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,[1] As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,[2] Or as the vulgar say, sharp-fangued:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords[3] in men of war are teeth, Which they do eat their victuals with.
He was by birth, some authors write, A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks[4] had been bred, Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here, As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,[5]
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin.
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums;
And th' horses backs[6] o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle:
He was not half so nice as they, But ate it raw when't came in's way:
He had traced countries far and near, More than Le Blanc the traveller;
Who writes, he spous'd in India, Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,[7] As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between Talgol and Orsin oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the crown Of a sav'd citizen; the one

"A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal, Is more than armies to the public weal." Pope. Spenser uses the word *leech* in this sense.

"Her words prevail'd, and then the learned leech
His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach;
Which having seen from thence arose away
The mother of dread darkness, and let stay
Aveugle's son there in the leech's cure." Fairy Queen, book i. canto v.

Both Chaucer and Spenser use the word *leech* for the spiritual physician. Farriers were called *horse-leeches*, Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub. And persons skilled in the distempers of cows, and other horned cattle, are, in several counties, to this day called *cow-leeches*.

[1] A neck-piece of plate worn by the officers of foot soldiers. Bailey.

[2] *Langued* (*Langé* or *Lampasse* in French) in heraldry signifies the tongue of an animal hanging out, generally of a different colour from the body.

[3] A ridicule on this kind of conversation in rhetoric.

[4] Cossacks are a people that live near Poland: This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness; for *cosa*, or *kosa*, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them may read Le Laboreur and Thuldenus. Cossack signifies a wanderer, or a man that is always travelling.

[5] Probably a noted bear in those times, to whose name a Polish or Cossack termination of *sky* is given. Sometimes the names of their keepers are given them: In Cowley's play, called, The Widow of Watling-street, a fellow, who has just escaped from the hands of the bailiffs, says, "How many dogs do you think I had upon me?——almost as many as George Stone the bear."

[6] This custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus Mercellinus, "Hunni semicruda cujusvis pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua et equorum terga subsertam, calefacient brevi"——Morden, Geography, 1663, observes, "That the inhabitants of the Lesser Tartary do it to this day by their dead horses, and, when thus prepared, think it a dish fit for their prince."

[7] Le Blanc tells this story of Aganda, daughter of Ismatien; which, the annotator observes, "is no more strange than many other stories, in most travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they write nothing but what is possible or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and to have observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol[1] was of courage stout, And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought:
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil, And, like a champion, shone with oil,[2]
Right many a widow his keen blade, And many fatherless had made.
He many a boar and huge dun cow Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow:[3]
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd, Had like the boar or dun cow far'd.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax,[4] or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind, With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd,[5] as poets say, long agone
Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.[6]

[1] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

[2] That is, he was a greasy butcher. The wrestlers, in the public games of Greece, rarely encountered till all their joints and members had been soundly rubbed, fomented, and supplied with oil, whereby all strains were prevented. At Acre the wrestlers wrestle in breeches of boiled leather close to their thighs, their bodies naked and anointed, according to ancient use.

[3] Guy, Earl of Warwick, lived in the reign of Athelstan, a Saxon King, at the beginning of the tenth century, who is reported, by the writer of the famous History of Guy Earl of Warwick, to have killed a dun cow; and the author of the Tatler, No. 148, merrily observes, that he eat up a dun cow of his own killing.

"On Dunsmore heath I also slew A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Call'd the Dun Cow of Dunsmore heath, Which many people had oppress'd:
Some of her bones in Warwick yet Still for a monument do lie
Which to ev'ry looker's view As wondrous strong they may espy.

[4] Ajax was a famed Grecian hero. He contended with Ulysses for Achilles's armour, which being adjudged by the Grecian princes in favour of Ulysses, Ajax grew mad, fell upon some flocks of sheep, taking them for the princes that had given the award against him; and then slew himself.

"Stout Ajax with his anger-codled brain, Killing a sheep, thought Agamemnon slain."
Cleveland.

See Don Quixote's encounter with a flock of sheep, taking them for the giant Alifarnon of Tapobrana.

[5] The wasp or hornet, which is troublesome to butchers' shops in the heat of summer. See remarkable accounts of serpents of fell kind, *viz.* of the sea-monster, or serpent, that infested Regulus's army near Carthage, and which was besieged by them in form, and killed with difficulty with their slings and other warlike engines; Livii. lib. xviii. The victory of Gozon, one of the Knights, and afterwards Grand Master of Rhodes, over a crocodile, or serpent, which had done great mischief in the island, and devoured some of the inhabitants; Knights of Malta, and the romantic account of the dragon slain by Valentine; and of one presented to Francis I., King of France, in the year 1530, with seven heads and two feet, which, for the rarity, was thought to be worth 2000 ducats.

[6] St. George of Cappadocia was martyred in the Diocesan persecution, A.D. 200. The Princes of England have elected him, with the Virgin Mary and Edward the Confessor, &c., to be patrons of the most noble Order of the Garter, whose festival is annually solemnized by the Knights of the order. He is entitled by two acts of parliament, Saint George the Martyr, namely the first of Edward VI. cap. xiv., and the fifth of Queen Elizabeth, cap. ii. Heylin calls him Sir George, probably because the Knights of the Garter are obliged, antecedently to their election, to be knights' bachelors. Butler may allude to the ballad published in these times, entitled Sir Elgamor and the Dragon, or a Relation how General George Monk slew a most cruel Dragon (the Rump) Feb. 11, 1659, Loyal Songs, 1731. The General, immediately after the restoration, was made Knight of the Garter. Dr. Pococke is of opinion that the dragons mentioned in Scripture were jackals: Mr. Smith, of Bedford, observes, upon the word *dragon*: Mr. Jacob Bobart, Botany Professor at Oxford, did, about forty years ago, find a dead rat in a physic garden, which he made to resemble the common picture of dragons, by altering its head and tail, and thrusting in taper sharp sticks, which distended the skin on each side, till it mimicked wings. He let it dry as hard as possible: the learned immediately pronounced it a dragon, and one of them sent an accurate description of it to Dr. Magliabechi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Several fine copies of verses were wrote upon so rare a subject;

Nor engine, nor device polemic, Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which who soever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade, That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it; The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,[3]
For daring to profane a thing So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came, Magnano,[4] great in martial fame:
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight 'Tis sung he got but little by 't.
Yet he was fierce as forest boar, Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,[5] 'As he that made the Brazen Head;
Profoundly skilled in the black art, As English Merlin[6] for his heart:
But far more skilful in the spheres Than he was at the sieve and sheers
He could transform himself in colour As like the devil as a collier,[7]
As like as hypocrites in show Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,[8] He was th' inventor of and maker:

but at last Mr. Bobart owned the cheat: however it was looked upon as a masterpiece of art, and as such deposited either in the Museum or the Anatomy Schools.

1 The inquisition in particular, or persecution in general.

2 Mischievous, poisonous, deadly.

3 In imitation of Juvenal, sat. xiii.
"Ille crucem, pretium sceleris, tulit, hic diadema."

4 Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the devil. L'Estrange.

5 See an account of natural, artificial, and diabolical magic, or the black art, Collier's Dictionary.

6 There was a famous person of this name at the latter end of the fifth century, if we may believe Geoffrey, of Monmouth, who has given a large account of him, and his famed prophecy. Butler intends this probably as a banter upon Will. Lilly, who published two tracts, one entitled Merlinus Anglicus Junior, 1644, and Merlinus Anglicus, 1645, the art of discovering all that never was, and all that never shall be, by William Lilly.

7 An old proverbial saying, "Like avill to like, as the devil said to the collier, or as the scabbed squire said to the mangy knight, when they both met in a dish of butter'd pease." "Similes similcor delectat." "Simile gaudet simili."

8 Saker, vid. Skinneri Etymologic. The invention of gunpowder and guns has been commonly ascribed to Barthold Schwartz, a German friar, about the year 1378, who, making a chymical experiment upon saltpetre and brimstone, with other ingredients, upon a fire, in a crucible, a spark getting out, the crucible immediately broke with great violence and wonderful noise: which unexpected effect surprised him at first: but, thinking farther of the matter, he repeated the experiment, and finding it constant, he set himself to work to improve it. Mr. Chambers gives probable reasons to induce us to believe, that the celebrated Roger Bacon made the discovery one hundred and fifty years before Schwartz was born, about the year 1216. John Matthew de Luna ascribes the first invention of the cannon, arquebuss, and pistol, to Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Ratisbon. Cornelius Agrippa carries the invention much higher, and thinks it is alluded to by Virgil, Æneid vi. 85, &c. Artillery supposed by some to have been in China about 1500 years. The author of the Turkish Spy, says, there were cannon in Pekin 2000 years old; and Linschoten tells us "that one of their kings, a great necromancer, as their chronicles show, who reigned many thousand years ago, did first invent great ordnance, with all things belonging thereto. Addison observes, Spectator No. 333, that it was a bold thought in Milton to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels.

The trumpet and the kettle-drum Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach To make and how to stop a breach,[1]
A lance he bore, with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorned to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla[2] more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight:
A bold virago, stout and tall, As Joan of France, or English Mall.[3]
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,
In every adventure h' undertook, And never him or it forsook.
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shared i' th' hazard and the prize.
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage.
And laid about in fight more busily,
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.[4]
And though some critics here cry Shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers, Who hold no females stout but bears;[5]
And heretofore did so abhor That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame To swear by Hercules's name.)[6]
Make feeble ladies, in their works,[7] To fight like termagants[8] and Turks;[9]

[1] Alluding to his profession as a tinker. They are commonly said, in order to mend one hole, to make two.

[2] The daughter of James Spencer, debauched by Magnano the tinker, so called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*.

[3] Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, called *Kentish Moll*, but more commonly *the German Princess*, a person notorious at the time this first part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671, but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 22, 1672-3. See the Memoirs of Mary Carlton, &c., published 1673, *(penes me.)*

[4] Penthesile, Queen of the Amazons, succeeded Orithya. She carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. Pliny saith it was she that invented the battle-axe. If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr. Sanson. Vid. Virgilii Æneid. i. 499, &c., with Mr. Dryden's translation, Diodori Siculi Rer. Gestar, lib. iii. cap. xi. Mr. Sandys's Notes upon Ovid's Metamorphosis, book ix. Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. canto iii. vol. ii. p. 224

[5] This and the three following lines not in the two first editions of 1664.

[6] The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by, and therefore Macrobius says, "Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus quam viris commune," &c. This is confirmed by Aulus Gellius, Noct. Attic. lib. xi. cap. 6, in the following words: "In veteribus scriptis, neque mulieres Romanæ per Herculem jurant, neque viri per Castorem. Sed cur illæ non juraverint per Herculem, non obscurum est: nam Herculaneo sacrificio abstinent. Cur autem viri Castorem jurantes non appellaverint, non facile dictu est. Nusquam igitur scriptum invenire est apud idoneos scriptores aut Mehercle feminam dicere, aut Mecastor virum: (*Syr.* Salve Mecastor, Parmeno. *Par.* Et tu, Ædepol, Syra? Terentii Hecyra, act i. sc. 2, 5.) Ædepol autem, quod jusjurandum per Pollucem est, et viro et feminæ commune est. Sed M. Varro asseverat antiquissimos viros neque per Castorem, neque per Pollucem dejurare solitos: sed id jusjurandum tantum esse feminarum ex initiis Eleusiniis acceptum. Paulatim tamen, inscitiâ antiquitatis, viros dicere Ædepol cœpisse, factumque esse ita dicendi morem; sed Mecastor a viro dici nullo vetere scripto inveniri."

[7] A fine satire on the Italian epic poets Ariosto and Tasso, who have female warriors, followed in this absurdity by Spenser and Davenant. (Mr. W.) Tasso's heroines are Clorinda, see Godfrey of Bulloign, book iii. stan. 13. & alibi, and Gildippi, book xx. stan. 32, &c. p. 618. See Fuller's History of the Holy War, b. ii. chap. xxvii. Spenser's is Britomart, Fairy Queen passim? and Davenant's is Gartha. See Gondibert, part ii. canto xx. Virgil has likewise his female warriors, Penthesilea, and her Amazons, and Camilla.

[8] The word *termagant* is strangely altered from its original signification, witness Chaucer, in the Rhyme of Sir Thopas, Urry's edit. p. 145.

To lay their native arms aside,[1] Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt[2] at men, and wield Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,[3]
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gondibert;[4] but he had grace, And rather took a country lass:[5]
They say, 'tis false without all sense, But of pernicious consequence
To government which they suppose Can never be upheld in prose:[6]
Strip Nature naked to the skin, You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be deposed by those have seen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word, We'll prove it true upon record.

"Till him there came a great giaunt, His name was call'd Sir Oliphaunt,
A perilous man of deede. He sayed, Childe, by Termagaunt,
But if thou pricke out of my haunt, Anon I slee thy stede."

And Mr. Fairfax, towards the end of his first canto of Godfrey of Bulloign

"The lesser part in Christ believed well, In Termagaunt the more and in Mahowne."

See Junius's Etymolog. Anglican. (Mr. D.) *Termagant, ter magnus*, thrice great, in the superlative degree; Glossary to Mr. Urry's Chaucer.

[1] Alluding to the furious onset which the Turks commonly make, who frequently stand a fourth repulse, and then fly. Prince Cantemir's growth of the Othman Empire, p. 311. The author of a Discourse concerning the Cossacks and Precopian Tartars, 1672, observes, p. 78, "That the Cossacks sustained one day seventeen assaults against the King of Poland's army."

[1] Anne, the Queen of King Richard II, sister to Wenzelaus the Emperor, and daughter to the Emperor Charles IV taught the English women that way of riding on horseback now in use, whereas formerly their custom was (though a very unbecoming one) to ride astride like the men. Wright in his travels through France and Italy, 1730, makes mention of a wedding cavalcade in the Vale de Soissons, "where Mrs. Bride, dressed all in white, was riding astride among about thirty horsemen, and herself the only female in the company."

[2] Alluding to tilts and tournaments, a common expression in romances.

[3] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants. Thalestris, a Queen of the Amazons, who is reported by Quintus Curtius, to have met Alexander the Great, attended by three hundred of her women, thirty days journey, in order to have a child by him. Plutarch in his Life of Alexander, seems to be of opinion, that her visit to Alexander was fictitious, Lisimachus, one of Alexander's captains and successors, declaring his ignorance of it: and the French writer of the romance Cassandra, has taken great pains in defending the chastity of this fair Amazon. Rollin observes that this story, and whatever is related of the Amazons, is looked upon, by some very judicious authors, as entirely fabulous.

[4] Gondibert is a feigned name, made use of by Davenant in his famous epic poem so called, wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English drama; it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialogue-wise. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, *viz.*, Waller and Cowley, which, one would have thought, might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, Certain Verses, written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gondibert, 1653. These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title: The incomparable Poem of Gondibert vindicated from the witty Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, and Jack-pudding; printed, 1665. Rhodalind, daughter of Aribert, King of Lombardy, is the person alluded to.

"There lovers seek the royal Rhodalind, Whose secret breast was sick for Gondibert."

[5] Birtha, daughter to Astragon, a Lombard lord, and celebrated philosopher and physician.

"Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I there to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never fought,
Nor now would with her love, her greatness take.
Let us with secresy our loves protest
Hiding such precious wealth from public view;
The proffered glory I will first suspect
As false and shun it, when I find it true."

[6] A ridicule on Davenant's preface to Gondibert, where he endeavours to show, that neither divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, nor ministers of the law, can uphold the government without the aid of poetry.

The upright Cerdon[1] next advanc'd Of all his race the valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song, Like Her'cles, for repair of wrong;
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd The weak against the strongest side;[2]
Ill has he read, that never hit On him, in muses deathless writ.[3]
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his.[4]
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comerade in the ten years war:[5]
For when the restless Greeks sat down So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-sol'd boots, no less than fights,[6]
They ow'd that glory only to His ancestor that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation, Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry laws, And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.

[1] A one-ey'd cobler (like his brother Colonel Hewson) and great reformer. The poet observes, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No: it is probable that he had but newly set up the trade of a teacher; and we may conclude, that the poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of bear-baiting.

[2] Alluding to his profession of a cobler, who supplied a heel torn off, and mended a bad sole. Butler in his tale of the Cobler and Vicar of Bray, 1727, has the following lines:

"So going out into the streets, He bawls with all his might,
If any of you tread awry, 'I'm here to set you right.
I can repair your leaky boots, And underlay your soles
Back-sliders I can underprop, And patch up all your holes."

[3] Walker, Hist. of Indep. calls Colonel Hewson the Cobler, the Commonwealth's upright setter, and as such, he is humourously bantered in a ballad entitled, A Quarrel betwixt Tower Hill and Tyburn, Loyal Songs.

[4] Because the cobler is a very common subject in old ballads.

Αἴας —— φέρων σακος ἠύτε πύργον
Χάλκεον ἐπταβόειον. Homeri Iliad. H. 212, 220.

"Stern Telamon, behind his ample shield, As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlooked the field:
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast Of tough bull-hides, of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tichius, who in Hilè dwel'd And all in arts of armoury excell'd,)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast, And, threat'ning thus his adverse chief address'd."
Pope.

[5] The thumb of a cobler being black is a sign of his being diligent in his business, and that he gets money, according to the old rhyme:

The higher the plumb-tree, the riper the plumb; The richer the cobler the blaker his thumb."

Ἐὐκνημίδες Ἀχαιοί. Homeri Iliad. passim.

[6] In a curious dissertation upon boots, written in express ridicule of Colonel Hewson (probably shadowed in the character of Cerdon), is a humorous passage which seems to explain the lines under consideration. "The second use is a use of reproof, to reprove all those that are self-willed, and cannot be persuaded to buy them waxed boots: but, to such as these, examples move more than precepts, wherefore I'll give one or two.—I read of Alexander the Great, that, passing over a river in Alexandria, without his winter-boots, he took such extreme cold in his feet, that he suddenly fell sick of a violent fever, and four days after died at Babylon. The like I find in Plutarch, of that noble Roman Sertorius; and also in Homer of Achilles, that leaving his boots behind him, and coming barefoot into the temple of Pallas, while he was worshipping on his knees at the altar, he was pierced into the heel by a venom dart by Paris, the only part of him that was vulnerable, of which he suddenly died: which accident had never happened to him, as Alexander Ross, that little Scotch mythologist, observes, had he not two days before pawned his boots to Ulysses, and so was forced to come without them to the Trojan sacrifice. He also further observes, that this Achilles, of whom Homer has writ such wonders, was but a shoemaker's boy of Greece, and that, when Ulysses sought him out, he at last found him at the distaff, spinning of shoemaker's thread. Now this boy was so beloved, that, as soon as it was reported abroad that the oracle had chosen him to rule the Grecians and conquer Troy, all the journeymen in the country listed themselves under him, and these were the Myrmidons wherewith he got all his honour, and overcame the Trojans." Phœnix Britannicus.

But preaching was his chiefest talent,[1]
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle, Like ram, or bull, at conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.
Last Colon[2] came, bold man of war, Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse, But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago Was said, and has been wrested to[3]
Some other knights, was true of this, He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both, The self-same vigour, fury, wroth,
Yet he was much the rougher part, And always had a harder heart;
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh as fame goes,[4]

[1] Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, christian reader," says Dr. Featley, Preface to his Dipper dipped, wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1. "this new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages; namely, of stables turned into temples (and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, as was that of St. Paul's and many more), stalls into quires, shopboards into communion tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our doorposts and walls sweat not upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed: *On such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.*—If cooks instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the word; if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God;—do we marvel to see such confusion in the church as there is?" They are humourously girded, in a tract entitled, The Reformado precisely characterised. "Here are felt-makers (says he) who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimicasters of the world: coblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly over-run us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle-swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all sublunary things, till the web of our life be cut off; and here are mechanics of my profession, who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion. Tho. Hall, in proof of this scandalous practice, published a tract, entitled, The pulpit guarded by Seventeen Arguments, 1651, against Laurence Williams a nailer, public preacher; Tho. Palme a baker, public preacher; Tho. Hind a ploughwright, public preacher; Henry Oakes a weaver, preacher; Hum. Rogers late a baker's boy, public preacher.

"God keep the land from such translators, From preaching coblers, pulpit praters,
Of order and allegiance haters."
Mercurius insanus insanissimus, No. 3.

[2] Ned Perry, an hostler.

[3] A ridicule on the false eloquence of romance-writers and bad historians, who set out the unwearied diligence of their hero, often expressing themselves in this manner: "He was so much on horseback, that he was of a piece with his horse, like a Centaur."

[4] Alluding either to the story of Diomedes, King of Thrace, of whom it is fabled, that he fed his horses with man's flesh, and that Hercules slew him, and threw him to his own horses to be eaten by them.

"Non tibi succurit crudi Diomedis imago. Efferus humanâ qui dape pavit equos?"
Ovidii Epist. Deianira Herculii, v. 67, 68.

Or Glaucus's horses, which tore him in pieces. Virg. Georg. 3.

"But far above the rest the furious mare, Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair,——
For this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
Their master's mangled members they devour,
Of love defrauded in their longing hour." Dryden.

Ross, in Macbeth, act ii. speaking of the remarkable things preceding the King's death, says,

"And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain,
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would Make war with man.——
Old Man. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes That look'd upon't."

Strange food for horse! and, yet, alas, It may be true, for *flesh is grass.*
Sturdy he was, and no less able Than Hercules to clean a stable;[1]
As great a drover, and as great A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fodder[2]
And provender, wherewith to feed Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful: 'till antiquaries
(After th' had almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows, Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.[3]
These worthies were the chief that led The combatants,[4] each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage, Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires, Of east and western hemispheres;
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,[5]
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists, Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons, to attack 'em:
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

[1] See an account of his cleansing the stable of Augeas, King of Elis, by drawing the river Alpheus through it. Didor. Sicul.

[2] Poetry delights in making the meanest things look sublime and mysterious; that agreeable way of expressing the wit and hum our our poet was master of is partly manifested in this verse: a poetaster would have bee i e mtented with giving this thought in Butler the appellation of *plowing*, which is all it signifies.

[3] Silvestor, the translator of Dubartas's Divine Weeks, thus expresses it:
"Now, of all creatures which his word did make, Man was the last that living breath did take;
Not that he was the least, or that God durst Not undertake so noble a work at first,
Rather, because he should have made in vain So great a prince, without on whom to reign."

[4] The characters of the leaders of the bear-baiting being now given, a question may arise, Why the Knight opposes persons of his own stamp, and in his own way of thinking, in that recreation? It is plain that he took them to be so; by his manner of addressing them in the famous harangue which follows. An answer may be given several ways: He thought himself bound, in commission and conscience, to suppress a game, which he and his Squire had so learnedly judged to be unlawful, and therefore he could not dispense with it even in his brethren; he insinuates, that they were ready to engage in the same pious designs with himself, and the liberty they took was by no means suitable to the character of reformers: in short, he uses all his rhetoric to cajole, and threats to terrify them to desist from their darling sports, for the plausible saving their cause's reputation.

[5] Never were there so many different sects and religions in any nation as were then in England. Mr. Case told the Parliament, in his thanksgiving sermon for taking of Chester, That there was such a numerous increase of errors and heresies, that he blushed to repeat what some had affirmed, namely, that there were no less than an hundred and fourscore several heresies propagated and spread in the neighbouring city (London), and many of such a nature (says he) as that I may truly say, in Calvin's language, the errors and innovations under which they groaned of late years were but tolerable trifles, children's play, compared with these damnable doctrines of devils." And Ford, a celebrated divine of those times, observed, That, in the little town of Reading, he was verily persuaded, if Augustine's and Epiphanius's catalogues of heresies were lost, and all other modern and ancient records of that kind, yet it would be no hard matter to restore them, with considerable enlargements, from that place; that they have Anabaptism, Familism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, Ranting, and what not; and that the devil was served in heterodox assemblies as frequently as God in theirs; and that one of the most eminent church-livings in that county was possessed by a blasphemer, one in whose house he believed some there could testify that the devil was as visibly familiar as any one of the family."

What rage, O Citizens! what fury Doth you to these dire actions hurry?[1]
What *æstrum*,[2] what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies[3] your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks —— ghost?
What towns, what garrisons might you With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now ye're bent to throw away In vain untriumphable fray?[4]
Shall saints, in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?[5]
The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant, Will seem a mere God-damn-me rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war for the King, Against himself,[6] the self same thing,

[1] Alluding to those lines in Lucan, upon Crassus's death, Pharsal. lib. i. 8, 9, &c.
"Quis furor, O Cives, quæ tanta licentia ferri Gentibus invisis Latium præbere cruorem?
Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropæis Ausoniis, umbrâque erraret Crassus insultâ,
Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos," &c.
Thus translated by Sir Arthur George, 1614, in the same metre,
"Dear Citizens, what brainsick charms, What outrage of disorder'd arms,
Leads you to feast your envious foes, To see you gor'd with your own blows?
Proud Babylon your force doth scorn, Whose spoils your trophies might adorn;
And Crassus' unrevenged ghost, Roams wailing through the Parthian coast."

[2] O Estrum is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or horse fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

[3] This refers to the great defeat given to Sir William Waller, at the Devises, of which the reader may meet with an account in Clarendon's and Echard's, and the blank is here to be filled up with the word *Waller's*, and we must read *Waller's ghost*; for though Sir William Waller made a considerable figure among the generals of the Rebel Parliament before this defeat, yet afterwards he made no figure, and appeared but as the ghost or shadow of what he had been before. The Devises, called De Vies, Devices, or the Vices, Camden's Wiltshire. Sir John Denham, speaking of the bursting of eight barrels of gunpowder, whereby the famous Sir Ralph Hopton was in danger of being killed, Loyal Songs, 1731, has the following lines:

"You heard of that wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie so much the louder;
Now list to another, that miraculous brother, Which was done by a firkin of powder.
Oh what a damp it struck through the camp! But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without head or eyes.

[4] A pleasant allusion to the Roman custom, which denied a triumph to a conqueror in civil war. "The reason of which was, because the men there slain were citizens, and no strangers, which was the reason that neither Nasica, having vanquish'd Gracchus and his followers, nor Metellus, suppressing Caius Opimius, nor Antonius, defeating Catiline, were admitted to a triumph. Nevertheless, when Lucius Sylla had surprised the cities of Græcia, and taken the Marian citizens, he was allowed, triumphant-wise, to carry with him the spoils gained in those places." Tatler, No. 63.

[5] Walker observes, History of Indepen. "That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land, were united together under the title of the *godly*, the *saints*, and shared the fat of the land among them;" and he calls them the saints who were canonized no where but in the devil's calendar. When I consider the behaviour of these pretended saints to the members of the church of England, whom they plundered unmercifully, and to brother-saints of other sects, whom they did not spare in that respect when a proper occasion offered, I cannot help comparing them with Dr. Rondibilis, who told Panurge, "That from wicked folks he never got enough, and from honest people he refused nothing." Rabelais.

[6] The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still that they fought for him: for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one. His political person, they said, must be and was with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them: and therefore, when at the end of his speech, he charged them to keep the peace, he does it in the name of the King and Parliament; that is, the political, not the natural King. This was the Presbyterian method, whilst they had the ascendant, to join King and Parliament. In the Earl of Essex's commission the King was named, but left out in that of Sir Thomas Fairfax. To this piece of grimace Butler alludes, in his parable of the Lion and the Fox, see Remains.

Some will not stick to swear we do For God and for religion too:
For, if bear-baiting we allow, What good can reformation do?[1]
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation, The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats,[2] like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House Six members' quarrel to espouse?[3]
Did they, for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable;
And make all cries about the town Join throats to cry the bishops down?[4]

"You know when civil broils grew high, And men fell out they knew not why,
That I was one of those that went To fight for King and Parliament.
When that was over, I was one Fought for the Parliament alone:
And though to boast it argues not, Pure merit me a halbert got:
And as Sir Samuel can tell I us'd the weapon passing well.

Serjeant Thorp, one of their iniquitous judges, took great pains to establish this distinction, in his charge to the grand jury at York assize, May 20. 1648. Richard Overton, in his Appeal from the Degenerate Representative Body the Commons of England, to the Body represented, 1647, p. 18, plays their own artillery upon them. "There is a difference (says he) between their parliamentary and their own personal capacity, and their actions are answerably different; therefore the rejection, disobedience, and resistance of their personal commands, is no rejection, disobedience, or resistance of their parliamentary authority; so that he that doth resist their personal commands, doth not resist the parliament; neither can they be censured or esteemed as traitors, rebels, disturbers, or enemies to the state, but rather as preservers, conservers, and defenders thereof." Fanatical Jesuits, 1687, seems to have borrowed this distinction from these Jesuitical fanatics. The Pope himself being suspected as a favourer of Molinos, or what was called the heresy of the Quietists, "on the 13th of Feb. some were deputed from the Court of the Inquisition to examine him, not in the quality of Christ's vicar, or St. Peter's successor, but in the single quality of Benedict Odescalchi." Baker's Hist. of the Inquisition.

[1] This was the cant of some of them even in their public sermons. "The people of England," says Richard Kentish, Fast Sermon before the Commons, Nov. 24, 1647, "once desired a Reformation, covenanted for a reformation, but now they hate to be reformed." Their way of reforming is sneered by the author of An Elegy upon the incomparable King Charles I. 1648,

"Brave reformation, and a thorough one too, Which, to enrich yourselves, must all undo.
Pray tell us (those that can) what fruits have grown
From all your seeds in blood and treasure sown?
What would you mend, when your projected state Doth from the best in form degenerate?
Or why should you (of all) attempt to cure, Whose facts nor gospel-tests nor laws endure?
But like unwholesome exhalations met, From your conjunction, only plagues beget.
And in your circle, as imposthumes fill, Which by their venom their whole body kill."

[2] When the tumultuous rabble came to Westminster crying to have justice done upon the Earl of Strafford, they rolled up the protestation, or *some* piece of paper resembling it, and wore it in their hats, as a badge of their zeal. They might probably do the same upon the impeachment of the six members. "The Buckinghamshire men were the first who, whilst they expressed their love to their knight (Hampden), forgot their sworn oath to their King, and, instead of feathers, they carried a printed protestation in their hats, as the Londoners had done a little before upon the spear's point."

[3] The six members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their papers seized, charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults: but the House voted against the arrest of their persons or papers; whereupon the King having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the House to demand them; but they, having notice, withdrew.

[4] "It is fresh in memory," saith the author of a tract, entitled, Lex Talionis, "how this city sent forth its spurious scum in multitudes to cry down bishops, root and branch; who, like shoals of herrings, or swarms of hornets, lay hovering about the court with lying pamphlets and scandalous pasquils, until they forced the King from his throne, and banished the Queen from his bed, and afterwards out of the kingdom." "Good Lord," says the True Informer, &c., Oxford, 1643, p. 12, "what a deal of dirt was thrown in the bishops faces! what infamous ballads were sung! what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them! so far, that a dog with a black and white face was called *a bishop!*" And it is certain that these mobs were encouraged by Alderman Pennington, and other members of the House of Commons, and by some of the clergy, particularly by Dr. Burges, who called them his ban-dogs.

Who, having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout:
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle;
No sow-gelder did blow his horn To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform:
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop:
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst evil counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church;
Some cry'd the covenant, instead Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread,
And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-house:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry, A gospel-preaching ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak, No surplices nor service-book;
A strange harmonious inclination Of all degrees to reformation.[1]
And is this all? Is this the end To which these carry'ngs-on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir, For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,[2]
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
'Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke?
Did saints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?[3]

and said he could set them on and take them off as he pleased, Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. col. 236, Echard's History of England, vol. ii. And it is no wonder that the mob without doors were so furious against them, when so much encouragement was given within. And upon one of these clamourers, who was an Alderman (and probably Pennington), it was well turned by Selden, "Mr. Speaker," says the Alderman, "there are so many clamours against such and such of the prelates, that we shall never be quiet till we have no more bishops." Selden, upon this, informs the house, "what grievous complaints there were for high misdemeanours against such and such aldermen; and therefore (says he) by a parity of reason, it is my humble motion that we have no more aldermen."

[1] Those flights which seem most extravagant in our poet were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots, in their large declaration, 1637, begin their petition against the Common Prayer-Book that:—"We men, women, children, and servants, having considered," &c.

[2] This thought seems to have been borrowed from Walker, Hist. of Independ. "The most observable thing (says he) is to see this old Parliament, like a young prodigal, take up money upon difficult terms, and entangle all they had for a security." They took up ammunition, provisions, and clothes for their army, promising to pay for them as soon as they could raise money; and tradesmen took their words, and trusted them with their goods, upon what they called the public faith, upon a promise of eight pound *per cent.* interest, as is mentioned by most of the historians of those times: Vast quantities of plate were brought into the Parliament-treasury to be coined into money for the payment of the soldiers. But the Parliament broke their public faith, and performed few of their promises; so that many of the tradesmen that trusted them broke, and many of those that brought in their plate were cheated of both their principal and interest. "Never was there such double dealing," says J. Howel, "by any public assembly: for when the lenders upon the public faith came to demand their money, they could not have it, unless they doubled their first sum, together with the interest they received, and then they should have the value in church and crown lands; but if they doubled not both interest and principal, they should not be capable of having any lands allowed for their money. Divers (says he) to my knowledge have ruined themselves thereby, and though they clamoured and spoke high language at the parliament-doors, and were promised satisfaction, yet could not get a penny to this day:"—and divers interlopers were used to buy these public faith bills for half-a-crown in the pound. The Speech and Confession of the Covenant, at its burning by the Executioner, 1671.

[3] One of these pretended saints, who generally in his prayers pleads poverty, yet thanks God, upon this occasion, for enabling him to subscribe some plate to the parliament. "O my good Lord God, accept of my due thanks for all sorts of mercies, spiritual and temporal, to

For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;
And into pikes and musqueteers Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon, Did start up living men, as soon[1]
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth, b'ing sown.
Then was the cause of gold and plate, The brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it[2]
The saints fell prostrate to adore it:
So say the wicked—and will you Make that sarcasmus[3] scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?[4]
Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,[5]
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' pow'r of gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones to win[6] The women, and make them draw in

me and mine; in special, I praise Thee for my riches in plate, by which I am enabled to subscribe fifteen pounds in plate for the use of the parliament, as I am called upon for to do it by commissioners this day." Geo. Swathe's Prayers.

"——— without stay Our callings and estates we flung away:
Our plate, our coin, our jewels, and our rings, Arms, ornaments, and all our precious things,
To you we brought as bountifully in, As if they had old rusty horse-shoes been."
George Withers, Esq., 1646.

[1] Thos. May, who styles himself Secretary of the Parliament, Hist. of the Parliament of England, 1647, observes, "That the Parliament were able to raise forces, and arm them well, by reason of the great masses of money and plate which to that purpose was heaped up in Guildhall, where not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen, who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poor sort presented their mites also, insomuch that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the Cause to call it the Thimble and Bodkin army." Collection of Loyal Songs.

[2] The author of a book entitled, English and Scots Presbytery, observes upon this ordinance, "That the seditious zealots contributed as freely as the idolatrous Israelites, to make a golden calf; and those who did not bring in their plate, they plundered their houses, and took it away by force: and at the same time commanded the people to take up arms, under the penalty of being hanged."

[3] Abusive or insulting had been better; but our Knight believed the learned language more convenient to understand in than his own mother tongue.

[4] See an account of clean and unclean beasts, Lev. xi. Deut. xiv.

[5] Alluding to Mr. Edmund Calamy, and others, who recommended this loan in a speech at Guildhall, Oct. 6, 1643, in which, among other reasons for a loan, he has the following ones: "If ever, gentlemen, you might use this speech of Bernardius Ochinus (which he hinted at before), O Happy Penny, you may use it now; Happy Money, that will purchase religion, and purchase a reformation to my posterity! O Happy Money, and blessed be God I have it to lend! and I count it the greatest opportunity that God did ever offer to the godly of this kingdom, to give them some money, to lend to this cause. And I remember in this ordinance of Parliament, it is called Advance Money; it is called an Ordinance to Advance Money towards the Maintaining the Parliament Forces; and truly it is the highest advance of money to make money an instrument to advance my religion: The Lord give you hearts to believe this. For my part, I speak it in the name of myself, and in the names of these reverend ministers, we will not only speak to persuade you to contribute, but every one of us that God hath given any estate to, we will all to our utmost power; we will not only say *ite*, but *venite*." Mr. Case, a celebrated preacher of those times, to encourage his auditors to a liberal contribution, upon administering the sacrament, addressed them in this manner: "All ye that have contributed to the Parliament, come, and take this sacrament to your comfort."

[6] The author of the Dialogue between Timothy and Philotheus, in banter of those times, says, "I knew a famous casuist, who, whenever he undertook the conversion of any of his precise neighbours, most commonly made use of this following address:——H-a-h Friend, thou art in darkness, yea in thick darkness—The Lord—he—I say, he—he shall enlighten thee. Hearken to him, hear him, attend to him, advise with him: enquire for him—(raising his voice)—po—or saw—(here pull out the handkerchief) he shall enlighten thee, he shall kindle thee, he shall

The men, as Indians with a female Tame elephant inveigle the male?[1]
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,[2]
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' enemy's design, And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work, Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express, And after good or bad success,
Made prayers not so like petitions As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the army did present To their creator, the Parliament),
In which they freely will confess, They will not, cannot acquiesce,[3]
Unless the work be carry'd on In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all a-gog, And all this for a bear and dog?
The Parliament drew up petitions[4]
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,

inflame thee, he shall consume thee! yea even he,—Heigh-ho—, (this through the nose); and by this well-tuned exordium, he charmed all the brethren most melodiously and rivalled all the noses and night-caps in the neighbourhood."

[1] The manner of taking wild elephants in the kingdom of Pegu is by a tame female elephant, bred for that purpose; which being anointed with a peculiar ointment, the wild one follows her into an inclosed place, and so is taken.

[2] It was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. "Oh my good Lord God," says Mr. Swathe, Prayers, "I hear the King hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London—Look Thou upon them, take their cause into Thine own hand; appear Thou in the cause of Thy saints, the cause in hand;—It is Thy cause, Lord; we know that the King is misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian, and temporising, rebellious, malignant, faction and party," &c. "They would," says Echard, "in their prayers and sermons, tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for him, and to do, as it were, any kindness for the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail him: they should not be unmindful of his business; his work should not stand still, nor his designs be neglected. They must needs say, that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to the Almighty, but they did not much question but they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and, (as I may so say) civilities, which they had received from him: indeed, as for those that are weak in the faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that such should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before him, and stand (as I may so say) cap in hand to the Almighty: but as for those that are strong in all gifts, and grown up in all grace, and are come to a fullness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with their cocked hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs stand; we have been very watchful since we were last with thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us, for we are very thoughtful of thy concerns: we do somewhat long to hear from thee; and if thou pleasest to give us such a thing (victory) we shall be (as I may so say) good to thee in something else when it lies in our way."

[3] Alluding probably to their saucy expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-Bar, used the following words: "O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting: what dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, August 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is one, God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who does us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this sauciness in their public sermons. "Gather upon God," says Mr. R. Harris, Fast Sermon before the Commons, May 25, 1642, "and hold him to it as Jacob did; press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we do ἀναισχυντειν, as some Greek fathers boldly say; that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance, put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

[4] When the seditious members of the House of Commons wanted to have anything pass the House which they feared would meet with opposition, they would draw up a petition to the Parliament, and send it to their friends in the country to get it signed, and brought it up to the Parliament by as many as could be prevailed upon to do it. Their way of doing it as Clarendon observes, "was to prepare a petition, very modest and dutiful for the form, and for the matter not very unreasonable; and to communicate it at some public meeting, where care was taken it should be received with approbation; the subscription of a very few hands filled the paper itself where the petition was written, and therefore many more sheets were annexed for the reception of the numbers, which gave all the credit, and procured all the

To well-affected persons down, In every city and great town;
With power to levy horse and men, Only to bring them back again:
For this did many, many a mile, Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats that show'd As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all these courses, these efforts, Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,[1] And all t' advance the Cause's service?
And shall all now be thrown away In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we that in the cov'nant swore, Each man of us to run before
Another, still, in reformation, Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will malignants say?[2] *videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the devil take the hindmost,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness, to reform The church and state, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight unseen,[3] T' an unknown church discipline,
What is it else, but before-hand T' engage, and after understand?[4]
For when we swore to carry on The present reformation,
According to the purest mode Of churches best reformed abroad,
What did we else but make a vow To do we know not what nor how?
For no three of us will agree Where or what churches these should be;[5]
And is indeed the self-same case With those that swore *et cæteras*,[6]

countenance to the undertaking. When a multitude of hands were procured, the petition itself was cut off, and a new one framed agreeable to the design in hand, and annexed to a long list of names which was subscribed to the former; by this means many men found their names subscribed to petitions of which they before had never heard."

1 The ancients made use of gallies with sails and oars, vid. Lucani Pharsal. passim. Such are the gallies now rowed by slaves at Leghorn, *&c.* in calm weather, when their sales are of little service. All that Butler means is, that they did it with all their might.

2 "*By malignants,*" says the writer of a letter, without any superscription, that the poor people may see the intentions of those whom they have followed, printed in the year 1643, "you intend all such who believe that more obedience is to be given to the acts of former Parliaments than to the orders and votes of this."

3 See the Solemn League and Covenant in Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion, where they promise to reform the church according to the best reformed churches, though none of them knew, neither could they agree, which churches were best reformed, and very few, if any, of them knew which was the true form of those churches.

4 Of this kind was the casuistry of the Mayor and Jurats of Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, who would have had some of the Assistants to swear in general to assist them, and afterwards they should know the particulars; and when they scrupled, they told them, "They need not to be so scrupulous, though they did not know what they swore unto; it was no harm, for they had taken the same oath themselves to do that which they were to assist them in."

5 See this proved in their behaviour at the treaty of Uxbridge, Clarendon's History.

6 In the convocation that sat at the beginning of the 1640, there was an oath framed, which all the clergy were bound to take, in which was this clause: "Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons," &c. This was loudy clamoured at, and called swearing to they knew not what; and a book was published, London, 1641, entitled, The Anatomy of &c. or, the Unfolding of that dangerous Clause of the Sixth Canon. Our poet has plainly in this place shown his impartiality: the faulty and ridiculous on one side, as well as the other, feel the lash of his pen. The satire is fine and pungent in comparing the &c. oath with the covenant oath; neither of which were strictly defensible. His brother satirist, Cleveland, also could not permit so great an absurdity to pass by him unlashed; but does it in the person of a Puritan zealot, and thereby cuts doubly:

"Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once Than Cerberus out of his triple sconce:
Who views it well, with the same eye beholds The old half serpent in his num'rous folds
Accurs'd——
Oh Booker, Booker, how com'st thou to lack This sign in thy prophetic almanac?
——I cannot half untruss Et cætera, it is so abominous.

Or the French league,[1] in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong T' exorbitances fit for bedlam;
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle As to remove that odious scandle:
In name of King and Parliament, I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender The fiddler[2] as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends, For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise, On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both he brought
To condign punishment, as they ought.[3]
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say;
For then I'll take another course And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,[4]

The Trojan nag was not so fully lin'd Unrip &c. and you shall find
Og the great commissary, and, which is worse, The apparator upon his skew-bald horse.
Then finally, my babe of grace, forbear Et cætera, 'twill be too far to swear;
For 'tis to speak in a familiar style, A Yorkshire wea-bit, longer than a mile."

Nay, he elsewhere couples it with the cant word *smectymnus* (the club divines), and says, "The banns of marriage were asked between them, that the Convocation and the Commons were to be the guests; and the priest Molesey, or Sancta Clar, were to tie the foxes tails together." Could anything be said more severe and satirical?

[1] "The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the solemn league and covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our covenanters swore every man to run before another in the way of reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood. History of the family of Gordon speaking of the solemn league and covenant, compares it to the Holy League in France; and observes, "that they were as like as one egg to another; the one was nursed by the Jesuits, the other by the then Scots Prebyterians, Simeon and Levi;" and he informs us, "That Sir William Dugdale (Short view) has run the comparison paragraphs by paragraph; and that some signed it with their own blood instead of ink."

[2] This is meant as a ridicule on the clamours of the Parliament against evil counsellors, and their demands to have them given up to justice.

[3] The threatening punishment to the fiddle was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, of which we have the following merry account, Plain Dealer, 1734, "I was driving (says he) into a town upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to dine: there came up in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered there, and asked what I bushed out my horses for? I told them to drive flys away. But they said I was a Jacobite rascal, that my horses were guilty of high treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged. I answered, it was already drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired them to take it back again, and keep it in their own hands until they had an opportunity to make use of it. I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me like thunder, stripped my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own oak-branches."

[4] It may be asked, why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier:

Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched
As e'er in measled pork was hatched,
Thou tail of worship,[1] that dost grow On rump of justice as of cow,
How darest thou, with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old iron, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow, Thy busy vanity might'st show?
Was no dispute a-foot between The caterwauling bretheren?[2]
No subtle question sais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints,[3]
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;[4]
And not for want of bus'ness come To us, to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony,[5] no bawd, Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st alledge,[6]
To keep thee busy from foul evil,

for the charatter the poet has given him doth not infer the contrary, and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture. The Knight had unluckily exposed to view the plotting designs of his party, which gave Talgol an opportunity to vent his natural inclination to ridicule them. This confirms me in an opinion that he was then a loyalist, notwithstanding what Sir R. L'Estrange has asserted to the contrary.

[1] A home reflection upon the justices of the peace in those times; many of which, as has been observed, were of the lowest rank of the people, and the best probably were butchers, carpenters, horse-keepers, as some have been within our memory; and very applicable would the words of Nock, the brewer's clerk, to the groom of the revels, Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs, Works, p. 82. have been to many of the worshipful ones of those times. "Sure, by your language, you were never meant for a courtier; howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to have been taken out of the nest young, you are some constable's egg, some widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended. And as they made such mean persons justices of the peace, that they might more easily govern them, Cromwell afterwards took the same method in the choice of high sheriffs, whom he appointed from yeomen, or the lowest tradesmen, that he could confide in, the expence of retinue and treating the judges being taken away.

[2] A writer of those times thus styles the Presbyterians: "How did the rampant brotherhood (says he) play their prize, and caterwaul one another?" But Butler designed this probably as a sneer upon the Assembly of Divines, and some of their curious and subtle debates: for which our poet has lashed them in another work. "Mr. Selden," says he, "visits the Assembly as persons used to see wild asses fight; when the Commons have tired him with their new law, these brethren refresh him with their mad gospel: they lately were gravelled betwixt Jerusalem and Jericho, they knew not the distance betwixt those two places; one cried twenty miles, another ten. It was concluded seven, for this reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market: Mr. Selden smiled and said, perhaps the fish were salt-fish, and so stopped their mouths." And as to their annotations, many of them were no better than Peter Harrison's, who observed of the two tables of stone, that they were made of Shittim wood. Umbra comitur.

[3] The Presbyterians and Anabaptists. [4] Face.

[5] These properly were cognizable by him as a justice of the peace.

[6] Ale-houses are to be licensed by justices of the peace, who have power to put them down by 5th and 6th Edw. VI. cap. xxv. &c.: and, by 43rd Eliz. cap vii. hedge-breakers shall pay such damages as a justice shall think fit; and, if not able, shall be committed to the constable, to be whipped.

And shame due to thee from the devil?[1]
Did not committee sit,[2] where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee?
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,[3]
To cheat with holiness and zeal,[4] All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast brain enough in skull To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out:
Was I for this entitled Sir,[5] And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,

[1] An expression used by Sancho Pancha.

[2] Some short account has already been given of committees and their oppressions, to which the author of a poem, entitled, Sir John Birkenhead revived, alludes, in the following lines:

"The plough stands still, and trade is small, For goods, lands, towns, and cities;
Nay, I dare say, the devil and all Pay tribute to Committees."

And Walker observes, Hist. of Indep., That to historize them at large (namely the grievances of committees) would require a volume as big as the Book of Martyrs; and that the people were then generally of opinion, that they might as easily find charity in hell as justice in any committee; and that the King hath taken down one star-chamber, and the Parliament have set up a hundred. Cleveland gives the following character of a country committee-man. "He is one who, for his good behaviour, has paid the excise of his ears, so suffered piracy by the land caption of ship-money; next a primitive freeholder, who hates the King, because he is a gentleman, trangressing the magna charta of delving Adam. (alluding to these two lines used by John Ball, to encourage the rebels in Wat Tyler's and Jack Straw's rebellion, in the reign of King Richard II.

"When Adam dolve, and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?")

Adding to these a mortified bankrupt, that helps out the false weights with a *mene tekel*. These, with a new blue-stockinged justice, lately made of a basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him, to carry the knapsack of his understanding, together with two or three equivocal Sirs, whose religion, like their gentility, is the extract of their arms; being therefore spiritual, because they are earthly, not forgetting the man of the law, whose corruption gives the *hogan* to the sincere junto: These are all the simples of the precious compound; a kind of Dutch hotch-poch, the hogan-mogan committee-man."

[3] Cleveland's character of a sequestrator.

[4] J. Taylor, the water poet, banters such persons, Motto, Works, 1630.

"I want the knowledge of the thriving art, A holy outside, and a hollow heart."

[5] Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed into words, he immediately falls into action: But alas, at his first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment; an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all the force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood?
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives;
Shall save or help thee to evade The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry, For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me, Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay deat for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight, With gantlet blue, and bases white,[1]
And round blunt truncheon[2] by his side, So great a man at arms defy'd,
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.[3]
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And, bending cock, he levell'd full Against th' outside of Talgol's skull;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.
But Pallas came, in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield,[4] which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel[5] upheav'd, Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might, Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste, Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,

[1] Alluding, I suppose, to the butcher's blue frock and white apron.

[2] The butcher's steel, upon which he whets his knife.

[3] Chaucer, from Petrarch, in his Clerk of Oxenford's Tale, gives an account of the remarkable trials made by Walter Marquis of Saluce, in Lower Lombardy, in Italy, upon the patience of his wife Grizel, by sending a ruffian to take from her her daughter and son, two little infants, under the pretence of murdering them; in stripping her of her costly robes, and sending her home to her poor father in a tattered condition; pretending that he had obtained a divorce from the Pope, for the satisfaction of his people, to marry another lady of equal rank with himself. To all which trials she chearfully submitted: upon which he took her home to his palace; and his pretended lady, and her brother, who were brought to court, proved to be her daughter and son.

[4] This and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this poem. As it was not intended for an epic poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance, how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action, even the most feasible, without the sensible aid of a deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only, that the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty that it would not fire, or in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

[5] A horseman's gun.

But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back,
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The trusty cudgel did oppose Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane, And then reveng'd itself again.
And tho' the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood, with Honour b'ing engag'd, Is so implacably enrag'd
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his forces into One body, and that into one blow.
But Talgol wisely avoided it By cunning slight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow Had slit, as sure as that below.
Mean while th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend began to fall on;
Him Raiph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy That two should with so many vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew, on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the foot,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail,
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.[1]
The angry beast did straight resent The wrong done to his fundament,

[1] This stratagem was likewise practised upon Don Quixote's Rosinante, and Sancho's Dapple, and had like to have proved as fatal to all three as that mentioned by Ælian, made use of by the Crotoniates against the Sybarites. The latter were a voluptuous people, and careless of all useful and reputable arts, which was at length their ruin: for having taught their horses to dance to the pipe, the Crotoniates, their enemies, being apprized of it, made war upon them, and brought into the field of battle such a number of pipers, that when the Sybarite horses heard them, they immediately fell a dancing, as they used to do at their entertainments, and by that means so disordered the army, that their enemies easily routed them: a great many of their horses also ran away with their riders, Athenæus says, into the enemies' camp, to dance to the sound of the pipe: (according to Huet the town of Sybares was absolutely ruined by the Crotoniates 500 years before Ovid's time).

Began to kick, and fling, and wince,[1] As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gaul'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't: For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out:[2] But Mars, who still protects the stout,[3]
In pudding-time came to his aid, And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.[4]
As Sancho on a blanket fell, And had no hurt,[5] ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit, B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:[6]
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,

[1] This thought imitated by Mr. Cotton, Virgil-Travestie.

"Even as a filly never ridden, When by the jockie first bestridden,
If naughty boys do thrust a nettle Under her dock, to try her mettle,
Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick, Enough to break the rider's neck."

[2] The shallowness of Hudibras's understanding, from the manner in which our poet expresses himself, was probably such, to use Dr. Baynard's homely expression, "That the short legs of a louse might have waded his understanding, and not have been wet to the knees:" or Ben Jonson's Explorata. "That one might have sounded his wit, and sounded the depth of it with one's middle finger:" or he was of Abel's cast, in the Committee, who complained, "That Colonel Careless came forcibly upon him, and, he feared, had bruised some intellectuals within his stomach."

[3] I would here observe the judgment of the Poet. Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his disappointment: It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a Goddess had interested herself on the side of his enemies, agreeable to Homer and Virgil. Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from future action, and consequently the battle would too soon have been determined. Besides, we may observe a beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero: He falls upon the bear, the bear breaks loose, and the spectators run: so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

[4] Alluding probably to old books of fortification.

[5] Alluding to Sancho's being tossed in a blanket, at the inn which Don Quixote took for a castle, by four Segovia clothiers, two Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters.

[6] It is common with the painters of signs to draw animals more furious than they are in nature.

And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts,[1] that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission,[2]
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring of cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they, Each and his fear a sev'ral way.[3]
Crowdero only kept the field, Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded sore,
I th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much it's better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strew'd[4] Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound, And loss of urine, in a swound,[5]
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt in th' ancle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle, He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach Of crown and skin upon the wretch,

[1] Says Falstaff to Prince Henry, Shakespeare's Henry IV. "I am as melancholy as a gibbed cat, or a lugged bear."

[2] A ridicule on the petulant behaviour of the military men in the Civil Wars; it being the usual way for those of either party, at a distressful juncture, to come to the King or Parliament, with some unreasonable demands, which if not complied with, they would throw up their commissions, and go over to the opposite side, pretending, that they could not in honour serve any longer under such unsoldier-like indignities. These unhappy times afforded many instances of that kind; as Hurry, Middleton, Cooper, &c.

[3] Mr. Gayton, in his notes upon Don Quixote, makes mention of a counterfeit cripple, who was scared with a bear that broke loose from his keepers, and took directly upon a pass where the dissembling beggar ply'd: he seeing the bear make up to the place, when he could not, upon his crutches, without apparent attachment, escape without the help of sudden wit, cut the ligaments of his wooden supporters, and having recovered the use of his natural legs, tho' he came thither crippled, he ran away straight.

[4] "——————— Now had the *carle (clown)* Alighted from his tiger, and his hands
Discharged of his bowe, and deadly quarle To seize upon his foe, flat lying on the marle."
Spenser's Fairy Queen.

[5] The effect of fear probably in our Knight: The like befell him upon another occasion, see Dunstable Downes, Butler's Remains, though people have been thus affected from different causes. Dr. Derham, in his Physico-Theology, makes mention of one person, upon whom the hearing of a bagpipe would have this effect; and of another, who was affected in like manner with the running of a tap.

Sole author of all detriment He and his fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun T' adventure resurrection[1]
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup),
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician,
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house), To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once:[2]
And now 'twas rais'd to smite again,
When Ralpho thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run, And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of sin)[3] to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble, T' encounter us in battle able!
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke, Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin, And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.[4]

[1] A ridicule on the affectation of the sectaries, in using only scripture phrases.

[2] A ridicule on the poetical way of expressing numbers. There are several instances in Shakespeare.

"*Moth.* Then I am sure you know how much that gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
Armado. It doth amount to one more than two:
Moth. Which the base vulgar call three."
Shakespeare's Love's Labour lost, act i. vol. ii. p. 100.

"*Falst.* I did not think Mr. Silence had been a man of this mettle.
Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now."
Shakespeare's Henry IV. act v. vol. iii. p. 533.

"Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd."
Macbeth, act iv. vol. v. p. 438.

[3] They frequently called the clergy of the established church *dogs*. Sir Francis Seymour, in a speech in Parliament 1641, calls them *dumb dogs* that cannot speak a word for God. Mr. Case, in a sermon in Milk Street, 1643, calls them *dumb dogs* and *greedy dogs*: L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings, and he called prelacy *a whelp*, as Penry had long before called the public prayers of the church *the blind whelps of an ignorant devotion*. L'Estrange.

[4] Ralpho was at this time too much concerned for his master to hold long disputation with the fiddler: he leaves him therefore to assist the Knight, who lay senseless. This passage may be compared with a parallel one in the Iliad, b. xv., Apollo finds Hector insensible, lying near a stream; he revives him, and animates him with his former vigour, but withal asks, how he came into that disconsolate condition? Hector answers, that he had almost been stunned to the shades by a blow from Ajax. The comparison I would make between them is, that Hector does not return to himself in so lively a manner as Hudibras: and this is the more wonderful because Hector was assisted by a deity, and Hudibras only by a servant.

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight, And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose,[1] with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly, From inward room[2] to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, Great Sir, A self-denying conqueror;[3]
As high, victorious, and great, As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet, To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, The gallows, or perpetual jail:
For one wink of your powerful eye Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd To be, or be no more, a *crowd*.
For though success did not confer Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations[4] were not strong

'There Hector, seated by the stream, he sees His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise, Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes!
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unsealed his sight:
What bless'd immortal, what commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy, And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.'"
Pope.

I doubt not but the reader will do justice to our Poet, by comparing his imitation; and he will at one view be able to determine which of them deserves the preference.

[1] The usefulness of this practice is set forth by Lapet, the coward, in the following manner:
"*Lap.* For the twinge by the nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my tables say:
But helps against the head-ach wond'rous strangely.
Shamont. Is't possible?
Lap. Oh, your crush'd nostrils slakes your opilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.
Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.
Lap. Oh plenitude, sir."
The Nice Valour, or Passionate Madness, Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] A ridicule on affected metaphors in poetry.

[3] Alluding to the self-denying ordinance, by which all the Members of the Two Houses were obliged to quit their civil and military employments. This ordinance was brought in by Mr. Zouch Tate, in the year 1644, with a design of outing the Lord General, the Earl of Essex, who was a friend to peace; and at the same time of altering the constitution. And yet Cromwell was dispensed with to be General of the horse. Butler probably designed in this place to sneer Sir Samuel Luke, his hero, who was likewise dispensed with for a small time: "June, 1645, upon the danger of Newport Pagnel, the King drawing that way, upon the petition of the inhabitants, Sir Samuel Luke was continued Governor there for twenty days, notwithstanding the self-denying ordinance. Walker observes, that if all Members should be enjoined to be self-denying men, there would be few goldly men left in the House. How should the saints possess the good things of this world?

[4] Dispensations, outgoings, carryings on, nothingness, ownings, and several other words to be met with in this poem, were the cant words of those times, as has been before intimated. And it is observed by the author of A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, "That our ancestors thought it proper to oppose their *materia and forma, species, intelligibles, occulta*

Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although out-goings did confirm, And owning were but a meer term,
Yet as the wicked have no right[1]
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint, From whom th' injuriously detain 't;
Of him they held their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights, Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to, And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was our's by right before:
For we are their true landlords still, And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse, And by degrees grew valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none Of all his foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood, His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction: I that am A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase, Or ill intreat his fiddle or case:
Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot

qualitas, materia subtilis, antiperistasis, et *nec quid, nec quale, nec quantum,* to the then fashionable gibberish, *saints, people of the Lord, the Lord's work, light, malignancy, Babylon, Popery, Antichrist, preaching gospel and truth,*" &c.

[1] It was a principle maintained by the rebels of those days, that dominion is founded in grace, and therefore, if a man wanted grace (in their opinion), if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels: the saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had power to do it. The Cavalier, whose money was seized by some rebel officers, as his debtor, a Roundhead, was carrying it to him, with a request to the Parliament, that the bond might be discharged in favour of the Roundhead: of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, a Cavalier, who had bought an estate of Sir William Constable, a Roundhead, and paid for it £25,000, the Parliament, notwithstanding, restored the estate to Sir William without repayment of the purchase money to Sir Marmaduke. And a debt of £1900 due from Colonel William Hillyard, to Colonel William Ashburnham, was desired, in a letter to Secretary Thurloe, to be sequestered, and that an order of council might be obtained to enjoin Colonel Hillyard to pay the money into some treasury (for the use of the godly, no doubt.) Widow Barebottle seems to have been of this opinion, see Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street, act ii. scene viii. in her advice to Colonel Jolly: "Seek for incomes (says she), Mr. Colonel—my husband Barebottle never sought for incomes but he had some blessing followed immediately. He sought for them in Bucklersbury, and three days after a friend of his, that he owed £500 to, was hanged for a Malignant, and the debt forgiven him by the Parliament." Walker justly observes, "That this faction, like the devil, cried, all's mine:" and they took themselves (or pretended to do so) to be the only elect, or chosen ones: they might drink, and whore, and revel, and do what they pleased, God saw no sin in them, though these were damnable sins in others.

"To sum up all he would aver, And prove a saint could never err,
And that let saints do what they will, That saints were saints, and are so still."

Butler's parable of the Lion and the Fox. And the Rump gave other proofs of their being o. this opinion: for, if I remember right, in a pretended act, Jan. 2, 1640, they enact, "That whosoever will promise truth and fidelity to them, by subscribing the engagement, may deal falsely and fraudulently with all the world beside, and break all bonds, assurances, and contracts, made with non-engagers, concerning their estates, and pay their debts by pleading, in bar of all actions, that the complainant hath not taken the engagement." Nay, after this, there was a bill brought in, and committed, for settling the lands and tenements of persons in (what they called) the Rebellion, upon those tenants and their heirs that desert their landlords: Mercurius Politicus, No. 582. which principle is notably girded by Mr. Walker, and in Sir Robert Howard's Committee or faithful Irishman, act ii.

In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conq'ring sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.[1]
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power, which now alive, with dread He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw:
For Death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue, Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too, To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,
To say it needs or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain By foes in triumph led than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs:
And living foes, the greatest fame Of cripple slain can be but lame.[2]
One half of him's already slain, The other is not worth your pain;

[1] A wipe upon the Parliament, who frequently infringed articles of capitulation granted by their generals; especially when they found they were too advantageous to the enemy. There is a remarkable instance of this kind upon the surrender of Pendennis castle, Aug. 16, 1646. General Fairfax had granted the besieged admirable terms: sixteen honourable articles were sent in to the brave Governor of Arundel, and he underwrote, "These articles are condescended unto by me, John Arundel of Trerise."

When the Parliament discovered, that, at the surrender, the castle had not sufficient provisions for twenty-four hours, they were for breaking into the articles, and had not performed them June 26, 1650, which occasioned the following letter from General Fairfax to the Speaker.

"Mr. Speaker,

I would not trouble you again concerning the articles granted upon the rendition of Pendennis, but that it is conceived, that your own honour and the faith of your army, is so much concerned in it; and do find that the preservation of articles granted upon valuable considerations gives great encouragement to your army. I have inclosed this petition, together with the officers last report to me on this behalf; all which I commend to your wisdoms.

June 26, 1650. Your humble servant, T. Fairfax."

Charles XII. King of Sweden, would not only have made good the articles, but have rewarded so brave a Governor; as he did Colonel Canitz, the defender of the fort of Dunamond, with whose conduct he was so well pleased, that as he marched out of the fort, he said to him, "You are my enemy, and yet I love you as well as my best friends; for you have behaved yourself like a brave soldier in the defence of this fort against my troops; and to show you that I can esteem and reward valour even in mine enemies, I make you a present of these five thousand ducats." There are other scandalous instances of the breach of articles in these times; by Sir Edward Hungerford, upon the surrender of Warder-castle by the Lady Arundel, &c. upon the surrender of Sudley-castle, 20th of Jan. 1642, and upon the surrender of York, by Sir Thomas Glenham, in July 1644.

[2] There is a merry account in confirmation of a challenge from Mr. Madaillan to the Marquis of Rivarolles, who, a few days before, had lost a leg, unknown to Madaillan, by a cannon-ball, before Piticerda. The marquis accepted the challenge, and promised the next morning early to fix both the time and place: at which time he sent a surgeon to Madaillan, desired he would give him leave to cut off one of his legs; intimating by his operator, that he knew, "that he was too much a gentleman to fight him at an advantage; and as he had lost a leg in battle, he desired he might be put in the same condition, and then he would fight him at his own weapons." But the report coming to the ears of the Deputy Marshals of France, they prohibited them fighting, and afterwards made them friends. Count du Rochfort's Memoirs.

Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight.
Wherefore I think it better far, To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide At court of justice to be try'd;[1]
Where if he appear so bold or crafty, There may be danger in his safety;
If any member there dislike His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;[2]
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless,
Y' have power to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held Wise justice, and to some reveal'd.
For words and promises, that yoke The conqueror are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own[3] Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause By rules of military laws,[4]
And only do what they call just, The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak, But to the wicked or the weak,
We must be cautious to declare Perfection truths, such as these are.
This said, the high outrageous mettle Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon Resolv'd to see the business done:
And therefore charged him first to bind Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use The wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an oath[5] before, Ne'er to bear arms against him more,

1 This plainly refers to the case of the Lord Capel. Clarendon's Hist.

2 When the rebels had taken a prisoner, tho' they gave him quarter and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying, it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes, Sermons of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army: "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others; using these words in doing it, Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently." And our histories abound with instances of the barbarities of O. Cromwell and his officers at Drogheda, and other places in Ireland, after quarter given. Appendix to Clarendon's Hist. and Civil War in Ireland. And though I cannot particularly charge Sir Samuel Luke in this respect, yet there is one remarkable instance of his malicious and revengeful temper, in the case of Mr. Thorne, minister of St. Cuthbert's, in Bedford, who got the better of him in the star-chamber. The Royalists were far from acting in this manner. I beg leave to insert a remarkable instance or two, for the reader's satisfaction. Upon the storming of Howley-house in Yorkshire, an officer had given quarter to the Governor, contrary to the orders of the General, William Duke of Newcastle, General of all the northern forces: and having received a check from him for so doing, he resolved then to kill him, which the general would not suffer, saying, "it was ungenerous to kill any man in cold blood." Nor was the behaviour of the gallant Marquis of Montrose less generous, who being importuned to retaliate the barbarous murdering his friends, upon such enemies as were his prisoners, he absolutely refused to comply with the proposals.

3 See this explained, Judges xv.

4 It has already been observed what little honour they had in this respect. Even the Mahometan Arabians might have shamed these worse than the Mahometans, "who were such strict observers of their parole, that if any one in the heat of battle killed one, to whom the rai, or parole, was given, he was by the law of the Arabians, punished with death."

5 When the rebels released a prisoner taken in their wars, which they seldom did, without exchange or ransom (except he was a stranger), they obliged him to swear not to bear arms against them any more: though the rebels in the like case were now and then absolved from their oaths by their wicked and hypocritical clergy. When the King had discharged all the common soldiers that were taken prisoners at Brentford (excepting such as had voluntarily offered to serve him) upon their oaths, that they would no more bear arms against his Majesty, two of their camp chaplains, Dr. Downing and Mr. Marshall, for the better recruiting the Parliament army, publicly avowed, "That the soldiers taken at Brentford, and discharged and released by the King upon their oaths, that they would never again bear arms against him, were not obliged by that oath, but by their power they absolved them thereof: and so engaged again these miserable wretches in a second rebellion. Clarendon's Hist. These wicked wretches acted not much unlike Pope Hildebrand, or Gregory VII. who absolved all from

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste, And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy-fiddle and the case, Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride, Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;
At further end of which there stands An ancient castle[1] that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell Of magic made impregnable;
There's neither iron-bar nor gate, Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide, In dungeon scarce three inches wide,
With roof so low, that under it They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in, Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd With walls of subtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through
The hands in grate are fast enough.
And when a circle 'bout the wrist Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch, As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace, And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case, In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,

their oaths to persons excommunicate. "Nos eos qui excommunicatis fidelitate et sacramento constricti sunt, apostolica autoritate juramento absolvimus." Had these pretenders to sanctity but considered in how honourable a manner the old Heathen Romans behaved on such occasions, they would have found sufficient reason to have been ashamed: Addison informs us, Freeholder, No. 6. p. 33. "That several Romans, that had been taken prisoners by Hannibal, were released by obliging themselves by an oath, to return again to his camp. Among these there was one, who, thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp, on pretence of having forgot something; but this prevarication was so shocking to the Roman Senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to Hannibal."

[1] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post. It is so pompous and sublime, that we are surprised so noble a structure could be raised from so ludicrous a subject. We perceive wit and humour in the strongest light in every part of the description; and how happily imagined is the pun. How ceremonious are the conquerors in displaying the trophies of their victory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive? What a dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect before him? All these circumstances were necessary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiserate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

Crowdero making doleful face, Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit, And the survivor of his feet:
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;[1]
While his comrade, that did no hurt, Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.[2]

CANTO III.—ARGUMENT.

The scattered rout return and rally, Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place; I should have first said Hudibras.

AY me! what perils do environ The man that meddles with cold iron;
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps Do dog him still with after claps!
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say, I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day?*[3]
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop, With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,[4]
Wherein his mettle and brave worth Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by Fame eternal, In deathless pages of diurnal,[5]

[1] Alluding to the case probably of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was condemned at Colchester, with Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, and was respited from execution, being an Italian and a person of some interest in his country. Clarendon's Hist.

[2] This is an unquestionable truth, and follows very naturally upon the reflection on Crowdero's real leg suffering this confinement for the fault of his wooden one. The Poet afterwards produces another case to support this assertion, to which the reader is referred.

[3] There is an old ballad in Pepys's library, in Magdalen College, in Cambridge, Old Ballads, vol. i. No. 52, entitled, A Friend's Advice, in an excellent ditty, concerning the variable changes of the world, in a pleasant new tune; beginning with the following lines, to which Mr. Butler alludes:

"What if a day, or a month, or a year Crowne thy delights
With a thousand wisht contentings? Cannot the chaunce of a night or an hour
Cross thy delights, With as many sad tormentings," &c.

[4] The rebellious Parliament were wont to order public thanksgivings in their churches for every little advantage obtained in any small skirmish; and the preachers (or holders-forth, as he properly enough styles them) would, in their prayers, and sermons, very much enlarge upon the subject, multiply the number slain and taken prisoners to a very high degree, and most highly extol the leader for his valour and conduct.

A remarkable instance of this kind we meet with in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk, who, notwithstanding the King's success against the Earl of Essex, in taking Banbury castle, Echard's England, takes the liberty in his prayers "of praising God's providence for giving the Earl of Essex victory over the king's army, and routing him at Banbury, and getting the spoil." Many instances of this kind are to be met with in the public sermons before the Two Houses.

[5] The newspaper then printed every day in favour of the Rebels was called a *Diurnal;* of which is the following merry account, by Cleveland, 1644, "A diurnal (says he) is a puny chronicle, scarce pen-feathered with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets, the English Iliad in a nut-shell, the true apocryphal Parliament-book of Macabees in single sheets. It would tire a Welch pedigree to reckon how many *a's* it is removed from an annal; for it is of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster. The original sinner of this kind was Dutch Gallo-Belgicus the Protopiast, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en

Found in few minutes, to his cost, He did but count without his host;
And that a turn-stile is more certain,
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.[1]
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scattered round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear, From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought, to get The honour of his blood and sweat)[2]
Seeing the coast was free and clear O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again and fac'd about, As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed bear, Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about; But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;
Retiring still, until he found H' had got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as valiantly made head, To check the foe and forthwith flod:
Leaving no art untry'd nor trick Of warrior stout and politic;
Until in spite of hot pursuit, He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charged and fo a while Forc'd their whole body to recoil:
But still their number so increas'd He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain, To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd rather than yield, To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution He forthwith put in execution
And bravely threw himself among The enemy i' th' greatest throng,
But what could single valour do Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude Is more than mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd, His rear was suddenly inclos'd;
And no room left him for retreat, Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come:

kelders. The countess of Zealand was brought to bed of an almanac, as many children as days in the year; it may be the legislative lady is of that lineage: so she spawns the diurnals, and they of Westminster take them in adoption, by the names of Scoticus, Civicus, and Britannicus. In the frontispiece of the Old Beldam Diurnal, like the contents of the chapter, sits the House of Commons judging the twelve tribes of Israel. You may call them the kingdom's anatomy, before the weekly kalendar: for such is a diurnal, the day of the month, with the weather in the commonwealth: it is taken for the pulse of the body politic; and the empyric divines of the Assembly, those spiritual Dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed, it is a pretty synopsis, and those grave Rabbies (though in point of divinity) trade in no larger authors. The country carrier, when he buys it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Urinal*, yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the state, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Ashley* as the devil and his exorcist; as a black witch does from a white one, whose business is to unravel her inchantments."

[1] Of this opinion was Sancho Pancha, when, by way of consolation, he told his master, "That nothing was more common in errantry books than for knights every foot to be justled out of the saddle; that there was nothing but ups and downs in this world, and he that's cast down to-day, may be a cock-a-hoop to-morrow."

[2] An allusion to the ridiculous complaint of the Presbyterian commanders, against the Independents, when the self-denying ordinance had brought in the one, to the exclusion of the other.

While manfully himself he bore, And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout, As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms, And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear Attack'd him[1] and some every-where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought, And being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,[2] Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain, And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick, To rescue him had not been quick;
For Trulla who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,[3]
(But not so light as to be borne[4] Upon the ears of standing corn,

[1] "Like dastard curs, that having at a bay
The savage beast, emboss'd in weary chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Ne bite before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch, when turned is his face."

[2] Alluding to those lines in the common ballad of Chevy Chase.
"But Widdrington, in doleful dumps, When's legs were off, fought on his stumps."
Mr. Hearne has printed the ballad of Chevy Chase, or battle of Otterburn (which was fought in the twelfth year of the reign of King Richard II., 1388) from an older copy, in which are the two following lines:
"Sir Wetheryngton, my heart was woe, that euer he slayne should be,
For when his legges were hewyne into, he knyld, and fought upon his kny."

[3] Thus it stands in the two first editions of 1663, and I believe in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long-filed* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleston, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement,
As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot,
which he thinks Plutarch's description of their bows and arrows, in the Life of Crassus, makes good: That the arrows of old used in battle, were longer than ordinary, says he. I gather from Quintus Curtius. "Indus duorum cubitorum sagittam ita excussit," &c., and from Chevy Chase,
"He had a bow bent in his hand Made of a trusty yew,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long Unto the head he drew."
And as Trulla was tall, the simile has a further beauty in it: the arrow does not only express her swiftness; but the mind sees the length of the girl, in the length of the arrow as it flies. Might he not call them *long-field Parthians* from the great distance they shot and did execution with their arrows? The Scythians or wild Tartars are thus described by Ovid.
"Protinus æquato siccis Aquilonibus Istro Invehitur celeri barbarus hostis equo:
Hostis equò pollens, longeque vbiante saggittâ, Vicinam late depopulatur humum."

[4] A satirical stroke upon the character of Camilla, one of Virgil's heroines.
"Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla, &c."
'Last from the Volscians, fair Camilla came, And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd, She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought;
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skipp'd along, Her flying feet unbath'd, on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Whene'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight, Devour her o'er and o'er, with vast delight:
Her purple habit fits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd, And in a golden caul the curls are bound:
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin, and behind Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind."
Dryden.
If it was not, says Mr. Byron, for the beauty of the verses that shaded the impropriety of Camilla's character, I doubt not but Virgil would have been as much censured for the one as applauded for the other. Our Poet has justly avoided such monstrous improbabilities: nor will he attribute an incredible swiftness to Trulla, though there was an absolute call for extra

Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor.
As some report) was got among The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone, By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has achiev'd, In story not to be believed;
And 'twould to us be shame enough, Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it straight, Or else our aid will come too late?
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout, And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And, joining forces, laid about, So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun, As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd[1] and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastiffs loosed their hold: And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:[2]
For as Achilles, dipp'd in pond, Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel All over but the Pagan heel:[3]
So did our champion's arms defend All of him, but the other end:
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter, lost a leathern parcel:
For as an Austrian Archduke once Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd[4] Close to his head; so Bruin far'd:[5]

ordinary celerity under the present circumstances; no less occasion than to save the bear, who was to be the object of all the rabble's diversion.

[1] *Staving and tailing* are terms of art used in the bear-garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears; though they are used metaphorically in several other professions, for moderating, as law, divinity, &c.

[2] Such wounds were always deemed honourable, and those behind dishonourable. Plutarch, Life of Cæsar, tells us that Cæsar, in an engagement in Africa, against the King of Numidia, Scipio, and Afranius, took an ensign, who was running away, by the neck, and forcing him to face about, said, Look, look, that way is the enemy. See an account of the bravery of Acilius, and of a common soldier that saved Cæsar in Britain. Old Siward, tragedy of Macbeth, act v. enquiring of his son's death, asks "If Siward had all his wounds before?

Rosse. Ay, in the front. *Siward.* Why then, God's soldier be he.
Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd."

The late Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, made all those that were wounded in the back at the battle of Hollowzin, to draw cuts for their lives.

[3] Alluding to the fable of Achilles's being dipped by his mother Thetis, in the river Styx, to make him invulnerable; only that part of his foot which she held him by escaped. After he had slain Hector before the walls of Troy, he was at last slain by Paris, being shot by him with an arrow in his heel. See the romantic account of Roldon, one of the twelve peers of France, who was invulnerable everywhere but in the sole of the left foot. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, had a piece of the sole of his boot, near the great toe of his right foot, carried away by a shot.

[4] The story alluded to is of Albert, Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rodolph II., who was defeated by Prince Maurice, of Nassau, in the year 1598. Vid. Hoffmanni Lexic. dit. 1677. He, endeavouring to encourage his soldiers in battle, pulled off his murrion, or

But tugg'd and pull'd on t'other side; Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd,[1]
Or like the late corrected leathern Ears of the circumcised brethren.[2]
But gentle Trulla, into th' ring He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led; The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade Which eglantine and roses made,
Close by a softly murm'ring stream
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repose, Secured from pursuit of foes
And wanting nothing but a song, And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bow to ease the pain His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up th' march in quest Of his great leader, and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace With others that pursu'd the chase;
But found himself left far behind, Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess But number of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,[3]
Forcing the vallies to repeat The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair For loss of his dear crony Bear:
That Echo, from the hollow ground, His doleful wailings did resound,[4]

head-piece, upon which he received a wound by the point of a spear. "Dux Albertus, dum spes supersuit, totam per aciem obequitans, ferebatur cum Diestanis, et in hostem processerat intecto vultu, quo notius exemplum foret; atque ita factum, ut hastæ cuspide a Germano milite auris perstringeretur." To this Cleveland probably alludes, in his Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

"What mean those elders else, those church dragoons,
Made up of ears and ruffs, like ducatoons?"

Smith, of Harleston, informs me that he has seen in the tables of coins, two-thirds and one-third part of the double ducat of Albertus, of Austria.

5 A bear so called by Mr. Gayton, in his notes upon Don Quixote, so called probably from the French word *bruire*, to roar.

1 For forgery; for which the scriveners are bantered by Ben Jonson, Masque of Owles.

"A crop-ear'd scrivener this.
Who when he heard but the whisper of monies to come down, Fright got him out of town,
With all his bills and bonds Of other men's in his hands;
It was not he that broke Two i' th' hundred spoke;
Nor ear'd he for the curse, He could not hear much worse,
He had his ears in his purse."

The punishment of forgery upon the Egyptians was death. Diodori Siculi. Happy had it been for some of these gentlemen had they been in the same way of thinking with the carman (mentioned by Pinkethman and Joe Miller, see their books of jests), who had much ado to pass with a load of cheese at Temple-bar, where a stop was occasioned by a man's standing in the pillory: he, riding up close, asked what it was that was written over the person's head? They told him it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood for forgery. Ay, says he, What is forgery? They answered him, that it was counterfeiting another's hand with an intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking at the offender, "Ah, pox! this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog."

2 Mr. Pryn, Dr. Bastwick, and Mr. Burton, who had their ears cut off for several seditious libels. Pryn, the first time his ears were cut off, had them stitched on again, and they grew: Earl of Stafford's Letters, 1739, and Dr. Bastwick's wife had his put in a clean handkerchief, probably for the same purpose.

"When your Smectymnus surplice wears, Or tippet on his shoulder bears
Rags of the whore;
When Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick dares, With your good leave but show their ears,
They'll ask no more." Loyal Songs, reprinted 1731.

3 A favourite servant who had the misfortune to be drowned.

4 This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be master of the pathetic, as well as the sublime style, but also as it comprehends a fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. Ovid and Erasmus are noted for this way of writing, and Addison blames them, and all others who admit it into their compositions. I will, notwithstanding, venture to produce two ex-

More wistfully, by many times, Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,[1]
That make her, in their ruthful stories, To answer to interr'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say, 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.[2]
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever wince or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum-budget.[3]
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum,
But what a vengeance makes thee fly From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me, Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His Honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This b'ing resolved, with equal speed And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras, To find him out where-e'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
But scarce had he a furlong on This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame
Did equally their breasts inflame.

amples of this kind of wit, which probably may be exempted from this kind of censure: the one serious, by an English poet, the other comical, by a Scotch one.

"Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers, Prepare the way, a God, a God appears;
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply, The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity." Pope.

"He sang sae loud, round rocks the Echoes flew:
'Tis true, he said, they a' return'd, 'Tis true." Ramsay.

[1] He seems in this place to sneer at Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his Arcadia, has a long poem between the speaker and Echo. Why he calls the verses *splay-foot* may be seen from the following example, taken from the poem.

"Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace?—Peace, peace!——What barrs me my tongue? who is it that comes me so nigh?—I——Oh!—I do not know what guest I have met; it is Echo—'tis Echo.——

"Well met, Echo, approach, then tell me thy will to—I will too." Euripides, in his Andromeda, a tragedy now lost, had a foolish scene of the same kind, which Aristophanes makes sport with in his Feast of Ceres.

[2] "Is any man offended? Marry guep." Ben Jonson.

[3] An allusion to Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. *Simple.* "I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her, and while I cry Mum, she cries Budget."

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was, And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout And resolute as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront that paultry ass, And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paultry ragamuffin, Ralpho, with vapouring, and huffing.
Have put upon us, like tame cattle, As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said, I for the washing gave my head;[1]
Nor did I turn my back for fear O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo; For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has received in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become Of him more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dar'd, To pull the devil by the beard.[2]
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'rybody here, As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good, But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And t' other mongrel vermin, Ralph, That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril;
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay, The slaves may hap to get away.
This said, they all engag'd to join Their forces in the same design;
And forthwith put themselves, in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march.
Where leave we them awhile to tell What the victorious Knight befell:
For such, Crowdero being fast In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow No where so green as on his brow;
Laden with which, as well as tir'd With conquering toil, he now retir'd

[1] This phrase used by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid's Revenge, act. iv. where the citizens are talking that Leucippus was to be put to death.

1st Cit. It holds, he dies this morning. *2d Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune.

1st Cit. And so am I and forty more good fellows that will not give their heads for the washing, I take it." It is imitated by the writer of the second part, that was spurious, 1663.

"On Agnes' eve they'd strictly fast, And dream of those that kiss'd them last,
Or on Saint Quintin's watch all night, With smock hung up for lover's sight:
Some of the laundry were (no flashing) That would not give their heads for washing."

[2] A common saying in England. The being pulled by the beard in Spain is deemed as dishonourable as being kicked on the seat of honour in England.

Don Sebastian de Cobarruvias, in his Treasury of the Italian Tongue, observes, That no man can do the Spaniards a greater disgrace than by pulling them by the beard; and in proof gives the following romantic account. "A noble gentleman of that nation dying (his name Cid Rai Dios), a Jew, who hated him much in his life-time, stole privately into the room where his body was newly laid out, and thinking to do what he never durst while he was living, stooped down to pluck him by the beard; at which the body started up, and drawing his sword, which lay by him, half way out, put the Jew in such a fright, that he ran out of the room as if a thousand devils had been behind him. This done, the body lay down as before unto rest, and the Jew after that turned Christian." It was Sancho Pancha's expression, "They had as good take a lion by the beard." See Legend of the giant Rytho, upon the mountain Aravius, who made himself a garment of the beards of those kings that he had slain; and was himself slain by King Arthur.

Unto a neighbouring castle by, To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,
To mollify th' uneasy pang Of every honourable bang,
Which b'ing by skilful midwife dress'd,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt O' the inside of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand[1] Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For ne, in all his am'rous battles
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance, And gall him in the purtenance;
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his soul Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so soft did ake, And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging comforts, and ants eggs,
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d'y'call him)—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,[2] Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad,
She could love none but only such As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady, Not love, if any lov'd her—Hey-day!
So cowards never use their might, But against such as will not fight;[3]

[1] Cupid aimed well for the Knight's circumstances; for in Walker's Hist. Independ. it is observed, that the Knight's father, Sir Oliver Luke, was decayed in his estates, and so was made Colonel of Horse; but we are still ignorant how much his hopeful son (the hero of this poem) advanced it, by his beneficial places of Colonel, Committee-man, Justice, Scout-master, and Governor of Newport-Pagnel. He sighs for his widow's jointure, which was two hundred pounds a year: but very unluckily he met with fatal obstacles in the course of his amours; for she was a mere cocquet, and, what was worse for one of the Knight's principles, a Royalist. It must be a mistake in L'Estrange to say she was the widow of one Wilmot, an Independent; for Butler, who certainly knew her, observes, that her name was Tomson, and thus humorously expatiates upon our Knight's unsuccessful amour:

"Ill has he read, that never heard How he with Widow Tomson far'd;
And what hard conflict was between Our Knight and that insulting queen:
Sure captive Knight ne'er took more pains For rhymes for his melodious strains;
Nor beat his brains, nor made more faces To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get Into this subtle gipsey's net," &c.
Hudibras's Elegy. Remains, 1727.

All which is agreeable to her behaviour in this poem: and it is further hinted in the Elegy, that she was of a loose and common character, and yet continued inexorable to the Knight, and in short was the cause of his death.

[2] Pygmalion, the son of Cilex (according to the Heathen mythology) fell in love with an ivory statue, which Venus turning into a young woman, he begot of her Paphus.

"The Cyprian prince,* with joy-expressing words, *Pygmalion.
To pleasure-giving Venus thanks affords.
His lips to her's he joins, which seem to melt; The virgin blushing, now his kisses felt,
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes, Together with the light, her lover spies.
Venus the marriage blessed, which she had made,
And when nine crescents† had at full display'd †*increasing moons*
Their joining horns, replete with borrow'd flame,
She Paphus bore, who gave that isle a name." Sandys.

[3] Alluding probably to the combat between the two cowards Dametas and Clinoas, (Arcadia, by Sir Philip Sydney,) who protested to fight like Hectors, and gave out as terrible

So some diseases have been found Only to seize upon the sound:
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.[1]
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion; Her ignorance is his devotion:[2]
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed Rides with his face to rump of steed;[3]
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love, Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney; Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout Did quickly wind his meaning out,
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach and the pain He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret, so resolute, That he resolv'd to waive his suit,
And either to renounce her quite, Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by Fate, The victory he atchieved so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope A door to discontinu'd hope,[4]
That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himself, who knows, But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop
As I but now have forced the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love, And virtue invious ways can prove,[5]
What may not he confide to do That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour too and wit, Two things that seldom fail to hit,
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin, Which women oft are taken in.
Then Hudibras, why should'st thou fear To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,[6] But lets the timidous miscarry.

bravadoes against each other as the stoutest champions in the world, each confiding in the cowardice of his adversary.

[1] The Spectator, 61, speaking of an epigram called the *Witch's Prayer*, says, "it fell into verse when it was read either backwards or forwards, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed another."

[2] Alluding to the Popish doctrine, that ignorance is the mother of devotion.

[3] Alluding, it may be, to the punishment of Robert Ward, Thomas Watson, Simon Graunt, George Jellis, and William Sawyers, members of the army, who, upon the 6 March, 1648, in the New Palace-yard, Westminster, were forced to ride with their faces towards their horses tails, had their swords broken over their heads, and were cashiered, for petitioning the Rump for relief of the oppressed common-wealth. See tract, The Hunting of the Foxes from Newmarket and Triplow Heaths, to Whitehall, by five small Beagles lately of the Army, printed in a Corner of Freedom, right opposite the Council of War, A D. 1649, or to the custom of Spain, where condemned criminals are carried to the place of execution upon an ass, with their faces to the tail.

[4] A canting phrase used by the Sectaries, when they entered on any new mischief.

[5] "Virtus, recludens immeritis mori Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ." Horatii Carm. lib. iii.

[6] Alluding to that passage in Terence's Phormia, "Fortes Fortuna adjuvat."

Then while the honour thou hast got, Is spick and span new,[1] piping hot,
Strike her up bravely, thou had'st best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep:
And as an owl that in a barn Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,[2]
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes As if he slept until he spies
The little beast within his reach, Then starts and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, Dispatch, To horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout, We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd Up to the fort where he ensconc'd;
And all the avenues had possessed About the place, from east to west.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault.
Then call'd a council, which was best, By siege or onslaught,[3] to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed, By storm and onslaught, to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd in comely sort They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho, call'd aloud to arm, Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care Of angels bad or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on to danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
That foresight might, or might not blot The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be said They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound, That deal in sciences profound.
His courser scarce he had bestrid, And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate, Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,[4]

[1] Mr. Ray observes, (English Proverbs,) that this proverbial phrase, according to Mr. Howel, comes from *spica*, an ear of corn; but rather, says he, as I am informed from a better author, *spike* is a sort of nail, and *spawn* the chip of a boat; so that it is all one as to say, every chip and nail is new. But I humbly am of opinion, that it rather comes from *spike*, which signifies a *nail*, and a nail in measure is the sixteenth part of a yard, and *span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard, or nine inches; and all that is meant by it, when applied to a new suit of clothes, is, that it has been just measured from the piece by the nail and span.

[2] This simile should not pass by unregarded, because it is but just and natural. The Knight's present case is not much different from the owl's; their figures are equally ludicrous, and they seem to be pretty much in the same design: If the Knight's mouth waters at the Widow, so does the owl's at the mouse; and the Knight was forming as deep a plot to seize the Widow's heart, as the owl to surprise the mouse; and the Knight starts up with as much briskness at the Widow, as the owl does to secure his prey. This simile therefore exactly answers the business of one, which is to illustrate one thing by comparing it to another. If it be objected, that it is drawn from a low subject, it may be replied, that similes are not always to be drawn from noble and lofty themes; for, if they were, how would those similes, of boys surrounding an ass in Homer, Iliad λ., and of whipping a top in Virgil, Æn. vii. be defended? If such are allowable in epic poetry, much more are they in burlesque. I could subjoin two similes out of Homer suitable to the Knight's case, but it might seem too pedantic; and yet I cannot end this note, without observing a fine imitation of our Poet's simile, in Phillips's Splendid Shilling:

"——— so poets sing Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye, Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice Sure ruin ———"

[3] *Onslaught*, a storming, a fierce attack upon a place.

[4] Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of Thierry, King of France, where Protuldy, a coward speaking of his soldiers to the King, says, "It appears they have been drilled, nay very

Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh He thought began to smart afresh;
Till recollecting wonted courage His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: The coward foe Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears, As if they had out-run their fears;
The glory we did lately get, The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we must succumb, *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numeric crew Which we so lately did subdue;
The self same individuals that Did run, as mice do, from a cat,
When we courageously did wield Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory, and when We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror over our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads:
Fear is an ague that forsakes And haunts by fits those whom it takes:
And they'll opine they feel the pain And blows they felt to day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This said, his courage to inflame, He call'd upon his mistress' name.[1]
His pistol next he cock'd a-new, And out his nut-brown whinyard drew:
And, placing Ralpho in the front, Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd With iron heel his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
Mean while the foe, with equal rage And speed, advancing to engage
Both parties now were drawn so close, Almost to come to handy-blows;
When Orsin first let fly a stone At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul. Æneas on the bum withal;[2]

prettily drilled; for many of them can discharge their muskets without the danger of throwing off their heads."

[1] A sneer upon romance writers, who make their heroes, when they enter upon most dangerous adventures, to call upon their mistresses names. Cervantes, from whom Butler probably copied the thought, often puts his Don Quixote under these circumstances. Before his engagement with the carriers, before his engagement with the windmills, when he was going to engage the Biscayan squire, he cried out aloud, "Oh Lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat undertaken to set forth your worth:" before his adventure with the lions, and in the adventure of Montesino's cave. Mr. Jarvis says, in the Life of Michael de Cervantes de Saavedra, prefixed to Don Quixote, 1742, "In order to animate themselves the more, says the old collection of Spanish laws, they hold it a noble thing to call upon the names of their mistresses, that their hearts might swell with an increase of courage, and their shame be the greater if they failed in their attempts."

[2] Here is another evidence of that air of truth and probability which is kept up by Butler through this Poem: he would by no means have his readers fancy the same strength and activity in Orsin which Homer ascribes to Diomed; for which reason he alludes to the following passage in the fifth Iliad,

Ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ Τυδείδης. &c.
"Then fierce Tydides stoops, and from the fields
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields;
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
He swung it round, and gathering strength to throw,
Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe;
Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights,
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone;
Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipp'd are destin'd to.[1]
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire.
But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid, And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting left the shot Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy blows,
And that he might their aim decline, Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire, Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,[2]
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight, Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her goodyship To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, chusing out a stone, Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force, As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: And as a goose In death contracts her talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and, as it was Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd: The shot, let fly At random 'mong the enemy,[3]
Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine,[4] and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing,

Lost in a dirty mist, the warrior lies,
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes." Pope.

Vid. Virgil, Æneid l. 101, &c. Juvenal, sat. xv. 65, &c. Unfortunate Æneas! it seems to be his fate to be thus attacked by his enemies: Turnus also wields a piece of a rock at him, which, Virgil says, twelve men could hardly raise, tho' the consequences are not so dismal as in Homer.

"Nec plura effatus, saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus." Æn. xi. 896.

[1] Wright, 1656, speaks of some chymical professors of religion in those times that had been twice dipped, but never baptised.

[2] Alluding to O. Cromwell's prudent conduct in this respect, who seldom suffered his soldiers to fire, till they were near enough to do execution upon the enemy.

[3] Hudibras's pistol was out of order, as is before observed by Butler; and it is certain, that he was not so expert a marksman as the Scotch Douglas, Shakespeare's Henry IV., of whom Prince Henry made the following observation, "He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying:" or Prince Rupert, who, at Stafford, in the time of the rebellion, standing in Captain Richard Sneyd's garden, at about sixty yards distance, made a shot at the weathercock upon the steeple of the collegiate church of St. Mary, with a screwed horseman's pistol, and single bullet, which, pierced its tail, the hole plainly appearing to all that were below; which the King presently judging as a casualty only, the Prince presently proved the contrary by a second shot to the same effect.

[4] *Calverdine* in French, a shepherd's coarse frock or coat. A word often used by romance-writers, and among the rest by the translator of Amadis de Gaul. Shylock the Jew, speaking to Antonio, see Merchant of Venice,

"You call'd me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own."

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Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,[1]
Who straight *A surgeon* cry'd, *a surgeon!*[2]
He tumbled down, and, as he fell, Did *Murder, murder, murder* yell.
This startled their whole body so, That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time) the fight.
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tir'd them so they agreed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight When the disaster of the Knight
And t'other party did divert Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras, And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, And let revenge and honour stir,
Your spirits up; once more fall on, The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew To use your victory as subdue,[3]
They durst not, after such a blow As you have given them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder:[4]
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play Than yet y' have had to get the day.
Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard:
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue.
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose, That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend My days to appropinque an end;
I am for action now unfit, Either of fortitude or wit.

[1] Habergeon, a little coat of mail, or only sleeves and gorget of mail.
"Some would been arm'd in a habergeon, And in a breast-plate with a light gippion."

[2] See the case of Monsieur Thomas and Hylas, Fletcher's comedy entitled, Monsieur Thomas, when the first thought his leg broke in twenty pieces, and the latter that his skull was broke. Magnano seems not to be so courageous as the sea-captain, who, for his courage in a former engagement where he had lost a leg, was preferred to the command of a good ship: In the next engagement, a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck: A seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out to carry him down to the surgeon —He swore at him, and said, Call the carpenter, you dog, I have no occasion for a surgeon.

[3] A sneer probably upon Prince Rupert, who, in the battle of Marston Moor, charged General Fairfax's forces with so much fury and resolution, that he broke them, and the Scots their reserve; but, to his own ruin, pursued them too far, according to his usual fate. Echard's History of England.

[4] Dr. Plot seems to be of opinion, that crows smell powder at some distance. "If the crows are towards harvest any thing mischievous, destroying the corn, in the outward limits of the field, they dig a hole, narrow at the bottom, and broad at the top, in the green swarth near the corn, wherein they put dust and cinders, mixed with a little gun-powder, and about the holes stick crows feathers, which they find about Burford to have good success."

Fortune, my foe, begins to frown, Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound Or trivial basting, to despond;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail:
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course: but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour, And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war, no feat Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly, Take place at least of th' enemy.[1]
This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bonny steed,
To seize the arms, which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say,[2] with might and main, He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft, But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, 'till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast, When Orsin, who had newly dress'd
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, The enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole Fall on, and happy man be's dole.[3]
This said, like to a thunderbolt, He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack Before he reach'd his horse's back.

[1] French translation of four verses presented to Prince Eugene:
"Ne laissez pas tojours de vous mettre en tête De fair à propos un belle retraite
La quelle, croyez moi, est le plus grand mystere De la bonne conduite, et de l'art militaire:
Car ceux, qui s'enfuyent, peuvent revenir sur les pas, Ainsi ne sont jaimais mis hors de combat;
Mais ceux, au contraire, qui demeurent sur la place,
Se privent de tout moin de venger leur disgrace;
Et lors qu' on se mette en devoir s' enfuir, L' ennemi tout aussi-t s' efforce à courir;
Et par la le combat se change:'it en poursuite, Ils gaguent la victoire qui courent le plus vite."

[2] A sneer upon the expletives used by some men in their common conversation: some very remarkable ones I have heard of, as *Mark y' me there, This an't'that t'other thing, To dint, to don't, to do't, D'y' hear me, d'y' see, that is, and so Sir;* Spectator, banter upon Mrs. Jane, for her *Mrs. Such a one,* and *Mr. What d' ye call.*

Gayton, in banter of Sancho Pancha's' expletives, produces a remarkable instance of a reverend judge, who was to give a charge at an assize, which was performed with great gravity, and had it not been interlarded with *in that kind:* as "Gentlemen of the jury, You ought to enquire after recusants in that kind, and such as do not frequent the church in that kind; but above all, such as haunt ale-houses in that kind, notorious whoremasters in that kind, drunkards and blasphemers in that kind, and all notorious offenders in that kind, are to be presented in that kind, and, as the laws in that kind direct, must be proceeded against in that kind."——A gentleman being asked, after the court rose, how he liked the judge's charge answered, that it was the best *of that kind* that he had ever heard.

[3] An expression often used by Slender, Merry Wives of Windsor speaks as follows to Mrs. Ann Page: "Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not happy man be's dole."

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover His seat, and cast his right leg over
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd On horse and man so heavy a load
The beast was startled, and begun To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire, like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back;[1]
'Till stumbling, he threw him down, Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Mean while the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his hand into his hose, And found, both by his eyes and nose,
Twas only choler, and not blood, That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire, Inflam'd him with despiteful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about, And drew his other pistol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then stoutly pressing on with speed, Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb, But Orsin came and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a barque, that, in foul weather
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro, And knows not which to turn him to,
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them to oppose;
'Till Orsin, charging with his lance At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria;* Lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee company in death;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe,
As well he might: for Orsin, griev'd,
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,[2]
Ran to relieve him with his lore, And cure the hurt he gave before.
Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,

[1] Alluding to the shameful usage of King Richard III. who was slain in the thirteenth or last battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, Aug. 22, 1485. His body was carried to Leicester, in a most ignominious manner, like a slain deer, laid cross his horse's back, his head and arms hanging on one side, and his legs on the other, stark naked, and besmeared with blood, dirt, and mire; Echard's England. The brave Prince of Conde, who was killed at the battle of Brissac, was used by the Catholics in as contemptuous a manner; they carrying his body in triumph upon a poor packhorse. Sancho Pancha met with infamous usage upon the braying adventure.

[2] Had Cerdon been killed by this undesigned blow, it is probable it would have come to the bear-garden case. When a bull had tossed a poor fellow that went to save his dog, there was a mighty bustle about him, with brandy and other cordials, to bring him to himself again; but when the college found there was no good to be done, "Well, go thy way, Jaques (says a jolly member of that society), there is the best back-sword man in the field gone; Come, let us play another dog."

To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware
But he was quick, and had already Unto the part apply'd remedy :[1]
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd, Drew up and stood upon his guard.
Then, like a warrior right expert And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay the assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire, And then (in order) to retire ;
Or, as occasion should invite, With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd, Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd, his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore ;
Right fain he would have got upon His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is our's, And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won, The foe is profligate and run ;
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, Twice I, In one day, *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*[2]

[1] The case, it is plain, was not so bad as to require the application of Don Quixote's balsam of Fierabras, concerning the use of which he gives Sancho Pancha the following direction. "If at any time (says he) thou happenest to see my body cut in two, by some unlucky back-stroke, as it is common amongst us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do, than to take up nicely that half of me which is fallen to the ground, and to clap it exactly to the other half on the saddle, before the blood is congealed, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam, and thou shalt see me become whole, and sound as an apple." Or Waltho Van Clutterbank's balsam of balsams, which he calls Nature's Palladium, or Health's Magazine, and observes of it as follows: "Should you chance to have your brains knocked out, or your head chopped off, two drops of this, seasonably applied, will recal the fleeting spirits, reinthrone the deposed archeus, cement this discontinuity of parts, and in six minutes time restore lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, rational, and animal."

[2] The Knight exults too soon, for Trulla soon spoils his imaginary victory: How vain is he in preferring himself to Cæsar! It will be proper to mention to the reader the occasion that gave rise to this saying of Julius Cæsar, in order to discover the vanity of the Knight in applying it to his own ridiculous actions. "Cæsar after some stay in Syria, made Sextus Cæsar, his kinsman, president of that province, and then hastened northward towards Pharnaces; on his arrival where the enemy was, he, without giving any respite either to himself or them, immediately fell on, and gained an absolute victory over them; an account whereof he wrote to a friend of his [*viz.* Amintius at Rome] in these three words *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, I came, I saw, I overcame: which short expression of his success, very aptly setting forth the speed whereby he obtained it, he affected so much, that, afterwards, when he triumphed for this victory, he caused these three words to be writ on a table, and carried aloft before him in that pompous shew." Tom Coryat in an oration to the Duke of York, afterwards King Charles I. applies this passage of Cæsar in the following humourous manner: "I here (says he) present your grace with the fruits of my furious travels, which I therefore entitle with such an epithet, because I performed my journey with great celerity, compassed and atchieved my designs with a fortune not much unlike that of Cæsar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici:* I came to Venice and quickly took a survey of the whole model of the city, together with the most remarkable matters thereof; and shortly after my arrival in England, I overcame my adversaries in the town of Evill, in my native county of Somersetshire, who thought to have sunk me in a bargain of pilchards, as the wise men of Gotham went about to drown an eel." There are instances in

The foe's so numerous, that we Cannot so often *vincere*,
And they *perire*, and yet enough Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more Put us to fight the business o'er,
Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were In case for action now be here;
Nor have I turned my back, or hang'd An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms, Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.[1]
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruised my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here and be a prey To those who now are run away.
That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras):
We read, the ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare* *Civem*, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft to-day have done, The other shall dispatch anon:
And though th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogged his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the Squire,
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightning behind.
She had been long in search about, Magnano's wound to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got.
But having found the worst was past, *She fell to her own work at last,*
The pillage of the prisoners, Which in all feats of arms were her's;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew, When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him; for, as he bow'd To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well, On t'other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die, Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy, And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh, I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while, And once more, for that carcase vile,

history of generals obtaining two victories in one day: Alcibiades, the famous Athenian General, defeated Mindarus and Artabazus, by land and sea, the same day; and Cimon, the son of Militiades, the Athenian general, obtained two victories by sea and land the same day, wherein, according to Plutarch (in Cimone), he surpassed that of Salamais by sea, and Platea by land. Vide Thucydides.

[1] Mr. Whitelock, Memorials, mentions the bravery of Sir Philip Stapleton's groom, "who, attending his master on a charge, had his mare shot under him.—To some of his company he complained, that he had forgot to take off his saddle and bridle from his mare, and to bring them away with him; and said, that they were a new saddle and bridle, and that the Cavaliers should not get so much by him, but he would go again and fetch them. His master and friends persuaded him not to adventure in so rash an act, the mare lying dead close to the enemy, who would haul him if he came so near them; and his master promised to give him another new saddle and bridle. But all this would not persuade the groom to leave his saddle and bridle to the Cavaliers, but he went again to fetch them, and staid to pull off the saddle and bridle, while hundreds of bullets flew about his ears; and brought them back with him, and had no hurt at all."

Fight upon tick.[1]—Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word: First let me rise, and take my sword,
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatch'd,
Now with a feeble spinster matched,[2]
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider whil'st thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course, B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off, (And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou can'st not have, nor grace,[3] By law of arms in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand[4] upon her breech,
To show how much she prized his speech)
Quarter or counsel from a foe; If thou can'st force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said, When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd, Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell, And on the Knight let fall a peal

[1] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greatest figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few instances, I believe, in either romance or history, that come up to this. Charles XII. King of Sweden, having taken a town from the Duke of Saxony, then King of Poland, and that prince intimating, that there must have been treachery in the case, he offered to give up the town, and retake it. Motraye observes, that if his generals thought fit to attack a place on the weakest side, the King ordered it to be attacked on the strongest. I have given instances (says he) of this in another place: I will repeat only one. Count Dalbert having retaken from the Saxons the fort of Dunamunden by capitulation, after as vigorous and long attack of the besiegers as was the resistance of the besieged, that young hero would by all means have the prisoners sent back into the fort, and take it by storm, without giving or receiving quarter. That was the only occasion that the Count and other officers prevailed on him, with much ado, to recede from his proposal."

[2] A title given in law to all unmarried women, down from a Viscount's daughter to the meanest spinster. "Quare fœminæ nobiliores sic hodie dictæ in rescriptie fori judicialis. v. Fusum in Aspilogia. Pollard, miles, et justiciarius habuit xi filios gladiis cinctos in tumulo suo: et totidem filias fusis depictas."

[3] This Gasconade had not the same effect upon the brave Trulla, that the threats of the Cavalier officer, at the relief of Pontefract, had upon some common soldiers: He having his horse shot under him saw two or three common soldiers with their muskets over him, as he lay flat upon the ground, to beat out his brains: the gentleman defying them, at the same instant, to strike at their peril; for if they did, "by the Lord," he swore, "he would not give quarter to a man of them." This freak was so surprizing that it put them to a little stand: and in the interim the Cavalier had time to get up and make his escape. In the battle obtained by the brave Montrose against the Scotch Rebels, September 1644, the Rebels word was, Jesus, and no quarter.

[4] Trulla discovered more courage than good manners in this instance; though her behaviour was no less polite than that of Captain Rodrigo del Rio to Philip II. King of Spain, whom he had met with incog. and telling him, "That he was going to wait on him to beg a reward on account of his services, with his many wounds and scars about him, the King asked him what he would say, provided the King did not reward him according to expectation. The Captain answered, "*Yo lo a dios qui rese mi mula en culo*, If he will not, let him kiss my mule in the tail." Thereupon the King with a smile asked him his name, and told him, if he brought proper certificates of his services, he would procure him admittance to the King and council by giving the door-keeper his name beforehand: The next day the Captain being let in, and seeing the King, with his council bare about him, the King said, "Well, Captain, do you remember what you said yesterday, and what the King should do to your mule, if he gave you no reward extraordinary?" The Captain not being daunted, said, "Truly, Sir, my mule is ready at the court-gate, if there be occasion." The King liking the stoutness of the man, ordered four hundred crowns to be given him, and four thousand reels for a pension during life

Of blows so fierce, and pressed so home,
That he retired and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't (quoth she), or yield to mercy, It is not fighting arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel, Although th' already made him reel,
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame, At once into his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick, As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight, And she, with quick and cunning flight,
Avoiding it, the force and weight He charged upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side, And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul, In basely breaking his parole;
And when, before th' fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,[1]
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter:
Why dost not put me to the sword, But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down;
My laurels are transplanted now, And flourish on thy conquering brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,

[1] Butler, or whoever was author of the Pindaric Ode to the memory of Du Vall the highway man, see Butler's Remains, thus explains the phrase of *catching a Tartar.*

"To this stern foe he oft gave quarter. *The sessions court.*
But as the Scotchman did to a Tartar,
That he in time to come Might in return receive his fatal doom."

Peck explains it in a different manner. Bajazet (says he) was taken prisoner by Tamerlane, who, when he first saw him, generously asked, "Now, Sir, if you had taken me prisoner, as I have you, tell me, I pray, what you would have done with me?"—"If I had taken you prisoner (said the foolish Turk), I would have thrust you under the table when I did eat, to gather up the crumbs with the dogs; when I rode out, I would have made your neck a horsing-block; and when I travelled, you also should have been carried along with me in an iron cage, for every fool to hoot and shout at." I thought to have used you better (said the gallant Tamerlane); but since you intended to serve me thus, you have *caught a Tartar*, for hence I reckon came that proverb), justly pronounced your doom." Dr. Brett says, the Tartars will die rather than yield. From this character of a Tartar, the proverb was probably taken, *you have caught a Tartar*; that is you have caught a man that will never yield to you. Of this disposition was Captain Hockenflycht, a brave Swede, and sea-captain; who, being surrounded by the ships of the Muscovites, against which he had gallantly defended himself for two hours, having spent all his ammunition, and having waited till the enemy which approached him on all sides had boarded him, he then blew up his vessel and a great number of Muscovites at the same time.

Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff;
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power, He that is down can fall no lower.[1]
The ancient heroes were illustrious For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe; their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out T' employ their courtesies about.
Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd
Base slubberdegullion,[2] to be serv'd
As thou dids't vow to deal with me, If thou had'st got the victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,[3] Of which I will not bate one straw:
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey: Yet those whom I expugn'd to day;
Of thine own party, I let go, And gave them life and freedom too;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound, Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound.[4]
Where still he lies, and with regret His gen'rous bowels rage and fret,
But now thy carcase shall redeem, And serve to be exchang'd for him.[5]
This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet;

[1] "Qui jacet in terram, non habet unde cadat." Of this opinion was the Cavalier, of Loyal Songs.

"Our money shall never indite us, Nor drag us to goldsmiths'-hall,
No pirates nor wrecks can affright us; We that have no estates
Fear no plunder nor rates, We can sleep with open gates;
He that lies on the ground cannot fall."

[2] I have not met with this word any where but in the works of John Taylor, the water poet (though it may be used by many other authors), who, in his Laugh and be Fat, has the following words: *contaminous, pestiferous, stigmatical, slavonians, slubberdegullions.* The word signifies, I think, the same with driveler.

[3] In duels, the fees of the marshal were all horses, pieces of broken armour, and other furniture that fell to the ground after the combatants entered the lists, as well from the challenger as defender; but all the rest appertained to the party victorious, whether he was challenger or defender. This was Sancho's claim when his master Don Quixote had unhorsed a monk of Saint Benedict.

[4] Shakespeare (King Lear) introduces the Earl of Kent, threatening the steward with Lipsbury pinfold. The following incident, communicated by a friend, though it could not give rise to the expression, was an humorous application of it. Mr. Lob was preacher amongst the dissenters, when their conventicles were under what they called persecution: the house he preached in was so contrived that he could, upon occasion, slip out of his pulpit through a trap-door, and escape clear off. Once finding himself beset, he instantly vanished this way, and the pursuivants, who had had a full view of their game, made a shift to find out which way he had burrowed, and followed through certain subterraneous passages, till they got into such a dark cell, as made their further pursuit vain, and their own retreat almost desperate: in which dismal place, whilst they were groping about in great perplexity, one of them swore that Lob had got them into his pound. Lob signifies a clown or boor, who commonly, when he has a man in his power, uses him with too much rigour and severity.

[5] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very disgraceful to one of the Knight's station. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his Hero to such a direful condition, and for representing him as stripped and degraded by a trull? No, certainly; it was her right by the law of arms (which the Poet must observe) to use her captive at her pleasure: Trulla acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generously skreened him from a threatening storm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal honour of her sex!

Next he disrob'd his gaberdine, And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake; Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French were conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,[1]
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry[2] of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day, To share in th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour Upon him in a wooden show'r;
But Trulla thrust herself between, And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or their's should make that quarter good:
For she was bound by law of arms To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras Should ransom and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd; Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done So well as this she pitched upon;
For who a better could imagine?

[1] The English conquered the French in the reign of Edward III., at the battle of Cressy, anno 1346, at the battle of Poictiers, anno 1357, in the reign of Henry V., at the battle of Agincourt, anno 1415, 3d Henry V., and in the reign of Henry VI., at Vernole, anno 1424. Pantaloons and port-cannons were some of the fantastic fashions wherein we aped the French.

"At quisquis insula satus Britannica Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam
Ut mores simiæ laboret fingere, Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium. Ergo ex Britanno ut Gallus esse nititur,
Sic, Dii, jubete, fiat ex Gallo capus." Tho. Moore.

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of Celenæ, and discharging itself into the river Sanger, the water of which is of that admirable quality, that, being moderately drunk, it purges the brain, and cures madness; but largely drunk, it makes men frantic: Pliny. Horatius. Pantaloons, a garment consisting of breeches and stockings fastened together, and both of the same stuff.

"Be not these courtly coy-ducks, whose repute S'ol'n with ambition of a gaudy suit,
Or some outlandish gimp-thigh'd pantaloon,
A garb since Adam's time was scarcely known."
The Chimney Scuffle, *London*, 1663.

The fashions of the French, which prevailed much at that time, are humorously exposed by the author of a tract. "The pride of life (says he) is indeed the torment and trouble of it: but whilst the devil, that spiritual tailor, prince of the air, can so easily step to France, and monthly fetch us new fashions, it is never likely to be otherwise."

[2] *Erst*, or *yerst*, in Chaucer, signifies *in earnest*.

"But now at erst will I begin To expone you the pith within."
The Romaunt of the Rose.

In Spencer it signifies *formerly*.

"He then afresh, with new encouragement, Did him assayl, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward earst, now backward to retreat." Fairy Queen.

This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces[1] to their arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast, And Talgol that which Ralpho press'd,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon, And Colon waited as a guard on;
All ushering Trulla in the rear, With the arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach the enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears, Or pageants born before Lord Mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd In order, soldier-like contriv'd;
Still marching in a war-like posture, As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure, And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in black art, No less than he that built the fort;
And with an iron mace laid flat A breach which straight all enter'd at;
And in the wooden dungeon found Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from durance base, Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage With luscious vengeance to asswage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same Limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut:
Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' hole,[2]
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array Which they advanc'd they march'd away;
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop To fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with ends of verse, And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind, Is *sui juris*, unconfin'd,[3]
And cannot be laid by the heels, Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint nor liberty That makes men prisoners or free;

[1] They were used no worse than the Anti-Pope Gregory, called Brundinus, created such by the Emperor Henry IV., who being taken prisoner, was mounted upon a camel, with his face to the tail, which he held as a bridle. Wolfii Lection. Memorab.

[2] Alluding probably to the two old ballads, entitled Hockley i' th' whole, to the tune of the Fidler in the Stocks. Old Ballads.

[3] Referring to that distinction in the civil law, "Sequitur de jure personarum alia divisio: nam quædam personæ sui juris sunt, quædam alieno, juri subjectæ." The reasoning of Justice Adam Overdo in the stocks was much like this of Hudibras. Act iv. sc. i.

"*Just.* I do not feel it, I do not think of it; it is a thing without me.

Adam. Thou art above these batteries, these contumelies, "In te manca ruit fortuna," as thy friend Horace says; thou art one "Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;" and therefore, as another friend of thine says (I think it be thy friend Persius), "Nec te quæsiveris extra."

From this speech the Knight seems to have had a great share of the Stoic in him; tho' we are not told so in his character. His Stoicism supported him in this his first direful mishap: he relies wholly upon that virtue which the Stoics say is a sufficient fund for happiness. What makes the principle more apparent in him is the argument he urges against pain to the widow upon her visit to him; which is conformable to the Stoical system. Such reflections wonderfully abated the anguish and indignation that would have naturally risen in his mind at such bad fortune.

But perturbations that possess The mind or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide To Alexander, when he cry'd,[1]
Because he had but one to subdue, As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said (For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob, Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two sev'ral kinds Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive valiant; Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows and to carry In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats, the passive stout Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately and to out-do The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are sugill'd,[2]
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come, And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain Be in the bed of honour lain,[3]
He that is beaten may be said To lie in honour's truckle-bed.[4]
For as we see th' eclipsed sun By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate, Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, 'How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit, Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by A carnal hour-glass[5] do imply

1 "Alexander, qui, cum Anaxagorum plures mundos esse disputantem audisset, ingemuisse dicitur, et lacrymas emisisse, quod unum ex iis totum in ditionem redigere nequivisset."
"Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis——" Juvenal, sat. x. 168. &c.
"One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd,
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out." Dryden.
"When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet, a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue."
Waller's Panegyric on the Lord Protector.

2 From *sugillo*, to beat black and blue.

3 This is Serjeant Kite's description of the bed of honour, Farquhar's Recruiting Officer, "That it is a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed of Ware—Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

4 A pun upon the word *truckle*.

5 In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation: who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken), would say, that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn, and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher, that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hour-glasses remained in some churches till within these forty years. L'Estrange makes mention of a tedious holder-forth, that was three quarters through his second glass, the congregation quite tired out and starved, and no hope of mercy yet appearing: these things considered, a good charitable sexton took compassion of the auditory, and procured their deliverance, only by a short hint out of the ayle: "Pray, Sir, (says he) be pleased, when you have done, to leave the key under the door;" and so the sexton departed, and the teacher followed him soon after. The writer of a tract, 1648, observes, "That they could pray, or rather prate, by the Spirit, out of a tub, two hours at least against the King and State." And it is proposed, by a Modern Church-warden, that the hour-glass should be turned out of doors; "for our extemporal preachers (says he) may not keep time with a clock, or glass; and so when they are out (which is not very seldom) they can take leisure to come in again: whereas, they that measure their

Illumination can convey Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off
For who, without a cap and bauble, Having subdued a Bear and rabble,[1]
And might with honour have come off, Would put it to a second proof?
A politic exploit, right fit For Presbyterian zeal and wit.[2]
Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,
Ralpho thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at anything would'st rail, Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain To what degree it is prophane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical.
As if Presbytery were a standard, To size whats'ever's to be slandered.
Dost not remember how, this day, Thou to my beard was bold to say
That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting, equal
With synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't, And dare thee to't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly, that is no Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains.[3] And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are mystical bear-gardens,[4]
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court, Manage the Babylonish sport,
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward, Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but sev'ral synagogues Of carnal men, and bears and dogs:
Both Antichristian assemblies, To mischief bent as far 's in them lies;
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and consciences;
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience sake;
Expos'd to scribes and Presbyters, Instead of mastiff dogs and curs:
Than whom th' have less humanity, For these as souls of men will fly.

meditations by the hour are often gravelled, by complying with the sand." The famous Spin-texts of those days had no occasion for Mr. Walter Jennings's experiment upon their hour-glasses, to lengthen their sermons; the sand of which running freely, was stopped by holding a coal to the lower part of the glass, which, as soon as withdrawn, run again freely, and so *toties quoties*.

[1] It is a London proverb, "That a fool will not part with his bauble for the Tower of London:" Walker, speaking of General Fairfax, says, "What will not a fool in authority do when he is possessed by knaves? miserable man! his foolery hath so long waited on Cromwell's and Ireton's knavery, that it is not safe for him now to see his folly, and throw by his cap, with a bell, and his bauble."

Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct: and, to vent his resentment, he satirizes him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion. This, by degrees, brings on the old argument about synods: the Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

[3] Sancho Pancha expresses himself in the same manner to his master, Don Quixote, upon his mistaking the barber's bason for Mambrino's helmet. "Who the devil (says he) can hear a man call a barber's bason a helmet, and stand to it, and vouch it for days together, and not think him that says it stark mad, or without guts in his brains."

[4] The trials of clergymen by committees are entitled *bear-baitings*.

This to the prophet did appear, Who in a vision saw a Bear,[1]
Prefiguring the beastly rage Of church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonstrated at full By him that baited the Pope's bull.[2]
Bears naturally are beasts of prey, That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make To tie poor Christians to the stake;
And then set Heathen officers, Instead of dogs, about their ears?[3]
For to prohibit and dispense, To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose, To play with souls at fast and loose;[4]
To set what characters they please, And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the church to gospel-order, By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make Presbytery supreme[5] And Kings themselves submit to them;[6]
And force all people, though against Their consciences, to turn saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade, When saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds[7] and holy shifts Are dispensations and gifts,
There godliness becomes mere ware, And every synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps of th' inquisition, A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the fires Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;[8]

[1] This prophet is Daniel, who relates the vision, in chap. vii. v. 5.

[2] A learned divine in King James's time wrote a polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of The Pope's Bull baited.

[3] They were much more tyrannical in office than any officers of the bishop's courts: and it was a pity that they did not now and then meet with the punishment that was inflicted upon the archbishop's apparitor, *anno* 18 Edw. I. who having served a citation upon Boga de Clare, in parliament-time, his servants made the apparitor eat both citation and wax. "Cum Johannes [de Waleys] in pace domini regis, et ex parte Archiepiscopi, intrasset domum prædicti Bogonis de Clare, in civitate London, et ibidem detulisset quasdam literas de citatione quadam faciendâ: quidam de familiâ prædicti Bogonis, ipsum Johannem literas illas, et etiam sigilla appensa, vi, et contra voluntatem suam, manducare fecerunt, et ipsum ibidem imprisonaverunt, et male tractârunt, contra pacem domini, et ad dampnum ipsius Johannis 20 d. et etiam in contemptum domini regis, 2000*l.*". Prynne.

[4] They acted much like the Popish bishop, in Poggius's Fable. He informs us of a curate, who gave his dog a Christian burial: the bishop threatened a severe punishment for profaning the rites of the church: but when the curate informed him, that the dog made his will, and had left him a legacy of a hundred crowns, he gave the priest absolution, found it a very good will, and a very canonical burial. See a story to the same purpose, Gil Blas.

[5] "Whilst blind ambition, by successes fed Hath you beyond the bounds of subjects led;
Who, tasting once the sweets of royal sway, Resolved now no longer to obey:
For Presbyterian pride contests as high, As doth the Popedom, for supremacy."
An Elegy on King Charles I.

[6] A sneer upon the Disciplinarians, and their book of discipline published in Queen Elizabeth's days, in which is the following passage: "Kings no less than the rest must obey, and yield to the authority of the ecclesiastical magistrate." And Cartwright says, "that princes must remember to subject themselves to the church, and to submit their scepters, and throw down their crowns before the church; yea to lick the dust off the feet of the church:" Cartwright being asked, Whether the King himself might be excommunicated? answered, "That excommunications may not be exercised on Kings, I utterly dislike." "Even princes and magistrates ought to be subject to ecclesiastical discipline," Strype, Life of Whitgift. "That they make the prince subject to the excommunication of the eldership, where she remaineth, or else they hold her not a child of the church." Buchanan held, "That ministers may excommunicate princes, and they, being by excommunication cast into hell, are not worthy to enjoy any life upon earth." "The tribunal of the inquisition (to which our English inquisitors in those times might justly have been compared) is arisen to that height in Spain, that the King of Castile, before his coronation, subjects himself and all his dominions, by a special oath, to the most holy tribunal of this most severe inquisition." Baker.

[7] An allusion to the pious frauds of the Romish church, in which they were resembled by these fanatics.

[8] The Presbyterians had particular persons commissioned by order of the Two Houses to try such persons as were to be chosen ruling elders in every congregation; and in an ordinance of the Lords and Commons in Parliament, dated Die Veneris, 26 Sept., 1646, there is a list of the names of such persons as were to be triers and judges of the integrity and abilities of such as were to be chosen elders within the province of London, and the dueness of

Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight, To cast a figure for men's light;
To find, in lines of beard and face,[1] The physiognomy of grace;[2]
And by the sound and twang of nose, If all be sound within, disclose;
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning, As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps, underlaid with white,[3] Give certain guess at inward light;
Which sergeants at the gospel wear,[4] To make the spiritual calling clear.

their election: the scribes registered the acts of the classis. There is nothing in this ordinance concerning the trial of such as were to be made ministers; because, a month before, there was an ordinance, dated Die Veneris, 28 Aug. 1646, whereby it is ordained, that the several and respective classical presbyteries, within the several respective bounds, may and shall appear, examine, and ordain presbyters, according to the directory for ordination, and rules for examination, which rules are set down in this ordinance of the directory.

Dr. Pocock was called before the triers some time after, for insufficiency of learning, and after a long attendance, was dismissed at the instance of Dr. Owen. "One thing," says he, "I must needs trouble you with: there are in Berkshire some men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady, enemies of tithes, who are the commissioners for ejecting of ministers; they alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out, on very slight and trivial pretences, very worthy men: one in special they intend next week to eject, whose name is Pocock, a man of as unblameable a conversation as any that I know living; of repute for learning throughout the world, being the Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in our university: so that they exceedingly exasperate all men, and provoke them to the height." Thurloe. No wonder then that Dr. Pocock, in his Porta Mosis, p. 19, styles them Genus Hominum, plane ἄτοπον καὶ ἄλογον.

Dr. South says, "That they were most properly called Cromwell's Inquisition; and that they would pretend to know men's hearts, and inward bent of their spirits (as their word was) by their very looks: but the truth is, as the chief pretence of those triers was to enquire into men's gifts, so, if they found them to be well gifted in the hand, they never looked any further; for a full and a free hand was with them an abundant demonstration of a gracious heart, a word in great request in those times."

[1] The following observation of Dr. Echard is a just satire upon the Precisians of those times. "Then it was (says he) that they would scarce let a round-faced man go to heaven. If he had but a little blood in his cheeks his condition was accounted very dangerous: and it was almost an infallible sign of reprobation: and I will assure you, a very honest man of a sanguine complexion, if he chanced to come nigh an officious zealot's house, might be set in the stocks, only for looking fresh in a frosty morning."

And Walker observes of them, "That in those days there was a close inquisition of godly cut-throats, which used so much foul play, as to accuse men upon the character of their cloaths and persons."

[2] These triers pretended to great skill in this respect: and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would for that reason alone refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. "The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts; and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some mens spirits trembled at the interrogatories; they phrasing it so as if (as it was said at the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloakbag." Heath's Chronicle.

Their questions generally were these (or such like), "When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? In what month? In what day? About what hour of the day had you the secret call, or the motion of the Spirit to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? and a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like. They would try, as is observed by our Poet, whether they had a true whining voice, and could speak dexterously through the nose. Dr. Gwither endeavours to account for the expecting face of the Quakers, waiting the pretended spirit, and the melancholy face of the sectaries.

[3] George Fox, the Quaker, observes, "That the priests in those times had on their heads two caps, a black one and a white one: and Petyt, says, "The white borders upon his black cap made him look like a black jack tipped with silver."

"Now what a whet-stone was it to devotion, To see the pace, the looks, and ev'ry motion
O' th' Sunday Levite, when up stairs he march'd? And first, behold his little hand stiff starch'd,
Two caps he had, and turns up that within, You'd think he were a black pot tipp'd with tin."
A Satyr against Hypocrites.

Dr. Thomas Goodwin was called *Thomas with the nine caps.*

"Pro Præside, cui quemquam parem *Dr. Oliver.* Vix ætas nostra dedit.
En vobis Stultum Capularem. *Dr. Goodwin, vulg. dict.* Nine caps.
Ad clavum jam qui sedet."

[4] Alluding to the coif worn by serjeants at law. *Serjeant, serviens ad legem.*—"Serjenti stantes promiscue extra (qu.) reposita curiæ, quæ Barros vocant, absque pilei honore, sed tenui calyptra, quæ coifa dicitur, induti, causas agunt et promovent." Spelmanni.

The handkerchief about the neck (Canonical cravat[1] of Smec,
From whom the institution came
When church and state they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then Of spiritual warfaring men)
Judge rightly if regeneration Be of the newest cut in fashion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride; To rule is to be sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul, Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,[2]
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobbed off so,
They must have wealth and power too;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive.
When butchers were their only clerks,[3] Elders, and presbyters of kirks,
Whose directory was to kill, And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock, Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,[4]
They count a vile abomination, But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate The Papacy to a free state;
A common-wealth of Popery Where every village is a sec[5]

[1] Smectymnus was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth, the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed in that senseless and insignificant word: they wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of distinction (as the officers of the Parliament-army then did), which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the Long Parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names, being Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, and from hence they and their followers were called *Smectymnuans*. They are remarkable for another pious book, which they wrote some time after that, entitled The King's Cabinet unlocked, wherein all the chaste and endearing expressions in the letters that passed betwixt his Majesty King Charles I. and his royal consort are, by these painful labourers in the devil's vineyard, turned into burlesque and ridicule. Their books were answered with as much calmness and gentleness of expression, and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. Symonds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs were stuffed with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.

[2] Hist. of the Destruction of Bell and the Dragon. "The great gorbellied idol called the Assembly of Divines, is not ashamed, in this time of state necessity, to guzzle down and devour daily more at an ordinary meal than would make a feast for Bell and the Dragon: for besides their fat benefices forsooth, they must have their four shillings a day for sitting in consolidation." Overton.

[3] The priests killed the beasts for sacrifice.

[4] See Jerem. xxxii. 35.

[5] The resemblance of the Papist and Presbyterian, under the name of *Peter* and *Jack*, is set forth by the author of a Tale of a Tub. "It was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter; their humour and disposition was not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shapes, their size, and their mien: insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulder, and cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's prisoner;" or at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack, with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, Pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms."

"Those men, (says Lilly) to be serious, would preach well, but they were more lordly than bishops, and usually in their parishes more tyrannical than the Great Turk."

"To subject ourselves to an assembly (says Overton), raze out Episcopacy, set up Presbyterian Prelacy, what more prelatical than such presumption?—You have so played the Jesuits, that, it seems, we have only put down the men, not the function, caught the shadow, and let go the substance."

As well as Rome, and must maintain A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,[1]
And every hamlet's governed By's Holiness, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in's place[2] Than Gregory or Boniface.[3]
Such church must (surely) be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th' Apocalyps we find, According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon[4] With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi, Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelates, And bishop-secular. This zealot

"For whereas but a few of them did flourish, Now here's a bishop over every parish:
Those bishops did by proxy exercise, These by their elders rule, and their own eyes."
A Lay-Lecture, 1647.

"The pox, the plague, and each disease Are cur'd, though they invade us;
But never look for health nor peace, If once Presbytery jade us.
When every priest becomes a Pope, When tinkers and sow-gelders
May, if they can but 'scape the rope, Be princes and lay-elders."
Sir John Birkenhead revived.

"Nay all your Preachers, women, boys, and men, From Master Calamy, to Mrs. Ven,
Are perfect Popes, in their own parish grown; For, to undo the story of Pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be The Whore of Babylon as much as she."
The Puritan and Papist, by Ab. Cowley.

[1] It is well known what influence dissenting teachers of all sects and denominations have had over the purses of the female part of their flocks; though few of them have been masters of Daniel Burgess's address, who, dining or supping with a gentlewoman of his congregation, and a large uncut Cheshire cheese being brought upon the table, asked her where he should cut it? she replied, Where you please, Mr. Burgess. Upon which he gave it to a servant in waiting, bid him carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

Seldon makes this observation in his story of the keeper of the Clink (prison), Table Talk. "He had (says he) priests of several sorts sent unto him. As they came in, he asked them who they were. Who are you? (says he to the first) *I am a priest of the church of Rome.* You are welcome (says the keeper), there are those who will take care of you. And who are you? *A silenced minister.* You are welcome too, I shall fare the better for you. And who are you? *A minister of the church of England.* Oh! God bless me (quoth the keeper), I shall get nothing by you, I am sure! you may lie, and starve, and rot, before any body will look after you."

[2] Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) was a Tuscan by nation, and the son of a smith. Whilst he was but a lad in his father's shop, and ignorant of letters, he by mere accident framed these words out of little bits of wood: "His dominion shall be from one sea to the other." This is told of him by Brietius, *ad ann.* 1073, as a prognostic of his future greatness. In the year 1073, on the 30th of June, he was consecrated Pope. He was a man of a fierce and haughty spirit, governed by nothing but pride and ambition, the fury and scourge of the age he lived in, and the most insolent tyrant of the Christian world; that could dream of nothing else but the promoting Saint Peter's *regale*, by the addition of scepters and diadems; and in this regard he may be said to be the first Roman Pontiff that ever made an attempt upon the rights of princes.

[3] Boniface VIII. was elected Pope *anno* 1294. His haughty behaviour to crowned heads was insupportable: for he was not content with the supremacy in spirituals, but claimed the right of disposing of temporal kingdoms. This is plain from the claim he laid to Scotland, as appears from his letter sent to our King Edward I. He sent it to Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, obliging him, upon pain of suspension, *ab officio et beneficio*, to deliver it to the King. He demanded feudal obedience from Philip the Fair, King of France, which he disdaining to comply with, returned this contumelious answer to his insolent demand: *Sciat tua maxima fatuitas*, &c., a reply not a little grating to his Holiness. He was the first that instituted the sacred year at Rome called the *Jubilee*. Nothing showed his insatiable thirst of power more than that one clause of his decretal. "De Majoritu et Obedientiâ: porro subesse humano pontifici omnes creaturas humanas declaramus, dicimus, desinimus, et pronunciamus omnino esse de necessitate salutis." Extrav. Commun. making the obedience of all creatures living to the see of Rome an article of salvation. Certainly there never was a greater complication of ambition, craft, treachery, and tyranny in any one man, than in this Pope; whose infamous life justly drew this proverbial saying upon him in after times: "That he crept into the Papacy like a fox, ruled like a lion, and died like a dog."

[4] Rev. xvii. 7, 8.

Is of a mongrel, diverse kind, Clerics before, and lay behind;
A lawless linsy-woolsy brother,[1] Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature, On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin, A sheep without, a wolf within.[2]
This fierce inquisitor has chief Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter other's gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle[3] light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk. Those pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get meazles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope At th' other end the new-made Pope.[4]
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,
They say does make sweet malt: Good Squire,
Festina lente, Not too fast; For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make Are false, and built upon mistake.
And I shall bring you with your pack Of falacies, t'*Elenchi* back;
And put your arguments in mood And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination To leave your vitilitigation.[5]

[1] Andrew Crawford, a Scotch preacher, or William Dunning, a Scotch presbyter, one of a turbulent and restless spirit, diligent for promoting the cause of the kirk.

[2] Or a wolf in sheep's clothing, Mat. vii. 15.

[3] Many of them, it is plain, from the history of those times, were as low in learning as the person mentioned by Mr. Henry Stephens, see Prep. Treatise to Herodotus, p. 238, who, applying to a Popish bishop for orders, and being asked this question, to try his learning and sufficiency: Who was father to the four sons of Aymond? (Aymon qu.) and knowing not what to answer, was refused as insufficient; who returning home to his father, and shewing the reason why he was not ordained, his father told him he was a very ass that could not tell who was father to the four sons of Aymond. "See, I pray thee (quoth he), yonder is Great John the smith, who has four sons: if a man should ask thee, Who was their father? wouldst thou not say that it was Great John the smith? Yes (quoth he), now I understand it. Thereupon he went again, and being asked a second time, Who was father to the four sons of Aymond? He answered, It was Great John the smith." Durandus's reflection upon the clergy of his time might have been justly enough applied to these: "Aurei et argentei facti sunt calices, lignei vero sacerdotes." Browne's Append. The Reformado precisely charactered, their clergy are bantered upon this head: "He must abominate the Greek Fathers, Chrysostom, Basil, and all the bundle of such unwholesome herbs: also the Latins, whom the pot-bellied gray-heads of the town called St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, *&c.*, the intricate schoolmen, as Aquinas, and our devilish learned countryman, Alexander Hensis, shall not come within the sphere of his torrid brain, lest his *pia mater* be confounded with their subtle distinctions: but by a special dispensation, he may (for name's sake) cast an eye sometimes upon Scotus, and, when he hath married a sister, upon Cornelius a Lapide."

[4] This relates to the story of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Platina saith she was of English extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning, that, coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that, on the death of Pope Leo IV., she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her domestics, her travail came upon her between the Colossian theatre and St. Clement's, as she was going to the Lateran church, and she died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns, that, for the shame of this, the Popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any Pope is placed in the porphyry chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose: but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature; whence he will have that seat to be called *sedes stercoraria*.

[5] *Vitilitigation* is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it on all possible occasions; and therefore to admit it when it fell in the way had argued

And make you keep to the question close, And argue *dialecticŏs.*[1]
The question then, to state it first, Is, which is better, or which worst,
Synods or Bears. Bears I avow To be the worst, and Synods thou,
But to make good th' affection; Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worse; for if th' are *idem*, Why then *tantundem dat tantidem;*
For if they are the same, by course, Neither is better, neither worse:
But I deny they are the same, More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*, I grant, but not *rationalia:*
For though they do agree in kind, Specific difference we find,
And can no more make Bears of these Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That Synods are bear-gardens too, Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
And thus I prove it, in a word, Whats'ever assembly's not impower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain
Can be no Synod: But bear-garden
Has no such power, *ergo* 'tis none; And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beside the question,
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur.*
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: They're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go, As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails,
Or that a rugged, shaggy fur Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter,
Or that his snout and spacious ears Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelp'd without form, until the dam Has lick'd it into shape and frame;[2]
But all thy light can ne'er evict That ever Synod-man was lick'd,
Or brought in any other fashion, Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in his Oppugn thyself and sense, that is,
Thou would'st have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A strange chimæra of beasts and men, Made up of pieces heterogene;[3]

too great a neglect of his learning and parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling. The author of a tract, entitled The simple Cobler of Agawam in America, &c., speaking of the sectaries of those times, says, "It is a most toilsome task to run the wild-goose chace after a well-breathed opinionist; they delight in vitilitigation, &c.

[1] That is, according to the rules of logic.

[2] ——— "Nec funera vulgo Tanf multa informes ursi stragemque dederunt."
Virgil. Georgic iii. 246

"Hi sunt candida, informisque caro, paulo muribus major sine oculis, sine pilo, ungues tantum prominent; hanc lambendo paulatim figurant." Plinii Nat. Hist. See this opinion confuted by Sir Thomas Browne, Vulgar Errors, b. iii.

"So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care, Each glowing lump, and brings it to a bear."
Dunciad, book i. 99, 100.

[3] Alluding to the fable of Chimæra, described by Ovid, Metam. lib. ix. l.
"Quoque Chimera jugo mediis in partibus ignem,
Pectus et ora leæ, caudam, serpentis habebat."
——— "And where Chimæra raves—
On craggy rocks, with lion's face and mane, A goat's rough body, and a serpent's train."
Sandys.

"The Chimæra described to be such, because the Carian mountain flamed at the top, the upper part frequented by lions, the middle by goats, and the bottom by serpents. Bellerophon, by making it habitable, was said to have slain the Chimæra. Others interpret the Chimæra for a great pirate of Lycia, whose ship had in her prow the figure of a lion, in the midst of it a goat and in the poop of it a serpent, whom Bellerophon took with a galley of

Such as in nature never met *In eodem subjecto* yet.
Thy other arguments are all Supposures, hypothetica.,
That do but beg, and we may chuse Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts Are all but plagiary shifts)
And is the same that Ranter said,[1]
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard. The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, b'ing in hot dispute about This controversy, we fell out:
And what thou know'st I answered then
Will serve to answer thee again.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse Of human learning[2] you produce:
Learning that cobweb of the brain,[3] Profane, erroneous, and vain;

such swiftness (by reason of the new-invented sails), that it was called Pegasus, or the flying horse, the ground of the fable." Creech's Lucretius.

[1] The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross, View of all Religions, *&c.*, observes, that they held, "That God, devil, angels, heaven, hell, *&c.*, were fictions and fables: that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished with them: that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but public lying: that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and that people are to be taught immediately from God," *&c.*

[2] The Independents and Anabaptists of those times exclaimed much against human learning: and it is remarkable, that a Master of Caius College, Cambridge, preached a sermon in St. Mary's church, against it; for which he was notably girded by Jos. Sedgwick, of Christ's College, in a tract entitled Learning's Necessity to an able Minister of the Gospel. To such we may apply the pun made by Mr. Knight, Assize Sermon, at Northampton, March 30, 1682. "That such men show you heads, like those upon clipped money, without letters." And it was a pity that such illiterate creatures had not been treated in the way that the truant scholar was, who upon a time, when he came home to visit his friends, was asked by his father, "What was Latin for bread, answered, *breadibus*, and for beer, *beeribus*, and the like for all other things he asked him, only adding a termination of *ibus* to the plain English word as every one of them; which his father perceiving, and (though ignorant of Latin) presently apprehending, that the mysteries his son had learned deserved not the expense of keeping him at school, bade him put off immediately his *hosibus* and *shoesibus*, and fall to his old trade of treading *mortersibus*." Dr. South, Sermons, makes the following observation upon that reforming age: "That all learning was then cried down; so that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the best divines such as could not write. In all their preachments they so highly pretended to the Spirit, that some of them could hardly spell a letter: for to be blind with them was a proper qualification of a spiritual guide, and to be book learned, as they called it, and to be irreligious, were almost terms convertible; so that none were thought fit for the ministry but tradesmen and mechanics, because none else were allowed to have the Spirit; and those only were accounted like St. Paul who could work with their hands, and in a literal sense drive the nail home, and be able to make a pulpit before they preached in it.

"Latin (says he) unto them was a moral crime; and Greek, instead of being owned to be the language of the Holy Ghost (as in the New Testament it is), was looked upon as the sin against it; so that, in a word, they had all the confusion of *Babel* amongst them, without the diversity of tongues."

"What's Latin but the language of the beast? Hebrew and Greek is not enough a feast:
Han't we the word in English, which at ease We can convert to any sense we please?
Let them urge the original, if we Say t'was first writ in English, so't shall be.
For we'll have our own way, b't wrong or right.
And say by strength of faith the crow is white."

Lay-Lecture, 1647.

[3] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels; see the dialogue between Cade and the Clerk of Chatham, Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* Cade's words to Lord Say before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be used: and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." Or Eustace in Beaumont and Fletcher's

A trade of knowledge as replete
An art t'incumber gifts and wit,
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet;[1]
A cheat that scholars put upon
A sort of error to ensconce
That renders all the avenues
By making plain things, in debate,
For nothing goes for sense, or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.[2]
This Pagan Heathenish invention
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,[3]
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
But to the former opposite,
Mere *disparata*,[4] that concerning

As others are with fraud and cheat;
And render both for nothing fit;
Other men's reason and their own;
Absurdity and ignorance,
To truth impervious and abtruse,
By art perplex'd and intricate:
Is good for nothing but contention;
All blows do on the target light:
And then they fall to th' argument.
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
And contrary as black to white;
Presbytery, this human learning;

Elder Brother, or, Rabbi Busy in the stocks, who accosts the justice, in the same limbo, who talked Latin, Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, in the following manner: "*Bus.*, Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c. that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to the gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burnt except the bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times), wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries: for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly. Many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore if ever we have the fortune to get the upper hand, we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tally." A Spy ✠ Oxford, 1643.

"We'll down with all the versities,
Because they practise and maintain
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
We'll cry all parts and learning down,
Where learning is profess'd,
The language of the beast:
And parts whate'er they be,
And heigh then up go we."
Loyal Songs, 1732.

[1] See 1 Sam. xviii. 9.

[2] This observation is just. The logicians have run into strange absurdities of this kind. Peter Ramus, the best of them, in his logic, rejects a very just argument of Cicero's as sophistical, because it did not jump right with his rules.

[3] Ben Jonson banters this piece of grimace, Exploratory or discoveries, "What a sight is it (says he) to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like! fighting as for their fires and their altars, and angry that none are frighted with their noises until loud brayings under their asses skins."

[4] *Disparata* are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *disparo*. Dr. Brett says, That the English Presbyterians of those times, as the Knight observes, had little human learning amongst them, though many of them made pretences to it: but having seen their boasted arguments, and all the doctrines wherein they differed from the church of England, baffled by the learned divines of that church, they found without more learning they should not maintain the ground they had left, notwithstanding their toleration, therefore, about the time of the Revolution, they began to think it very proper, instead of Calvin's Institutions, and a Dutch system or two, with Blondel, Daille, and Salmasius, to help them to arguments against Episcopacy, to read and study more polite books. It is certain, that the dissenting ministers have, since that time, both preached and wrote more politely than they did in the reign of King Charles II. in whose reign the clergy of the church of England wrote and published most learned and excellent discourses, such as have been exceeded by none that have appeared since. And it is likely enough the dissenting ministers have studied their works, imitated their language, and improved much by them.

Two things s' averse, they never yet But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones a-while, Already tir'd with other toil.[1]

PART II.

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT:

The Knight, by damnable magician, Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings[2] his action on the case, And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit, And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole, Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe[3] romantic method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breath a-while:
In which that we may be as brief as Is possible by way of preface,
Is't not enough to make one strange
That some men's fancies should ne'er change
But make all people do and say,
The same things still the self-same way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:[4]
Others make all their knights, in fits Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches[5]
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their capriches.

[1] This is only a hypocritical shift of the Knight's; his fund of arguments had been exhausted, and he found himself baffled by Ralph, so was glad to pump up any pretence to discontinue the argument. I believe the reader will agree with me, that it is not probable that either of them could pretend to any rest or repose, while they were detained in so disagreeable a limbo.

"Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend:
But with affected yawning at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose."
Dryden's Hind and Panther.

[2] An action on the case is a writ brought against any one for an offence done without force, and by law not specially provided for.

[3] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the fourth book of his Æneid in the very same manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe, that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

[4] Alluding probably to Don Quixote's account of the enchanted Dulcinea's flying from him like a whirlwind in Montesino's cave; or to other romance-writers. The author of Grand Cyrus represents Mandana as stolen by three princes, at different times, and Cyrus pursuing them from place to place. The like in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

[5] It is a vulgar opinion, that the witch can have no power over the person so doing. To this Shakespeare alludes, Henry VI. Talbot, upon Pucelle's appearing, is made to speak as follows:

"Here, here she comes: I'll have a bout with thee,
Devil, or devil's dam; I'll conjure thee,
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st."

"Scots are like witches, do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then."
Cleveland's Rebel Scot.

Some always thrive in their amours, By pulling plaisters off their sores;
As cripples do to get an alms, Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite O' geography, to change their site;[1]
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.[2]
But those that write in rhime, still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhime, I think's sufficient at one time,
But we forgot in what sad plight We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body
And conjur'd into safe custody;
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course To free himself by wit or force;
His only solace was, that now 'His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end, Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no less Than other times, beside his guess.
There is a tall long-sided dame, (But wondrous light) ycleped[3] Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards Herself on air,[4] and eats her words:[5]
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,[6] Made good by deep mythologist,

[1] A banter upon our dramatic poets, who bring distant countries and regions upon our stage daily. In Shakespeare, one scene is laid in England, another in France, and the third back again presently. The Canon makes this observation to the Curate, (Don Quixote), in his dissertation upon plays: "What shall I say of the regard to the time in which those actions they represent might or ought to have happened; having seen a play in which the first act begins in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third ended in Afric? probably, if there had been another act, they had carried it into America."

[2] There is a famous anachronism in Virgil, where he lets about 400 years slip to fall foul upon poor Queen Dido, and to fix the cause of the irreconcileable hatred betwixt Rome and Carthage. Shakespeare, in his Marcius Coriolanus, has one of near 650 years, where he introduces the famous Menenius Agrippa, and makes him speak the following words:

"*Menen.* A letter for me! it gives an estate of seven years health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric."

Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour. Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year, 155, or 160, and lived to the year 200. See this bantered, Don Quixote, to which probably, in this and the two foregoing lines, he had an eye.

[3] Called or named. The word often used in Chaucer.

"He may be cleped a God for his miracles."

[4] The simile is very just, as alluding to the general notion of the camelion.

"As the camelion, who is known To have no colours of his own,
But borrows, from his neighbour's hue His white or black, his green or blue." Prior.

So Fame represents herself, as white or black, false or true, as she is disposed. Mr. Gay, in his fable of the Spaniel and Camelion, has the following lines:

"For different is thy case and mine: With men at least you sup and dine,
Whilst I, condemn'd to thinnest fare, Like those I flatter'd, live on air."

Sir Thomas Browne, see Vulgar Errors, has confuted this vulgar notion. He informs us, that Bellonius not only affirms that the camelion feeds on flies, caterpillars, beetles, and other insects, but, upon embowelling, he found these animals in their bellies: whereto (says he) we might add the experimental decisions of Peiresckius and the learned Emanuel Virzanius, on that camelion which had been observed to drink water, and delight to feed on meal-worms. The same account we have in the description of the camelion, in a letter from Dr. Pocock, at Aleppo. They are eaten in Cochin-China, according to Christopher Borri.

[5] The beauty of this consists in the double meaning. The first alludes to Fame's living on report: the second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

[6] Alluding to Virgil's description of Fame, ÆN. iv. 180, &c.

——"Pedibus, celerem, et pernicibus alis:
Monstrum horrendum ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumæ

With these she through the welkin flies,[1]
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;[2]
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,[3]
And Mercuries of furthest regions,
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.[4]
About her neck a packquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed,[5]
Of hailstones big as pullets eggs,[6]

Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures."

"Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast,
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the plague is hung." Dryden.

[1] "Nocte volat cæli medio." Virgil Æn. iv. 184.

Welkin or sky, as appears from many passages in Chaucer, Spenser's Fairy Queen, Shakespeare's Tempest, and many other parts of his works.

[2] "Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri." Virgilii Æneid iv. 188.

3 Dr. Heylin, speaking of the caravans at Bagdat, observes, "That, to communicate the success of their business to the place from whence they came, they make use of pigeons, which is done after this manner: When the hen pigeon sitteth, or hath any young, they take the cock, and set him in an open cage; when they have travelled a day's journey, they let him go at liberty, and he straight flieth home to his mate: when they have trained him from one place to another, and there be occasion to send any advertisements, they tie a letter about one of their necks, which at their return is taken off by some of the house, advertised thereby of the state of the caravan. The like also is used betwixt Ormus and Balsora." This custom of sending letters by pigeons is mentioned by Pliny to have been made use of when Marc Antony besieged Modena, An. U. C. 710. "Quin et internuntiæ in rebus magnis fuere epistolas annexas earum pedibus, obsidione Mutinensi in castra consulum Decimo Bruto mittente." See Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloign. See the romantic account of the black birds at Algiers, which sleeped all day, and, by the direction of a light at a proper distance in the night, carried letters from one lover to another, when they were deprived of other methods of corresponding.

4 To understand this, we must consider it as an allusion to a proverbial expression, in which an excitement to a lye was called a *whetstone*. This will explain a smart repartee of Sir Francis Bacon's before King James, to whom Sir Kenelm Digby was relating, that he had seen the true philosopher's stone in the possession of a hermit in Italy, and when the King was very curious to understand what sort of stone it was, and Sir Kenelm much puzzled in describing it, Sir Francis Bacon interposed, and said, Perhaps it was a whetstone. A Whetstone for Liars: a Song of Strange Wonders, believe them who will. Old Ballads. Might not this proverbial expression take its rise from the old Roman story of a razor's cutting a whetstone? Butler truly characterises those lying papers, the diurnals; of the authors of which, the writer of Sacra Nemesis, or Levite's Scourge, &c. 1644, speaks as follows: "He should do thee and thy three brethren (of the bastard brood of Maia) right, who should define you, base spies, hired to invent and vent lies through the whole kingdom, for the good of the cause."

5 See three instances of this kind in Mr. Morton's History of Northamptonshire, and one in Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, and of another in the Philosoph. Transact. vol. xxvi. No. 320. But the most remarkable is the following one: "Calissæ intra octavum diem Natalis Christi (1269), natus est vitulus cum duobus caninis capitibus, atque dentibus, et septem pedibus vitulinis—ab ejus cadavere canes atque volucres abhorruere." Chronic. Chronicor. See an account of a mare's foaling a fox in the time of Xerxes, King of Persia, Higden's Polychronicon; and a hind with two heads and two necks in the forest of Walmer, in Edward III.'s time, Tho. Walsingham, Hist. Angliæ, &c.; and of two monstrous lambs, Philosophical Transactions, vol. i. No. 26.

6 Alluding probably to the storm of hail in and about Loughborough in Leicestershire, June 6, 1645, in which "some of the hail-stones were as big as small hens eggs, and the least as big as musket bullets," Mercurius Belgicus, or Memorable Occurrences in 1645; or to the storm at Chelsey in Staffordshire, the Sunday before St. James's day, 1659, where there fell a storm of hail, as Dr. Plot observes, "the stones were as big as pullets eggs." See a remarkable

And puppies whelped with twice two legs,[1]
A blazing star seen in the west, By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,[2]
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the same wind, Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell, The one sounds vilely, the other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name The one Good, the other Evil Fame.
This tattling gossip[3] knew too well, What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears Of all to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,[4]
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back, As well as sides were like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight, And visit the distressed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour, And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks, To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole or ransom,

account of this kind, Morton's Northamptonshire, in King John's reign, anno 1207; a storm fell in which the hail-stones were as big as hens eggs, Higden's Polychronicon. See an account of the hail-storm in Edward I.'s reign, Fabian's Chronicle. Though these accounts seem to be upon the marvellous, yet Dr. Pope, a man of veracity, in a letter from Padua, to Dr. Wilkins, 1664, N. S. concerning an extraordinary storm of thunder and hail, see Professor Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College, gives the following more remarkable account: "This storm (says he) happened July 20, about three o'clock in the afternoon, at the bottom of the Euganean hills, about six miles from Padua. It extended upwards of thirty miles in length, and about six in breadth; and the hail-stones which fell in great quantities were of different sizes: the largest of an oval form, as big as turkey's eggs, and very hard; the next size globular, but somewhat compress'd; and others that were more numerous, perfectly round, and about the bigness of tennis balls." See an account of a remarkable hail-storm at Venice, Tom Coryat's Crudities, and at Lisle in Flanders, 1686, Philosophical Transactions, vol. i. No. 26, the Tatler's banter upon news-writers for their prodigies, in a dearth of news, No. 18.

[1] This is put for the sake of the rhyme. With the help of John Lilburn's logic, he might have made them twice four legs. "That creature (says he), which has two legs before, and two legs behind, and two legs on each side, has eight legs: but as a fox is a creature which has two legs before, and two legs behind, and two legs on each side; *ergo*, &c."

[2] The trumpet of eternal Fame, and the trumpet of Slander. Pope's Temple of Fame. Dunciad, part iv. 1741.

[3] Cotton, in his Virgil-Travestie, book iv., gives the following humourous description of Fame:

"At this, a wench call'd Fame flew out,
This Fame was daughter to a crier,
A little prating slut, no higher
Than this—but in a few years space
A long and lazy queane, I ween,
Nor any kind of housewifery
But saunter'd idly up and down,
To spy and listen after news,
That still whate'er she sees or hears,
This baggage, that still took a pride to
Because the Queen once, in detection,
Glad she had got this tale by th' end,
And tells 'um that a fellow came
To Tyre, about a fortnight since,
Was with him always day and night,
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him:
To all the good towns round about;
That whilom liv'd in Carthageshire;
When Dido first arriv'd at Tyre,
Grown up a lusty strapping lass:
Was not brought up to sew and spin,
To get an honest living by;
From house to house, and town to town,
Which she so mischievously brews,
Sets folks together by the ears.
Slander and backbite poor Queen Dido,
Sent her to the mansion of correction;
Runs me about to foe and friend,
From Troy, or such a kind of name,
Whom Dido feasted like a prince;
Nor could endure him from her sight;
At this rate talk' the foul-mouth'd carrion."

Shakespeare's description of Rumor, Prologue to the Part of Henry IV. Spectator, No. 256, 257, 273.

[4] "He was a man of the largest size (says Nestor Ironside, Guardian, No. 29); which we may ascribe to his so frequent exercise of his risible faculty." See the Guardian's description of the several sorts of laughers.

"Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus"—— Horat. Epod. lib. ii. ep. i.
"Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus"—— Juven. Sat. x. 33, 34.

To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood And usher, implements abroad,
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.[1]
All which appearing, on she went To find the Knight in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether, By further leg behind together:
For, as he sat upon his rump, His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole, Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul,
She came upon him, in his wooden Magician's circle, on the sudden,[2]
As spirits do t' a conjurer, When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her, But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace, To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scoul,
And wink and goggle like an owl;[3]
He felt his brains begin to swim, When thus the Dame accosted him:
This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd;
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;[4]
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted:
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat, As if't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight, Howe'er this goblin is come by't.
When Hudibras the Lady heard, Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,

[1] With what solemnity does the widow march out to rally the Knight? One Poet, no doubt, had Homer in his eye, when he equips the widow with his hood and other implements. Juno, in the 14th book of the Iliad, dresses herself, and takes an attendant with her, to go a-courting to Jupiter. The Widow issues out to find the Knight with as great pomp and attendance, though with a design the very reverse to Juno's.

[2] There was never certainly a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us: It is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady, the attitude and surprise of the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover, and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

[3] "When ladies did him woo, Though they did smile, he seem'd to scowl
As doth the fair broad-faced fowl, That sings, to-whit, to-whoo."
Panegyric Verses upon T. Coryat and his Crudities.

[4] Alluding to the story in Glanvil of the Dæmon of Tedworth. Wood takes notice of this narrative concerning the famed disturbance at the house of Tho. Mompesson, Esq., at Tedworth in Wilts, occasioned by its being haunted with evil spirits, and the beating of a drum invisibly every night from February 1662 to the beginning of the year after. To this Oldham alludes, Satire iv. upon the Jesuits, where, speaking of Popish holy water, he says:
"One drop of this if us'd, had power to fray The legion from the hogs of Gadara:
This would have silenc'd quite the Wiltshire drum,
And made the prating fiend of Mascon dumb."

He thought it best to set as good A face upon it as he could,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew, The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf, But its proprietor himself.
O Heavens! quoth she, can that be true? I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your individual whiskers, But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast In notions vulgarly express'd.
But what malignant star, alas! Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war, Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face By you in such a homely case.
Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd, Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,[1]
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,[2]
And cut square by the Russian standard.[3]
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.

[1] Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, and an account of Sancho Pancha and the goat-herd pulling one another by the beard, in which says Gayton, they were verifying that song,
"Oh! heigh, brave Arthur of Bradley; A beard without hairs looks madly."
In some places the shaving of beards is a punishment, as among the Turks. Nicephorus, in his Chronicle, makes mention of Baldwin Prince of Edessa, who pawned his beard for a great sum of money; which was redeemed by his father, Gabriel, Prince of Mitilene, with a large sum, to prevent the ignominy which his son was like to suffer by the loss of his beard. Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

[2] In the Life of Mrs. E. Thomas, entitled Pylades and Corinna, 1731, we have the following account of Mr. Richard Shute, her grandfather, a Turkey merchant: "That he was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being some hours every morning in searching his beard and curling his whiskers; during which time, a gentleman, whom he maintained as a companion, always read to him on some useful subject." Cleveland, in his Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter, says:
"The bush on his chin, like a carv'd story In a box knot, cut by the directory."
Shakespeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, hints at their wearing strings to their beards in his time. And John Taylor the water poet humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time; Superbiæ Flagellum:
"Now a few lines to paper I will put Of men's beards strange and variable cut,
In which there's some that take as vain a pride, As almost in all other things beside;
Some are reap'd most substantial, like a brush, Which makes a natural wit known by the bush;
And in my time of some men I have heard, Whose wisdom have been only wealth and beard;
Many of these the proverb well doth fit, Which says Bush natural, more hair than wit:
Some seem as they were starched stiff and fine, Like to the bristles of some angry swine;
And some to set their love's desire on edge, Are cut and prun'd, like to a quick-set hedge,
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some stark bare;
Some sharp, stiletto-fashion, dagger-like, That may, with whispering, a man's eyes outpike;
Some with the hammer cut, or Roman T, Their beards extravagant reform'd must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion, Some circular, some oval in translation:
Some perpendicular in longitude, Some like a thicket for their crassitude:
That heights, depth breadths, triform, square, oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards are found."
Inigo Jones's Verses upon T. Coryat, and his Crudities.

[3] Dr. Giles Fletcher, in his Treat. of Russia, observes, "that the Russian nobility and quality accounting it a grace to be somewhat gross and burly, they therefore nourish and spread their beards, to have them long and broad." This fashion continued amongst them till the time of Czar Peter the Great, "who compelled them to part with these ornaments, sometimes by laying a swinging tax upon them, and at others, by ordering those he found with beards to have them pulled up by the roots, or shaved with a blunt razor, which drew the skin after it; and by these means scarce a beard was left in the kingdom at his death: but such a veneration had this people for these ensigns of gravity, that many of them carefully preserved their beards in their cabinets, to be buried with them; imagining, perhaps, they should make but an odd figure in the grave with their naked chins."

That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led:
And those uneasy bruises make My heart for company to ach,
To see so worshipful a friend I' th' pillory set at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good; But merely as 'tis understood.[1]
Sense is deceitful, and may feign, As well in counterfeiting pain
As others gross phænomenas In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect (That's free from error and defect
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows, we can ne'er be sure Whether we pain or not endure:
And just so far are sore and griev'd As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of meer opinion straight;[2]
Others, though wounded sore in reason, Felt no contusion or discretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat, That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling.[3]

[1] See the opinions of the Stoics, Cic. De Nat. Deor. ii 24, De Finibus, v. 31. Erasmi Μωριας Ἐγκωμ. Potter's Antiquities of Greece, Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero, 45. and an account of Pompey's visit to Posidonius at Rome, Spectator, No. 312.

[2] Remarkable are the effects of both fear and joy. A trial of the former kind was made upon a condemned malefactor, in the following manner. A dog was by surgeons let blood, and suffered to bleed to death before him; the surgeons talking all the while, and describing the gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness of the dog, occasioned thereby; and just before the dog died, they said unanimously, Now he is going to die. They told the malefactor that he was to be bled to death in the same way; and accordingly blindfolded him, and tied up his arm; then one of them thrust a lancet into his arm, but purposely missed the vein: however they soon began to describe the poor man's gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness occasioned thereby: and just before the supposed minute of his death, the surgeons said unanimously, Now he dies. The malefactor thought all this real, and died by mere conceit, though he had not lost above twenty drops of blood.——See Athenian Oracle. Almost as remarkable was the case of Chevalier Jarre, "who was upon the scaffold at Troyes, had his hair cut off, the handkerchief before his eyes, and the sword in the executioner's hand to cut off his head; but the King pardoned him: being taken up, his fear had so taken hold of him, that he could not stand nor speak: they led him to bed, and opened a vein, but no blood would come." Lord Strafford's Letters. There are three remarkable instances of persons whose hair suddenly turned from red to white, upon the apprehension that they should be put to death. Nay, there are accounts to be met with in history of persons who have dropped down dead before an engagement, and before the discharge of one gun. An excess of joy has been attended sometimes with as bad an effect. The Lady Poynts, in the year 1563, by the ill usage of her husband, had almost lost her sight, her hearing, and her speech: which she recovered in an instant, upon a kind letter from Queen Elizabeth: but her joy was so excessive, that she died immediately after kissing the Queen's letter. Strype's Annals. No less remarkable was the case of one Ingram, upon a large unexpected accession of fortune. Lord Strafford's Letters. And Mr. Fenton observes, upon those lines of Mr. Waller,

"Our guilt preserves us from excess of joy, Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy."

"That Mr. Oughtred, that famous mathematician, expired in a transport of joy; upon hearing that the parliament had addressed the king to return to his dominions." Many are the instances of this kind in ancient history, as that of Polycrata, a noble lady in the island Naxus; Philippides, a comic poet; and Diagoras, the Rhodian, &c.

[3] He certainly alludes to the case of Hatto, Bishop of Mentz (who was devoured by mice), whom he mistakes for a Saxon Duke, because he is mentioned to have succeeded in that bishopric a person who was advanced to the dukedom of Saxony, "Quo anno hoc factum sit, assentiunt autores: verum nos ex Fuldensis Monasterii, ac Moguntinensium Archiepiscoporum deprehendimus, id contigisse, dum præfuisset Moguntinæ sede post Gulielmum

Then how's it possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage With pain no medicine can asswage.
Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about t'o'ercome, In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists, They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But if they dared t' engage a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, Our Princes worship with a blow.[1]
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic And testy courtiers with a kick.[2]
The Negus, when some mighty lord,[3] Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispence,
First has him laid upon his belly, Then beaten back and side t' a jelly.
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows,

Saxoniæ Ducem, mense undecimo, a restituta nobis per Christum salute 969, murium infestatione occubuit, et in templo Sancti Albani sepultus est." Chron. Chronicor. Politic., p. 228. The above story of the Saxon Duke could not, in this circumstance of the mice, suit any of them; tho' among them there were some that were very fat, namely Henry surnamed Crassus, who lived in the twelfth century: or another Henry made mention of by Hoffman, or Albertus, great grandson to Henry, Duke of Saxony, who was called in his own time the Fat Albert.

[1] The old Romans had several ways of manumitting, or bestowing freedom: "Aut vindicta aut inter amicos, aut per epistolam, aut per testamentum, aut per aliam quamlibet ultimam voluntatem:" Justin Instit. "Vindicta, inquit Boetius, in topica Ciceronis, est virgula quædam, quam lictor manumittendi servi capiti imponens: eundum servum in libertatem vindicabat." Calvini Lexic. *Vindicta.* Vindicius, a slave, discovered Junius Brutus's design of delivering up the gates of Rome to Sextus Tarquinius; for which discovery he was rewarded, and made free; and from him the rod laid upon the head of a slave, when made free, was called *vindicta:* Livii Hist. In some countries it was of more advantage to be a favourite slave than to be set free. In Egypt, the manner of inheriting was as follows: the dying person, excluding all his sons, made some slave, or captive of approved fidelity, his heir, who, immediately after his master's death, enjoyed all his effects, and made the sons of his deceased his sciz or grooms; with which condition they were forced to be content, and to obey their father's slave all their lives. This is vulgarly ascribed to Joseph's benediction of slaves, in force to this day.

[2] King of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe, "Pollicis in dextro pede tactu lienosis medebatur."

[3] Collier gives us his several titles. This account of the Negus is true with regard to the lower part of his subjects; but the Prince of Melinde was the person who punished his nobility in the manner described. "If a noble (Le Blanc) is found guilty of a crime, the King leads him to his chamber, where being disrobed, prostrate on the ground, begging pardon, he receives from the King's own hand certain stripes with a cudgel, more or fewer, in proportion to the crime or services he hath done: which done, he revests, kisses the King's feet, and with all humility thanks him for the favour received." Artaxerxes's method was much better, who, when any of his nobility misbehaved, caused them to be stripped, and their cloaths to be whipped by the common hangman, without so much as touching their bodies, out of respect to the dignity of the order.

Departs not meanly proud, and boasting Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That like his sword, endures the anvil;
And justly's held more formidable, The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado Will run away from his own shadow:
And though I'm now in durance fast, By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd, And worse than by the en'my us'd;
In close *catasta*[1] shut, past hope Of wit, or valour to elope;
As beards the nearer that they tend
To th' earth still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches:
I'll make this low dejected fate Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights;
Th' extremes of glory and of shame, Like east and west, become the same:
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave, What glories must a whipping have?[2]
Such great achievements cannot fail To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought, I could grow amorous, and dote.
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r;[3]
This crisis then I'll set my rest on And put her boldly to the question.
Madam, What you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with that spirit And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true, I'll stake myself down against you:
And if I fail in love or troth, Be you the winner, and take both.
Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, Fools for arguments use wagers;[4]

[1] A cage or prison, in which the Romans locked up the slaves that were to be sold.
"——Ne sit præstantior alter Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse catastâ."
Persii sat. Casauboni not.

[2] Alluding probably to the injunction to Sancho Pancha, for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, Don Quixote's mistress, see vol. iv. chap. xxiv. p. 340, Merlin's Speech.
"'Tis Fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good Squire,
On his bare brawny buttocks should bestow
Three thousand stripes, and eke three hundred more,
Each to afflict, and sting, and gall him sore.
So shall relent the author of her woes, Whose awful will I for her ease disclose."

[3] Sir Kenelm Digby confirms this observation. "The wine merchants observe everywhere (where there is wine), That, during the season that wines are in the flower, the wine in the cellar makes a kind of fermentation, and pusheth forth a little white lee (which they call the mother of the wine) upon the surface of the wine: which continues in a kind of disorder till the flower of the vines be fallen, and then, this agitation being ceased, all the wine returns to the same state it was in before."

[4] I believe this line is quoted as frequently in conversation as any one in Hudibras. Addison calls it a celebrated line, and from thence we may conjecture it was one of his finest pieces of wit in the whole Poem.

And though I prais'd your valour, yet I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd, I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich Beyond the infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns As fire in antique Roman urns,[1]
To warm the dead, and vainly light Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to entertain, And render love for love again?
As no man can draw in his breath, At once, and force out air beneath.
Or do you love yourself so much, To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say, Is but a lock without a key.[2]
It is a kind of rape to marry One that neglects or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman, For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair but to entice us To love you that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say, Out of your own fanatic way,[3]
Why should you not at least allow Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me and pursue Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught To practise what you call a fault.
Quoth she, If what you say is true, You must fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say In love and preaching that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love, Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup.[4]
Love's power's too great to be withstood By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees. The Hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle T'a feeble distaff and a spindle.[5]
'Twas he made Emperors gallants To their own sisters and their aunts;

[1] Pancirollus gives the following remarkable account of the sepulcher of Tullia, Cicero's daughter (though it must be a mistake, for she was buried at Tusculum): "Præparabant enim veteres oleum incombustibile, quod non consumebatur: id nostrâ quoque ætate, sedente Paulo III. visum fuit, invento scilicet sepulchro Tulliæ filiæ Ciceronis, in quo lucerna fuit etiam tunc ardens, sed admisso aere extincta; arserat autem annos plus minus 1550." The continued burning of these sepulchral lamps is endeavoured to be accounted for by Dr. Plot.

[2] "For what is wedlock forced, but a hell, An age of discord, of continual strife;
Whereas the contrary, bringeth forth bliss, And is a pattern of celestial peace."
See a remarkable instance of conjugal affection, Baker's History of the Inquisition, and a merry and remarkable account of the petty King of Canton's marrying his male and female prisoners by lot, Gemelli Careri's Voyage.

[3] *Fanatique* in some of the first editions, and *fanatic* in the rest from 1700, if not sooner, to this time. Might not *fantastic* have been as proper? as his mistress expresses herself,
"And yet 'tis no fantastic pique I have to love, nor coy dislike.

[4] A thing which he could not help; though such a thing might have been prohibited in the Inquisition, as well as involuntary sneezing, of which Baker gives the following instance: "A prisoner, says he, in the Inquisition coughed; the keepers came to him, and admonished him to forbear coughing, because it was unlawful to make a noise in that place: he answered, it was not in his power: however they admonished him a second time to forbear it; and because he did not, they stripped him naked, and cruelly beat him. This increased his cough, for which they beat him so often, that at last he died, through the pain and anguish of the stripes."

[5] Alluding to Hercules's love for Omphale, and Iole:
"Inter Ionicas Calathum tenuisse puellas Diceris: et dominæ pertimuisse minas." Ovid.
"Sly Hermes took Alcides in his toils Arm'd with a club and wrapt in lion's spoils;
The surly warrior Omphale obey'd, Laid by his club, and with her distaff play'd."
Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing, speaking of Beatrice, says, "That she would have made Hercules turn spit, yea, and have cleft his club to have made the fire too."

Set Popes and Cardinals agog, 'To play with pages at leap-frog.
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
And fluxed the house of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the grandees o' th' cabal Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.[1]
He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em To Dirty Lane and Little Sodom;[2]
Made 'em curvet, like Spanish gennets,
And take the ring at Madam Stennet's.
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do[3]
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow Enamoured of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her.
Quoth she, If love have these effects, Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted, For diabolical and wicked,
And sung as out of tune against, As Turk and pope are by the saints?
I find, I've greater reason for it, Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy lovers slight, Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.
Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.

[1] Cromwell himself, whose knowledge and veracity can scarce be disputed in this case, when he turned the members out of doors, publicly called Harry Martin and Sir Peter Wentworth whore-masters; Echard's England.

[2] "Made zealots of hair-brain'd fetchers, And sons of Aretine turn preachers:
Kimbolton, that rebellious Boanerges, Must be content to saddle Dr. Burges;
If Burges got a clap, 'tis ne'er the worse, But the fifth time of his compurgators."
Cleveland.

It is remarkable, that the Knight, a stickling synodist, could not forbear acknowledging, that synod men had sometimes strayed to Dirty Lane and Little Sodom. The satire is more pungent out of his mouth. *Qu.* Whether by Little Sodom, he does not allude to what Walker calls "the new statesmen's new-erected Sodoms, and the spinstries at the Mulberry-garden at St. James's."

[3] St. Francis was founder of the order of St. Franciscans in the church of Rome, and Butler has scarce reached the extravagancy of the legend. Bonaventure, says Wharton, gives the following story of St. Francis. "The devil putting on one night a handsome face, peeps into St. Francis's cell, and calls him out. The man of God presently knew by revelation, that it was a trick of the devil, who by that artifice tempted him to lust; yet he could not hinder the effect of it, for immediately a grievous temptation of the flesh seizeth on him. To shake off this, he strips himself naked, and begins to whip himself fiercely with his rope. Ha, brother ass! (saith he) I will make you smart for your rebellious lust: I have taken from you my frock, because that is sacred, and must not be usurped by a lustful body: if you have a mind to go your ways in this naked condition, pray go. Then, being animated by a wonderful fervour of spirit, he opens the door, runs out, and rolls his naked body in a great heap of snow. Next he makes seven snow-balls, and laying them before him, thus bespeaks his outward man: Look you, this great snow-ball is your wife, those four are your two sons and two daughters, the other two are a man and a maid, which you must keep to wait on them: make haste and clothe them all, for they die with cold: but if you cannot provide them for all, then lay aside all thought of marriage and serve God alone." Now see the merits of rolling in the snow! saith Wharton: "The tempter, being conquered, departs, and the saint returns in triumph to his cell." The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder, St. Francis, "That, as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man lifted up his hands to heaven, with a secret thanksgiving, that there was so much Christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for the salute of charity."

Says he, There is as weighty reason For secrecy in love as treason
Love is a burglarer, a felon, That at the windore-eye does steal in,[1]
To rob the heart, and with his prey Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover, He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns, and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chymists stop in holes
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choak,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragged beasts backward into's hole:[2]
So love does lovers; and us men Draws by the tails into his den
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if your doubt I should reveal What you entrust me under seal,[3]
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous As your own secretary Albertus.[4]
Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else;
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.
Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way.
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the Lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres, and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out;
'Tis beauty always in the flower, That buds and blossoms at fourscore:

[1] Alluding to the laws against burglary, which is breaking or entering a mansion-house by night, either by breaking open a door, or opening a window, with an intent to commit some felony &c.

[2] Alluding to the story of Cacus, who robbed Hercules. "At furis Caci mens effera," &c. Virgil. Æn. lib. viii. 205, &c.

"Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd;
And lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave." Dryden.

[3] Might he not have in view the 113th canon of 1623, by wich is enjoined, that secret sins confessed to the minister should not be revealed by him (unless they were such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life might be called in question for concealing them), under pain of irregularity, which was suspension from the execution of his office. "Multo enim latius sigilli secretum, quam sigillum confessionis virum innodat: in omni enim casu confessionis sigillum sive de crimine committendo, sive commisso, tam hæresis, quam perduellionis crimine est obligatorium: non sic autem hominem sigillum secreti astringit."

[4] Albertus Magnus was Bishop of Ratisbon; he flourished about the year 1260, and wrote a book De Secretis Mulierum.

'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done;[1]
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing, But so much money as 'twill bring?[2]
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own;
In which no creature goes his half, Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land, I'd have a wife at second hand;[3]
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches[4]
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;[5]
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter
Or any fate of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
Your only way with me, to break Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down:
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles, ev'ry lover Will damn himself, over and over,
And greater matters undertake For a less worthy mistress' sake:

[1] That is, the splendor of gold is more refulgent than the rays of those luminaries.

[2] A covetous person, says the Tatler, No. 122, in Seneca's Epistles, is represented as speaking the common sentiments of those who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy: "Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one: If a man is rich, who asks if he be good? The question is, How much we have? not from whence or by what means we have it? Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my part let me be rich, Oh ye Gods! or let me die: the man dies happily who dies increasing his treasure: There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends."

[3] By this one might imagine, that he was much of the mind of a rakish gentleman, who being told by a friend (who was desirous of having him married, to prevent his doing worse), that he had found out a proper wife for him; his answer was, Prithee, whose wife is she?

[4] Petruchio, Taming the Shrew, argues upon this head in the following manner: "Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as us, few words suffice, and therefore if you know one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, as wealth is the burden of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affection's edge in me: Were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua. If wealthily, then happily in Padua."

"*Grum.* Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal." See Cacofogo, in Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

[5] Much of this cast was 'Squire Sullen, Farquhar's Beaux Stratagem, who offered his wife to another, with a venison pasty into the bargain. But when the gentleman desired to have her fortune, "Her fortune (says Sullen) why, Sir, I have no quarrel with her fortune; I only hate the woman, Sir, and none but the woman shall go." And under this disposition Sir Hudibras would have been glad to have embraced the offers of that lady, Strafford's Letters, "who offered the Earl of Huntingdon 500*l.* a year during his life, and 6000*l.* to go to church and marry her, and then at the church-door to take their leaves, and never see each other after."

Yet th' are the only ways to prove Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.[1]
Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting trivial matter To swing i' th' air or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love; That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected, To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover;[2]
Trust is a trial, if it break, 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain,
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay;[3]
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools:
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rooks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to, Trust me, and see what I will do.
Quoth she, I should be loth to run Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed Of your's aforesaid do precede;
Give but yourself one gentle swing For trial, and I'll cut the string:[4]
Or give that rev'rend head a maul, Or two, or three, against a wall:
To shew you are a man of mettle, And I'll engage myself to settle.
Quoth he, My head's not made of brass, As Friar Bacon's noddle was;[5]

[1] No one could have thought otherwise but Young Clincher, Farquhar's Constant Couple, who, when he met Errand the Porter, that had exchanged cloaths with his elder brother, to help him out of a scrape, and was told by him, "that his brother was as dead as a door-nail, he having given him seven knocks on the head with a hammer," put this query, "Whether his brother was dead in law, that he might take possession of his estate?" or Young Loveless; see the dialogue between him and his elder brother in disguise, Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] This was not much unlike the highwayman's advice to a gentleman upon the road: "Sir, be pleased to leave your watch, your money, and rings with me, or by —— you will be robbed."

[3] If a soldier received sixpence a day, he would receive seven sixpences for seven days, or one week's pay: but if sixpence per week of this money be kept back for shoes, stockings, &c. then the soldier must serve one day more, viz. eight to the week, before he will receive seven sixpences, or one week's pay clear.

[4] It is plain from Hudibras's refusal to comply with her request, that he would not have approved that antique game invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down, which if he failed in he was suffered to hang till he was dead.

[5] The tradition of Friar Bacon and the brazen head is very commonly known: and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher of his name has since delivered of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining cup the same thing with *Time is, Time was*, &c. It is explained by Sir Tho. Browne, in the following manner: "Every ear is filled with the story of Friar Bacon, that made a brazen head to speak these words, Time is, which, though they want not the like relation, is surely too literally received, and was but a mystical fable concerning that philosopher's great work, wherein he eminently laboured; implying no more by the copper head than the vessel where it was wrought: and by the words it spake, than the opportunity to be watched about the *tempus ortus*, or birth of the mystical child, or philosophical King of Lullius, the rising of the *terra foliata* of Arnoldus: when the earth, sufficiently impregnated with the water, ascendeth white and splendent; which not observed, the work is irrecoverably lost, according to that of Petrus Bonus: "Ibi est operis perfecti, aut annihilatio, quoniam ipse die oriantur elementa simplicia, deperrata, quæ egent statim compositione, antequam volent ab igne." Now, letting slip this critical opportunity, he missed the intended treasure: which had he obtained, he might have made out the tradition, of making a brazen wall about England,

Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
That authors say, 'twas musket-proof:
As it had need to be, to enter As well, on any new adventure;
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon, Here strike me, look, it shall be done.[2]
Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof.
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit nice aversion T' your conversation, wit, or person,
But a just fear lest you should prove False and perfidious in love;
For if I thought you could be true, I could love twice as much as you.[3]
Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine As chains of destiny, I'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever spoke, Or oracle from heart of oak;[4]
And if you'll give my flame but vent, Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part
Than love for you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence;
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring, And everlasting flourishing:

that is, the most powerful defence, or strongest fortification, which gold could have effected." Stow makes mention of a head of earth made at Oxford by the art of necromancy, in the reign of Edward II. that, at a time appointed, spake these words: "*Caput decidetur*, The head shall be cut off: *Caput elevabitur*, The head shall be lift up: *Pedes elevabuntur supra caput*, The feet shall be lifted above the head."

[1] Oviedo, in his General History of the Indies, observes, "That Indian skulls are four times as thick as other mens: so that coming to handy-strokes with them, it shall be requisite not to strike them on the head with swords, for many swords have been broken on their heads, with little hurt done." Dr. Bulwer observes, from Purchase, "That blockheads and logger-heads are in request in Brazil, and helmets are of little use, everyone having a natural murrain of his head: For the Brazilian heads some of them are as hard as the wood that grows in the country, for they cannot be broken." Higden mentions an Englishman, one Thomas Hayward of Barkley, "who had in the moolde of his hede polle, and forhede, but one bone, all whole, therefore he maye well suffre greete blows about his hede without hurt." The scull of a man above three-quarters of an inch thick, found at St. Catharine's Cree church. The author of the printed notes, on the contrary observes, "that there are American Indians, among whom there are some whose skulls are so lost, to use the author's words, *ut digito perforari possint*."

[2] This expression used by Beaumont and Fletcher, Scornful Lady, act. ii. and this unpolite way of courting seems to be countered by Shakespeare, first part of Henry VI. act v.

"So worthless peasants bargain for their wives, As market-men for oxen, sheep, and horse;
But marriage is a matter of more worth."

[3] The widow is practising coquetry and dissimulation in the highest perfection; she rallies and soothes the Knight, and in short plays all the arts of her sex upon him: he, alas! could not penetrate through the disguise; but the false hope she gives him makes him joyous, and break out into rapturous asseverations of the sincerity of his love: the extacy he seems to be in betrays him into gross inconsistencies. The reader may compare his speech, which immediately follows, with what goes before. But this humour and flight in him may be excused, when we reflect, that there is no other way to be revenged of a coquet, but by retorting fallacies and coquetry.

[4] Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona. "Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæi templum fuisse narratur."

Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,[1] And make it brisk champaign become:
Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew, And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye, And when you frown upon it die:
Only our loves shall survive, New worlds and natures to out-live;
And like to heralds moons remain,
All crescents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss:
For you will find it a hard chapter To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art Doth shew itself, and not your heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion, By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gousts, bouillies, or ragousts:[2]
Use her so barbarously ill,* To grind her lips upon a mill,[3]
Until the facet doublet doth[4] Fit their rhimes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth:[5]
Others make poesies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lilly and the rose, For Indian lake and ceruse goes:[6]
The sun, and moon, by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,[7]

[1] Alluding to the ancient customary way of drinking a mistress's health, by taking down so many cups or glasses of wine as there were letters in her name.
"Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur, Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.
Omnis ab infuso numeretur amica Falerno," &c.
Martialis Epigram.

[2] *Haut-gout*, Fr. high relish: *bouillon*, Fr. broth made of several sorts of boiled meat: *ragou*, *ragout*, Fr. a high seasoned dish of meat, a sauce or seasoning to whet the appetite.

[3] The meaning is this: the poets used to call their mistresses lips polished rubies; now the ruby is polished by a mill.

[4] *Facet doublet* signifies a false coloured stone, cut in many faces or sides. The French say, "[redacted]mante taillé à facette." Why the false stones are called doublets may be seen in Tournefort's account of the Mosaic work in the Sancta Sophia, at Constantinople. "Les incrustations de la galerie sont des Mosaiques faites la plus part avec ces dez de verre, qui se detachent tous les jours de leur ciment. Mais leur couleur est inalterable. Les dez de verre sont de veritables doublets, car la feuille coloree de differente maniere est couverte d'une piece de verre fort mince collée d'or dessus." The humour of this term is, in calling the rubies of the lips false stones.

[5] This description is probably a sneer upon Don Quixote, for his high-flown compliments upon his mistress. "The curling locks of her bright flowing hair of purest gold, her smooth forehead the Elysian plain, her brows are two celestial bows, her eyes two glorious suns, her cheeks two beds of roses, her lips are coral, her teeth are pearl, her neck is alabaster, her breasts marble, her hands ivory, and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom."

[6] *Lake*, a fine crimson sort of paint; *ceruse*, a preparation of lead with vinegar, commonly called white lead.

[7] Shakespeare, in his Romeo and Juliet, act. ii. has:
Rom.—"But soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick, and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she. Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick, And nought but fools do wear it,—cast it off."

Are but black patches, that she wears,[1]
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:[2]
By which astrologers, as well As those in heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow Unto her under world below:
Her voice, the music of the spheres,[3] So loud, it deadens mortals ears,
As wise philosophers have thought, And that's the cause we hear it not.[4]
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhime, would kill in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;[5]
It matters not how false, or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said, Only th' arrows drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose, They level at; so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip Both of their sound and rotten sheep.
For wits that carry low or wide Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse

[1] Sir Kenelm Digby makes mention of a lady of his acquaintance, who wore many patches: upon which he used to banter her, and tell her that the next child she should go with, whilst the solicitude and care of those patches were so strong in her fancy, would come into the world with a great black spot in the midst of its forehead; which happened accordingly. Humorous is the account of the opinion of the Indian kings concerning the patches worn by our English ladies, Spectator No. 50. "As for the women of the country, they look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for the little black spots that break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed, that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot in the forehead in the afternoon which was upon the chin in the morning."

[2] Thus Angelina to Eustace, Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy entitled the Elder Brother. "'Tis not a face I only am in love with;—no, nor visits each day in new suits; nor your black patches you wear variously, some cut like stars, some in half moons, some lozenges."

[3] E. Fenton is of opinion "That Pythagoras was the first that advanced this doctrine of the music of the spheres, which he probably grounded on that text in Job, understood literally, 'When the morning stars sang together,' &c., ch. xxix. ver. 7. 'For since he studied twelve years in Babylon, under the direction of the learned imposter Zoroastres, who is allowed to have been a servant to one of the prophets, we may reasonably conclude, that he was conversant in the Jewish writings (of which the book of Job was ever esteemed of most authentic antiquity). Jamblichus ingenuously confesseth, that none but Pythagoras ever perceived this celestial harmony; and as it seems to have been a native of imagination, the poet's [illegible] appropriated it to their own province; and our admirable Milton applies it very happily in the fifth book of his Paradise Lost:

"That day, as other solemn days, he spent In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance! which yonder starry sphere Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels,
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate, Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem: And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear Listens delighted."———

Mr. Milton wrote a little tract, entitled De Sphærarum Concentu, Cantabrigiæ in Scholis Publicis, a Joanne Miltono.

[4] "Phygathoras prodidit hunc totum mundum musica factum ratione. Septemque stellas inter cœlum et terram vagas, quæ mortalium geneses moderantur, motum habere *ευρυθμον* intervallis musicis diastematis habere congrua, sonitusque varios reddere pro sua quæque altitudine ita concordes, ut dulcissimam quidem concinant melodiam, sed nobis inaudibilem, propter vocis magnitudinem, quam non capiant aurium nostrarum angustiæ."

[5] Warburton is of opinion, that he alludes to Waller's poem on Saccharissa. He might likewise have Waller's Panegyric on the Lord Protector in view, compared with his Poem to the King, upon his Majesty's happy return. When he presented this poem to the King, Fenton observes "That his Majesty said he thought it much inferior to his panegyric on Cromwell. Sir! replied Waller, We poets never succeed so well in writing truth, as in fiction."

This way t' attack me, with your muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on, With Fulhams of poetic fiction :[1]
I rather hop'd I should no more Hear from you o' th' gallanting score:
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove The readiest remedies of love;
Next a dry diet: but if those fail, Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler,
T' allay your mettle, all agog Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on th' marry'd brow.
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage,
Yet give me quarter, and advance To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit, The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand, In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit But in your constellation meet?
Quoth she, What does a match imply, But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit To be the yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts, To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe, I've not the conscience to receive.
That conscience, quoth Hudibras, Is misinform'd—I'll state the case:
A man may be a legal donor. Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists, I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors, As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well, As you may give away or sell;
Buyers you know are bid beware,
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer hue and cry,[2]
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,[3]
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,[4]
And in the open market toll'd for?

[1] *High* and *low Fulhams*, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, were cant words for false dice: the high Fulhams being dice which always ran high, and the low Fulhams those that ran low. To the former, Cleveland alludes probably, in his Character of a Diurnal-maker. "Now a Scotchman's tongue runs high Fulhams."

[2] From *huer*, to hoot, or shout, to give notice to the neighbourhood to pursue a felon. The constable's office in this respect is humorously bantered, by Ben Jonson, Tale of a Tub.

[3] This is very satirical upon the poor Knight, if we consider the signification of that name; and, from what the widow says, we may infer, the Knight's stature was but *four feet high*: could we have met with his match in a lady of the same stature, they might have rivalled Mr. Richard Gibson, a favourite page of the back-stairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whose marriage King Charles I. honoured with his presence, and gave the bride: They were of an equal stature, each measuring three feet ten inches. Waller's poem Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs, and Fenton's Observations. See an account of the marriage of the dwarfs, attended by a hundred dwarfs of each sex, at the court of Peter the Great.

[4] Alluding to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, anno 2 and 3 Philippi and Mariæ, and 31 Eliz. cap. 12, and publicly tolling them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner.

Or, should I take you for a stray, You must be kept a year and day[1]
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It stands me much upon T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear, No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb) Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent, In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,[2] Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation Of sow-gelding operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs were such, or geldings either.
Next it appears I am no horse, That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail—
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write, men have four legs by nature,[3]
And that 'tis custom makes them go Erroneously upon but two?
As 'twas in Germany made good,[4] B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And, growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show B' experiment 'tis so or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,[5] I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose, To settle all, and be my spouse.
That never shall be done (quoth she) To one that wants a tail by me;[6]

[1] *Estrays (Estraluræ)*, cattle that stray into another man's grounds, and are not owned by any man: in this case, if they are proclaimed on two market-days, in two several market-towns next adjoining, and if the owner does not own them within a year and a day, they belong to the lord of the liberty. Vid. Spelmanni Glossar. in voc. *Extrahuræ*, Wood's Institute of the Laws of England, 3d edit. p. 213.

[2] Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented eunuchs. "Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima," Am. Marcel. l. 24, p. 22, which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces (as another queen did a bull), but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought men not worth the while.

[3] See Tatler, No. 103.

[4] A boy in the county of Liege, who, when he was little, flying with the people of his village upon the alarm of soldiers, lost himself in a wood, where he lived [illegible] beasts, that he was grown over with hair, and lost the use of speech, and was taken for a satyr by those that discovered him. Sir K. Digby's Treatise of Bodies, c. xxvii. p. 310. P. Camerarius mentions a lad of Hesse, who was, in the year 1543, taken away, and nourished, and brought up by wolves. They made him go upon all four, till, by the use and length of time, he could run and skip like a wolf; being taken, he was compelled by little and little to go upon his feet. Webster's Displaying of supposed Witchcraft, chap. v. p. 91. We have a later instance of the wild youth who was found in a wood near Hanover, when the late King was there, and by his order brought into England to be humanized. See a poem, entitled The Savage, occasioned by the bringing to court a wild youth taken in the woods in Germany, 1725, Miscellany Poems, published by Mr. D. Lewis, 1726, p. 305.

[5] Joining issue generally signifies the point of matter issuing out of the allegations and pleas of the plaintiff and defendant, in a cause to be tried by a jury of twelve men.

[6] A sneer probably upon the old fabulous story of the Kentish Long-tails, "a name or family of men sometime inhabiting Strouo (saith Polydore) had tails clapped to their breeches by Thomas of Becket, for revenge and punishment of a despite done him, by cutting off the tail of his horse." Ray says, "That some found the proverb of Kentish Long-tails upon a miracle of Austin the monk, who, preaching in an English village, and being himself and his associates beat and abused by the Pagans there, who opprobriously tied fish-tails to their back-sides, in

For tails by nature sure were meant, As well as beards, for ornament:
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain, You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse, Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;[1]
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms Than yours on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford I shall produce upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation, When you shall offer just occasion
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel, Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or mainprise, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.[2]
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do't, (Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames, by jail-delivery Of errant knights, have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do By order, oath, and honour too;[3]
For what are they renowned and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels;
But for a lady, no ways errant,[4] To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance, Or classic author yet of France;[5]

revenge thereof, such appendants grew to the hind parts of all that generation." At Mexico, in the holy week, men are masked and disguised, and some have long tails hanging behind them: "These, they say, represent some Jews, who they pretend are born after this manner, because of their being the executioners who crucified our Saviour Jesus Christ."

[1] Alluding to the story of Macamut, Sultan of Cambaya, who ate poison from his cradle, and was of that poisonous nature, that when he determined to put any nobleman to death, he had him stripped naked, spit upon him, and he instantly died. He had four thousand concubines, and she with whom he lay was always found dead next morning; and if a fly did light accidentally upon his hand, it instantly died.

[2] Why does the Knight petition the widow to release him, when she was neither accessary to his imprisonment, nor appears to have any power to put an end to it? This seeming incongruity may be solved, by supposing, that the usher that attended her was the constable of the place; so the Knight might mean, that she would intercede with him to discharge him absolutely, or to be mainprise for him, that is, bail or surety. By this conduct she makes the hero's deliverance her own act and deed, after having brought him to a compliance with her terms, which were more shameful than the imprisonment itself.

[3] Oath of a knight (Selden's Titles of Honour), the sixth article. "Ye shall defend the just action and querielles of all ladies of honour, of all true and friendless widows, orphelins, and maides of good fame."

[4] Masque of Augurs, Ladies of Knights of the Garter wore robes, and were called Dames, "Dominæ de sectâ et liberatura garter."

[5] The French were the most famed of any nation (the Spaniards excepted) for romances. Monsieur Huet distinguishes in the following manner betwixt fables and romances: "A romance (he observes), is the fiction of things, which may but never have happened; fables are the fictions of things, which never have nor ever can happen: that the original of romances is very ancient, and that the invention is due to the orientals," I mean (says he) to the Egyptians, Arabians, Persians, and Syrians, and gives instances in proof.

And I'd be loth to have you break An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce, In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs.
Which if I should consent unto, It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye, With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore *To Honour's temple had no door*
But that which thorough Virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;[1]
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,[2] Tutress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown, And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge;
Then, in their robes the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,[3]
And in their way attended on By magistrates of every town;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake, To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done) The laying of a whipping on,[4]
(And may you prosper in your suit, As you with equal vigour do't),
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caper-dewsie.
But since our sex's modesty Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't;

[1] Alluding to the whipping of petty criminals in Bridewell, and [illegible]on.

[2] "I think a jail a school of virtue is,
A house of study, and of contemplation:
A place of discipline and reformation."
The Virtue of a Jail by J. Taylor.

[3] He alludes to the acts of Queen Elisabeth and King James I. against rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. By stat. 39 Elis. cap. iv. it is enacted, That every vagabond, &c., shall be publicly whipped, and shall be sent from parish to parish, by the officers thereof, to the parish where he or she was born: or if that is not known, then to the parish where he or she dwelt by the space of one whole year before the punishment; and if that be not known, then to the parish through which he or she passed last without punishment. After which whipping, the same person shall have a testimonial, subscribed with the hand and sealed with the seal of the said justice, &c., testifying that the said person has been punished according to this act, &c. This statute was confirmed and enlarged by 1 Jac. I. c. vii. but both in a great measure repealed by 12th of Queen Anne, cap. xxiii.

[4] Alluding probably either to the Disciplinarians in Spain, who gain very much upon their mistresses affections by the severity of their flogging; or to the heresy in Italy at the end of the thirteenth century, entitled, The Heresy of the Whippers and Floggers; "Flagellantium hæresis in Italiâ orta, per Galliam et Germaniam vagatur; multa Romanæ ecclesiæ damnans et in errores incidens gravissimos." Wolfius observes that this sect took its rise in the year 1349, and seems to doubt whether in Tuscany or Hungary.

And I'll admit you to the place, You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go By dest'ny, why not whipping too!
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
A Persian Emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
The sea,[1] his mother Venus came on;[2]
And hence some rev'rend men approve Of rosemary in making love;[3]
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs[4]
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs;
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art, Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?[5]
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China oranges and tarts,[6] And whining plays, lay baits for hearts;

[1] Xerxes who used to whip the seas and wind.
"In eorum atque eurum solitus sævire flagellis." Juv. sat. x. Herodoti. Kanute the Dane was humbled by the water of the sea's not obeying him. Robert of Gloucester.

[2] The parentage of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, is thus described by Ausonius: "Orte salo, suscepta cælo, patre edita solo. Jubiter virilia amputabat, ac in mare projiciebat, e quibus Venus oriebatur." "As to the birth of Venus, (Mr. Fenton, Remarks upon Waller's poems), it is not much to be wondered at, amongst so many ridiculous stories in the Heathen Theogony, to hear, that she sprang from the foam of the sea, from whence the Greeks called her Aphrodite. This tradition probably began from divine honours being paid to some beautiful woman who had been accidentally cast on shore in the island Cythera, when the savage inhabitants were ignorant of navigation." The West Indians had the same thought of the Spaniards upon their first invasion, imagining that they sprung from the foam of the sea. "Eorum animis penitus hæc insedit opinio, nos mari esse ortos, et venisse in terras ad vastandum et perdendum mundum."

[3] As Venus was reported to have sprung from the foam of the sea, he intimates that rosemary, (*ros marinus* in Latin), or sea dew, as resembling in a morning the dew of the sea, was in use in making love.

[4] Alluding to the Lydian and Phrygian measures. The Lydian music was soft and effeminate, and fit for feasting and good fellowship. Plat. de Repub. μαλακη και συμποτικη Λυδιστι, accordingly, μιξολυδιστι και συντονολυδιστι are ὑφηνωμεναι αρμονιαι. Phrygian, on the contrary, was masculine and spirited, fit to inspire courage and enthusiasm, and therefore used in war. Cic. de Divin. The Cooper of North Wales, who might be skilful in both Lydian [redacted]hen these failed, made use of another method to bring in custom. "He having spent a considerable quantity of Jungs and leather in footing the country, and crying his goods to no purpose, took another method to bring in customers. He applied to a friend of his, a shrewd blade, who makes almanacks twice a year, and by his advice was induced to alter his method. He looked over all his bundle of hoops, and chalked upon one *Orbis Lunæ*, upon another *Orbis Saturni*, upon a third *Cælum Crystallinum*, and so on to the largest, which he named *Primum Mobile*; and styling himself *Atlas*, he soon found custom in abundance: Not a pipe, nor a hogshead, but he had an orb to fit it; and so proportionably for smaller vortexes, as firkins and kilderkins. Such a way could not fail of universal approbation; because every hostess in town cannot but know that the weather has great influence on beer and ale, and therefore it is good to scrape acquaintance with Mars, Saturn, and their adherents."

[5] The author of a tract, entitled, A Character of France, observes of the French gallants, "that, in their frolics, they spare not the ornaments of their madams, who cannot wear a piece of ferret ribbon, but they will cut it in pieces, and swallow it, to celebrate their better fortune."

[6] Such little presents might then be thought instances of gallantry. It is observed of the Turks, by Fenton, "That they thought *sucar birçoron*, that is, a bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they could use to the ladies: Whence Waller probably celebrated his lady under the name of Saccharissa."

Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,[1]
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lillies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses;
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton, Do penance in a paper lanthorn?[2]
All this you may compound for now, By suffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do so For the Infanta Del Taboso?[3]
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make Himself a slave for Miss's sake?
And with bull's pizzle for her love, Was taw'd as gentle as a glove;[4]
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum, For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip Of late her husband's own lordship?
And, though a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;[5]

[1] "Sed prius ancillam captandæ nosse puellæ
Cura sit: accessus moliat illa tuos.
Proxima consiliis dominæ sit ut illa videto,
Neve parum tacitis conscia fida jocis.
Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando." Ovid. de Arte Amandi.

"First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access, and easy to procure;
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and prayers,
For her good word goes far in love affairs." Dryden.

[2] Alluding probably to the penitentiaries in the church of Rome, who do penance in white sheets, carrying wax tapers in their hands. Archbishop Arundel enjoined such as abjured the heresy of Wickliff this penance: "That, in the public prayers, and in the open market, they should go in procession only with their shirts on, carrying in one hand a burning taper, and in the other a crucifix; and that they should fall thrice on their knees, and every time devoutly kiss it." Baker's Inquisition.

[3] Alluding to Don Quixote's intended penance on the mountain, in imitation of the Lovely Obscure.

[4] Alluding to the Emperor's ill usage of him on account of his mistress, with whom he was enamoured, and his design of taking away his life, notwithstanding his promise, that he should never be cut off during his own life; and yet, though the Mufti's interpretation, at the instance of Roxolana, his favourite Sultana, was, that, as sleep was a resemblance of death, he might be safely put to death when the Emperor was asleep, yet Solyman got the better of his inclination, saved his life, and dismissed him and his mistress. As to the expression of being *taw'd*, &c., it is probable that it was borrowed from Don Quixote.

[5] This was William Lord M—n—n, who lived at Bury Saint Edmunds, of whom Smith had the following account: That, notwithstanding he sat as one of [redacted] did not sign the warrant for his execution), yet, either by shewing favours, not allowable in those days of sanctity, to the unsanctified cavaliers, or some other act which discovered an inclination to forsake the good old cause, he had so far lessened his credit with his brethren in iniquity, that they began to suspect, and to threaten that they would use him as a malignant: His lady, who was a woman of more refined politics, and of the true disciplinarian spirit, to shew her disapprobation of her Lord's naughty actions, and to disperse the gathering storm, did, by the help of her maids, tie his Lordship stark naked to a bed-post, and, with rods, made him so sensible of his fault, that he promised, upon his honour, to behave well for the future, and to ask pardon of his superiors; for which salutary discipline she had thanks given her in open court. To this, or a whipping upon some other occasion, the old ballads allude:

"Lord M—n—n's next, the bencher
He there with the buffle head
Who (as I have heard it said)
Because he run at sheep,
And beat his head so addle,
Who waited with a trencher,
Is called Lord, and of the same house
Was chastised by his lady spouse:
She and her maids gave him the whip:
You'd think he'd had a knock in the cradle."
Loyal Songs, 1731.

This, in the opinion of Barbara Crabtree, see Spectator, No. 252, was good doctrine, who put this quere to the Spectator "Whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a

Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post;
And sirk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the sessions-court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the magician's circle clear. Quoth he, I do profess and swear,[1]
And will perform what you enjoin, Or may I never see you mine.
Amen (quoth she), then turn'd about, And bid her squire let him out.
But ere an artist could be found T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low, and left the skies,[2]
Put down (some write) by ladies eyes;
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,[3]
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade)[4]
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light:
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay, And do't in th' open face of day:
And in the mean time go in quest Of next retreat to take his rest.

good figure of speech? and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator?" So remarkable were those times for whipping, that Zachary Crofton, a famous Puritan divine, whipped his maid for a fault, and was so bold as to print his defence.

[1] After all the fine encomiums bestowed on love, it must be mortifying to a man of sense, whether successful in it or not, to look back upon the infinite number of silly things and servile compliances he has been guilty of in the course of his amours. The widow has very frankly told the Knight, and in him all the world, what tortures, penances, and base condescensions a lover must unavoidably undergo and comply with; to all which he artfully gives the preference to whipping, which was necessary for the designs she had in view: she cajoles the silly Knight with specious commendations of its practice, and alleges many instances of it, and particularly one of which the Knight could not be ignorant; and, on the other hand, has made the slavish parts of love so formidable, that it is no wonder that he was frightened into a whipping resolution. Nothing can excuse him in this juncture, but the uneasiness in his present embarrassment, and an ardent desire of regaining that valuable blessing liberty.

[2] The evening is here finely described: The epics are not more exact in describing times and seasons than our poet: We may trace his hero morning and night; and it should be observed in the conclusion of this Canto, conformable to the practice of the critics upon Homer and Virgil, that one day is only passed since the opening of the Poem. (Mr. B.)

[3] Sullen speaks thus of Amoret, Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess,

"Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her: methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her.

[4] Extremely fine! the rays of the sun being the cause why we cannot see the moon by day, and why we can see it by night.

CANTO II.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute, Within an ace of falling out.
Are parted with a sudden fright Of a strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle, They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'TIS strange how some mens tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,[1]
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just, Of no use but to be discuss'd;
Dispute and set a paradox, Like a straight boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,[2]
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study, To prove that virtue is a body;
That *bonum* is an animal,[3] Made good with stout polemic brawl;
In which, some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,
Each striving to make good his own, As by the sequel shall be shown.
The sun had long since, in the lap Of Thetis, taken out his nap,[4]
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching

[1] The Presbyterians in Scotland furnished us with an example of this, which perhaps even those of England can hardly parallel. It was ordered, August 27, 1638, that the ablest men in each parish should be provided to dispute of the King's power in calling assemblies. The words in the Large Declaration concerning the late tumults in Scotland, 1639. It runs, "That the ablest man in every presbytery be provided to dispute, De potestate supremi magistratus in ecclesiasticis, præsertim in convocandis conciliis, de senioribus de episcopatu, de juramento, de liturgiâ, et corruptelis ejusdem." These private instructions were sent to some ministers in every presbytery, in whom they put most special trust.

[2] "In porticu (Stoicorum schola Athenis) discipulorum s[redacted] triginta cives interfecti sunt." Diog. Laerat. These old vertuosi were better proficients in those exercises than the modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking. Middleton observes, Life of Cicero, "That the Stoics embraced all their doctrines as so many fixed and immutable truths, from which it was infamous to depart; and, by making this their point of honour, held all their disciples in an invincible attachment to them."

[3] *Bonum* is such a kind of animal as our modern virtuosi, from Don Quixote, will have windmills under sail to be. The same authors are of opinion, that "all ships are fishes while they are a-float, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again." Some have been so whimsical as to think, that the sea and rivers are animals. "Generaliter causa efficiens alluvionis constitui potest motus aquæ, quem in mari ac fluminibus nunquam deficere videmus." Senec. vi. Nat. "cujus principium anima statuitur." Aristot. "ut propterea flumina et mare animalia statuerit post veteres," Hieron. Cardan.

[4] ——"Aut ubi pallida surget Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile."
Virgilii Georgic, lib. i. 446, 447.
"Unde venit Titan, et Nox ubi Sidera condit."
Lucan. Pharsal. i. 15.
"As far as Phœbus first doth rise, Until in Thetis' lap he lies."
Sir Arthur Gorges.

'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drousy eyes, And from his couch prepar'd to rise.
Resolving to dispatch the deed He vow'd to do, with trusty speed,
But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling :[1]
And, after many circumstances, Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on, To make impertinent description,
They got (with much ado) to horse, And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before To suffer whipping duty swore.
Where now arriv'd, and half unharness'd To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,[2] Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
Whether it be direct infringing, An oath, if I should wave this swinging,[3]
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear, And so b' equivocation swear ;[4]

[1] Several of the books in Homer's Iliad and Odyssey begin with describing the morning; so also does Butler take care to let the world know at what time of the day (which he exactly describes) these momentous actions of his hero were transacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's rising, and rousing up his Squire, are humorously described. The poet seems to have had in his eye the like passage in Don Quixote: "Scarce had the silver moon given bright Phœbus leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and called Sancho his squire, that still lay snoring: which Don Quixote seeing, before he could wake him he said, O happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth! that, without envy, or being envied, sleepest with a quiet breast! neither persecuted by enchanters, nor frighted by enchantments."

[2] When we are in the highest expectation to see this desperate whipping performed by the Knight, behold! a new scruple, whether he might not, forsooth, break his oath. This is exactly conformable to the Knight's character, and expected from one who barely pretended to a scrupulous and tender conscience.

[3] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villainy of all parties of the Rebels with regard to oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths civil, military, and religious. We are now told, says he, that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: no! how then? surely according to the interpretation of devils. Let them remember Rodolphus the Duke of Swedeland, his hand in Cuspinian." The fact as follows: "Porro Rodolphus vulneratûs in manu dextrâ, fugit Marcipolim, mortique proximis dixit ad familiares suos: Videtis manum dextram meam de vulnere fauciam: hac ego juravi Henrico Domino, ut non nocerem ei, nec insidiarer gloriæ ejus: sed jussio apostolica, pontificumque petitio me ad id deduxit, ut juramenti transgressor, honorem mihi indebitum usurparem: quis igitur finis nos exceperit, videtis: nam in manu, unde juramenta violavi, mortale hoc vulnus accepi." Chronic. Slavor. Walker observes of the Independents, that they were tenable by no oaths, principles, promises, declarations, nor by any obligations or laws divine or human.

[4] [illegible] them upon this head, "They rest secure," says he, absolving themselves from all guilt and fear of perjury, and think they have excellently provided for themselves and consciences, if, during the act of swearing, they can make any shift to defend themselves, either as the Jesuits do, with some equivocation, or mental reservation, or by forcing upon the words some subtle interpretation; or, after they are sworn, they can find some loop-hole, or artificial evasion, whereby such art may be used with the oath, that, the words remaining, the meaning may be eluded with sophism, and the sense utterly lost!" which he proves to be contrary both to the Christian theology and morality of the Heathens.

"With many a mental reservation, You'll maintain liberty, reserv'd (your own)
For the public good: those sums rais'd you'll disburse,
Reserv'd (the greater part of your own purse).
You'll root the cavaliers out, every man, Faith, let it be reserv'd here (if you can).
You'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king,
Reserv'd (in heav'n), for thither you would bring
His royal head, the only secure room For kings, where such as you will never com
To keep th' estates of subjects you pretend, Reserv'd (in your own trunks). You will def
The church of England, 'tis your protestation,—
But that's New England, by a small reservation."

Cowley's Puritan and

Or whether 't be a lesser sin To be forsworn, than act the thing;
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discuss'd;
In which to err a tittle may To errors infinite make way;
And therefore I desire to know Thy judgment, ere we further go.
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't, I shall enlarge upon the point;
And for my own part do not doubt Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright, For best advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater, or less, than to forbear. And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The inward man, And outward, like a clan and clan,[1]
Have always been at daggers-drawing, And one another clapper-clawing,
Not that they really cuff, or fence, But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use With Pagans, and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridwells, Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination Contrition and mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked,
Our vessels that are sanctify'd, Prophan'd and curry'd back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it) Is impious, because they did it:[2]
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now, to the second,
That Saints may claim a dispensation[3]
To swear and forswear, on occasion,
I doubt not, but it will appear With pregnant light: The point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,[4]
Too feeble implements to bind,
And hold with deeds proportion, so, As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your church be opposite

Honest Tim makes mention of an equivocation-office, Fragmenta et Memorabilia, prefixed to the Dialogue, where all manner of evasions, shifts, distinctions, explanations, and double entendres were exposed to sale. One would imagine, from the foregoing representation, that they had such an office in those times. The Pagan Egyptians might have shamed such mock Christians, who punished perjury with death.

[1] Alluding to the outrages committed upon each other by the clans in Scotland.

[2] A sneer upon the Puritans and Precisians, who held the use of any thing unlawful that had been abused by the Papists, notwithstanding that abuse had been taken away.

[3] "Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim,
* Case hath got leave of God to do the same. * *A Presbyterian.*
For you do hate all swearing so, that when You've swore an oath, you break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts more these nations, Cavaliers swearing, or your protestations?
Nay, though by you oaths are so much abhorr'd,
Y' allow G— d——n me in the Puritan Lord." *E. of P-mb—ke.*
Cowley's Puritan and Papist.

[4] The oaths of lovers are represented such by Tibullus, i. Eleg. iv.
"Nec jurare time, veneris perjuria venti Irrita per terras, et freta summa ferunt."

To ours, as Black Friars are to White,[1]
In rule and order, yet I grant You are a reformado saint;
And what the saints do claim as due, You may pretend a title to.
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige, Know little of their privilege,
Further (I mean) than carrying on Some self-advantage of their own
For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why;
Else h' has a greater power than they, Which 'twere impiety to say.
W' are not commanded to forbear, Indefinitely, at all to swear;
But to swear idly, and in vain, Without self-interest or gain;
For breaking of an oath and lying, Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue, and from hence
Some have broke oaths by providence;[2]
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant rule and practice Of all our late apostles acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun With perjury, and carry'd on?[3]
Was there an oath the godly took,

[1] *Friars, freres*, Fr. *brethren*. Monks or religious persons, of which there are four principal orders. 1. Friar Minors, or Franciscans: 2. Grey Friars, or Augustins: 3. The Dominicans, or Black Friars: 4. The Carmelites, or White Friars.

[2] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up, and told them: "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world: but since providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." History of Independency. And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, "the spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the spirit. History of Independency. These wretches were like the sanctimonious pirate, Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, act. i. who went to sea with the ten commandments in his pockets, but scraped out the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal:" or the wild Irish, who, "when they went a stealing, prayed to God for good fortune, and if they got a good booty, used to return God thanks for assisting them in their villany, which they looked upon as the gift of God." Ralpho seems to have been in this way of thinking, Hudibras at Court, Remains, 1727.

"I well remember, food and firing, Some years before I went a squiring,
Were both so dear, to save the life Of my own self, my child, and wife,
I was constrained to make bold With landlord's hedges, and his fold.
God's goodness more than my desert Did then, Sir, put into my heart
To chuse this tree, this blessed tree, To be in need my sanctuary."
(To hide his stolen goods.)

[redacted] such wicked wretches, in the following lines:

"'Tis all one if a thief, a bawd, a witch, Or a bribe-taker, should grow damned rich,
And with their trash, got with their hellish pranks, The hypocrite slaves will give God thanks:
No, let the litter of such hell-hound whelps Give thanks to th' devil, author of their helps:
To give God thanks, it is almost all one To make him partner of extortion.
Thus, if men get their wealth by means that's evil,
Let them not give God thanks, but thank the devil."

[3] The Scots, in 1639, were a little troubled, that Episcopacy was not absolutely abjured in their former oaths, which many thought binding to them. The Covenanters, thinking to take away that rub, that all men might with the more freeness embrace their covenant, declare publicly to the world, "That the swearer is neither obliged to the meaning of the prescriber of the oath, nor his own meaning, but as the authority shall afterwards interpret it." "Since many men (says the writer of A Letter without Superscription, intercepted in the way to London, printed 1643, by way of sneer) "are troubled at the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, which they took so long since, when they had no hope the truth would have been manifested thus clearly to them, and upon which our enemies seem to have such advantage upon their conscience, whether it be not fit, first by the resolution of some godly ministers, to absolve them, as has been profitably done in the business of Brainceford, by those two lamps of our religion, the Rev. Downing and Marshal."

But in due time and place they broke?[1]
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For, having freed us, first from both Th' allegiance and supremacy oath?
Did they not next compel the nation
To take and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant, The solemn league and covenant?[2]
To take th' engagement[3] and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the King's safety, and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot:
But yet still had the confidence To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?[4]
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they if they did no more.[5]
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?

[1] A sneer upon many of the sanctified members of the Assembly of Divines, who had taken two several oaths to maintain that church government which the covenant obliged them to extirpate; namely, when they took their degrees in the university, and when they entered into holy orders; and some of them a third time, when they became members of cathedral churches. And it is Dr. Heylin's remark, "That it was no wonder the Presbyterians should impose new oaths, when they had broken all the old."

"I took so many oaths before, That now, without remorse,
I take all oaths the state can make, As merely things of course."

Butler's Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray, Remains. These gentlemen would not have boggled at the contradictory oaths of fidelity the Governor of Menin takes to the Archduchess, the Emperor, and States General. Memoirs of Baron Polinitz.

[2] L'Estrange mentions a trimming clergyman, in the days of the solemn league and covenant, who said, "the oath went against his conscience, but yet if he did not swear, some varlet or other would swear, and get into his living." I have heard of another, who declared to all his friends, that he would not conform upon the Bartholomew act, 1662, and yet did comply.; and, when taxed with his declaration, brought himself off with this salvo, "I did indeed declare that I would not comply, but afterwards heard that such a one, who was my enemy, swore he would have my living; upon this, God forgive me! I swore he should not; and, to save my oath, I thought I was in conscience bound to conform."

[3] By the engagement every man was to swear, to be true and faithful to the government established, without a King or House of Peers. Walker's Independency, 12. Clarendon's History, 204. Echard's England. Jack Freeman's way of taking it was by making it into a suppository, having served the covenant so before; which was as good a way as Teague's taking the covenant, by knocking down the hawker who cried it about the streets, and taking one for his master and another for himself.

[4] "July the 12th, the pretended two Houses voted, That the Earl of Essex should be General of their army, and that they would live and die with him: Memorable Occurrences, 1642. March 24th, 1645, the lower members at Westminster voted the clause for the preservation of his Majesty's person to be left out in Sir Thomas Fairfax's commission. Thus do the rebels, 1st, Swear to live and die with their own General, Essex, yet, upon second thoughts, they disoblige themselves from that oath, and cashier him of his command; 2ndly, Covenant to preserve his Majesty's person and authority, and yet afterwards authorise Sir Thomas Fairfax to kill him if he can."

"Now harden'd in revolt you new proceed By pacts to strengthen each rebellious deed:
New oaths, and vows, and covenants advance, All contradicting your allegiance;
Whose sacred knot you plainly did untie, When you with Essex swore to live and die."
Elegy on King Charles.

[5] No more than lay him by. "Of whom it was loudly said by many of his friends that he was poisoned." Clarendon's History.

For Protestant religion vow, That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of parliament,[1] In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houseful[2]
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful:
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' house,
Vowed that the red-coats would disband,
Ay marry would they, at their command;[3]
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.[4]
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,[5]
And that by them th' were only meant, To serve for an expedient:
What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound to observe, yet kept by none;[6]
And if that go for nothing, why Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,[7]
But to confine the bad and sinful, Like moral cattle in a pinfold.
A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour, Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And false, th' affirm, it is no perjury,

[1] See the privilege of the House of Commons truly stated. Clarendon's History.

[2] This they literally did, after they had cut off the King's head: though some few of the Lords condescended to sit with the Rump, namely, the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury, and Lord Howard of Escrigg. Whitelock observes, "That the Earl of Pembroke was returned Knight of the shire for Berks, *primæ impressionis*," and "that his son sat in the house after his death." "And for an honour (says he) to the Earls of Pembroke and of Salisbury, and of Escrigg, members of the House of Commons, it was ordered that they might sit in all committees of which they were before the house was dissolved."

[3] The truth of this is confirmed by Walker. "Cromwell's protestation in the house, with his hand upon his breast, in the presence of Almighty God, before whom he stood, That he knew the army [illegible], and lay down their arms at their door, whensoever they should command them." Author of Works of Darkness brought to Light, p. 5. makes the following remark: "This, I fear, will be a prevailing temptation upon you to make you unwilling to disband; knowing, that you must then return to your obscure dwellings and callings, to be tinkers, tapsters, tailors, tankard-bearers, porters, coblers, bakers, and other such mean trades, upon which you could not subsist before these wars."

[4] Alluding to the seclusion of the greatest part of the members in 1648, to make way for the King's trial. Clarendon's History.

[5] Of this opinion was the woman mentioned by L'Estrange, who observed, "That in such a place, they were only sworn not to dress any flesh in Lent, and may do what they please; but for us (says she) that are bound, it would be our undoing."

[6] Sir John Birkenhead banters them upon this head, "Resolved upon the question, That the public faith be buried in everlasting forgetfulness, and that John Goodwin the high priest be ordained to preach its funeral sermon from Tothill-fields, to Whitechapel."

[7] Of this opinion were the Presbyterians, if we may give credit to Colonel Overton's observation, who was an Independent. "He can invent (says he) oaths and covenants for the kingdom, and dispense with them as he pleaseth; swear and forbear as the wind turneth, like a good Presbyter." For this Becanus the Jesuit reproaches the Calvinists (whether justly or unjustly I cannot say), Calvinistæ nullam servant fidem; illorum axioma est, jura perjura."

But a mere ceremony, and a breach Of nothing but a form of speech:
And goes for no more, when 'tis took, Than mere saluting of the book.[1]
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,[2] They're but commissions of course,[3]
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please:
Or misinterpret them by private Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge, And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear.[4]
Their gospel is an accidence, By which they construe conscience,[5]
And hold no sin so deeply red, As that of breaking Priscian's head.[6]
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder.)[7]

[1] Many of the saints of those times were of the mind of that man, "that made a conscience both of an oath and a law-suit, yet had the wit to make a greater conscience of losing an estate for want of suing and swearing to defend it; so that, upon consulting the chapter of dispensations, he compounded the matter with certain salvos and reserves. Thou talks, says he to a friend of his, of suing and swearing; why for the one, it is my attorney sueth; and then, for the other, what signifies the kissing of a book with a calves-skin cover and a paste-board stiffening betwixt a man's lips and the text?" L'Estrange gives the following remarkable account of Antonius Correa, a Portuguese, in swearing a league with the King of Pegu's agent (and as the fanatics in those times imitated him in his crime, I wish they had imitated him in his repentance): "Dissimiles animorum habitus Antonius Correa, comitesque in eam ceremoniam attulerant; quippe qui vano errore ducti Christianam fidem Ethnicis jurejurando obligari fas esse vix ducerent: itaque accitu linteatus antistes, qui nauticis præerat sacris, divini humanique juris haud multo quam cæteri Lusitani peritior, in medium prodit: Sacræ Paginæ Christiano ritu erant ab Antonio cum solenni imprecatione tangendæ: atqui sacerdos pro evangeliis, bibliisve, librum ex composito protulit, eleganter et artificiosé compactum, in quo varii generis lusus, et cantica Lusitanico sermone scripta continebantur, nonnullis tamen immistis, ut fit, sententiis, moralibus, atque diverbiis: huic ergo libro, dum Antonius fallacem admovet manum, divinitus factum est, ut in ea verba ex Ecclesiaste incideret: *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas*; quod ille præter omnem expectationem animadvertit; subitâ perculsus religione, cohorruit, ac præclare sensit, quam integram et inviolatam fœderum fidem, vel cum ipsis Barbaris, Ethnicisque cœleste jubet numen: ergo apud se perinde justum atque legitimum jusjurandum Antonius habuit, ac si pro vulgari eo libro, sacrosancta utriusque testamenti volumina contigisset."

[2] Walker observes, "That they professed their consciences to be the rule and symbol both of their faith and doctrine. By this Lesbian rule they interpret, and to this they conform the Scriptures; not their consciences to the Scriptures, setting the sun-dial by the clock, not the clock by the sun-dial."

[3] A satire on the liberty the parliament officers took of varying from their commissions, on pretence of private instructions; or upon the remarkable method of granting commissions in those times; for notwithstanding, at the trial of Colonel Morris, who pleaded that he acted by virtue of a commission from the Prince of Wales, they declared the Prince had no power to grant commissions, yet, when a party of horse were ordered to be raised and listed under Skippon, to suppress the Earl of Holland and his forces then in arms against them, by virtue of this order, Skippon granted commissions to diverse schismatical [redacted] to raise underhand, and authorised the said apprentices to grant commissions to other apprentices under them, for the like purpose. Walker's History.

[4] "I have been credibly informed, says the author of Foxes and Firebrands, that a St. Omer's Jesuit declared, that they were twenty years hammering out the sect of the Quakers, and whoever considers the positions of those people will easily be induced to believe them forged upon a Popish anvil." Peter de Quir, in his letter to the Spectator, No. 396, puts it as a query, "Whether a general intermarriage enjoined by parliament, between the sisterhood of the Olive Beauties, and the fraternity of the people called Quakers, would not be a very serviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thousand vagaries of error and enthusiasm."

"Among the timorous kind, the quaking hare Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear."
Dryden's Hind and Panther.

[5] They interpret Scripture altogether literally.

[6] Alluding to their using the word *thou* for *you*. See the remarkable letter of Aminadab, a Quaker, to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.; Tatler, No. 190. Priscian was a famous grammarian of Cæsarea, or Rome, and was in esteem at Constantinople in the year 527. He wrote his grammar in the year 528.

[7] George Fox was the founder of this order, who tells us, "That when the Lord sent him into the world, he forbad him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and that he was required

These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still;[x]
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.

'Tis the temptation of the devil, That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same things by The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to, And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary, Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast, But in some fish at sea's express'd;[2]
So in the wicked there's no vice, Of which the saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in The one, in th' other is a sin.[3]
Is 't not ridiculous, and non sense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience;
That ought to be above such fancies, As far, as above ordinances?[4]

to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small; and as he travelled up and down, he was not to bid people good morrow, and good evening; neither might he bow or scrape with his leg to any one." So obstinate in this respect were G. Fox and his followers, that it is questionable whether the Spanish discipline of the whip used upon Ignatius Loyala, for refusing the civility of the hat, would have worked upon them. Lesley thus observes upon their behaviour, "What an uncouth and preposterous piece of humility it is, to deny the title or civility of *master*, or of the hat, whilst at the same time they worship one another with divine honours, and bestow upon themselves titles far above what any angels but Lucifer durst pretend to, to be even equal with God, of the same substance, and of the same soul with him, and grudge not to apply all the attributes of God to the light within them." The Quakers for some time kept up pretty strictly to George Fox's rule of the hat. And we learn that William Pen, once waiting on King Charles II., kept on his hat: the King perceiving it, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Upon which Pen said to him, Friend Charles, Why dost thou not keep on thy hat. The King answered, Friend Pen, it is the custom of this place, that never above one person shall be covered at a time. True picture of Quakerism.

[1] Bishop Parker gives the following remarkable instance, in proof of this assertion, "They scarce (says he) accounted any act so religious as to resist human authority; therefore they met the oftener, because they were forbid (viz. by the 35th of Q. Elizabeth against the assemblies of fanatics), nor could they by any force be drawn away from one another, till a merry fellow hit upon this stratagem: He proclaimed in the King's name, that it should not be lawful for any one to depart without his leave; and he had scarce done this, when they all went away, that it might not be said they obeyed any man."

[2] Sir Thomas Browne reckons this among the Vulgar Errors, "That all animals of the land are in their kind in the sea, although received as a principle, is a tenet very questionable, and will admit of restraint; for some in the sea are not to be matched by any enquiry at land, and hold those shapes which terrestrious forms approach not, as may be observed in the moon fish, or orthragoriscus, the several sorts of rains torpedos, oysters; and some are in the land which were never maintained to have the sea, as panthers, hiænas, camels, sheep, moles, and others, which carry no name in ichthyology, nor are to be found in the exact descriptions of Rondeletius, Gesner, or Aldrovandus."

[3] "It is an usual doctrine of this sect (says Dr. Bruno Reves), That God sees no sin in his children: for that name they will ingross to themselves (though no men less deserve it). It was a wise saying of a great Patriarch of theirs, that the children of God were heteroclites, because God did often save them contrary to his own rule." Of this opinion Mr. Pryn seems to have been. "Let any true saint of God (says he) be taken away in the very act of sin, before it is possible for him to repent, I make no doubt or scruple of it, but he shall as surely be saved, as if he had lived to have repented of it—I say, that whenever God doth take away any of the saints, in the very act of sin, he doth, in that very instant, give them such a particular and actual repentance as shall save their souls: for he hath predestinated them to everlasting life; therefore having predestinated them to the end, he doth predestinate to the means to obtain it." "The child of God (says Brierly), in the power of grace, doth perform every duty so well, that to ask pardon for failing either in matter or manner is a sin: it is unlawful to pray for forgiveness of sins after conversion; and if he does at any time fall, he can, by the power of grace, carry his sin to the Lord, and say, Here I had it, and here I leave it."

[4] The pretended saints of those times did many of them fancy themselves so much in the favour of God, as has been just observed, that, do what they would, they could not fail of salvation: and that others who were not so regenerate, or sanctified as themselves, stood in

She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress;[1]
And though, like constables, we search,
For false wares, one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true, No faith is to the wicked due?[2]
For truth is precious and divine, Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true, Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations;[3] And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence.
Such as the learned Jesuits use, And Presbyterians for excuse,
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping.
As thus: a breach of oath is duple, And either way admits a scruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injured taker;
For he that strains too far a vow, Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath, As found t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force.
What's justice to a man, or laws, That never comes within their claws?

need of outward means and ordinances, to make their calling and election sure; such as prayers, hearing the word of God, receiving the sacrament, &c., but they were above all these low mean things, and needed none of them. Of this opinion was Sir Henry Vane, of whom Lord Clarendon observes, that he was a man above ordinances, unlimited and unrestrained by any rules or bounds prescribed to other men, by reason of his perfection. The Seekers, a sect in those times, renounced all ordinances, and so did the sect of the Muggletonians, who sprung up in the year 1657, and took their denomination from Lodowick Muggleton, a journeyman tailor, who set up for a prophet.

[1] From hence it may be collected, that the widow was a Loyalist: for upon this supposition the Squire argues, that the Knight may well evade the oath he had made to her. The judgment of our deep-sighted Squire is not disputed; and he seems to judge much like his namesake Ralph, Knight of the Burning Pestle, when the lady courts him in the following words:

"For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you; But truly Raph, it was not long of me.
Tell me then, Raph, could you contented be To wear a lady's favour in your shield?
Raph. I am a knight of a religious order, And will not wear a favour of a lady's
That trusts in Antichrist and vain traditions; Besides, there is a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms, and Susan is her name,
A cobler's maid in Milk-street, whom I [redacted]
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and pestle last."

[2] This was an old Popish doctrine: "Nulla fides servanda hæreticis;" which was remarkably put in practice by the Papists in the case of John Huss; who, notwithstanding he had a safe conduct to the council of Constance, from the Emperor Sigismond, yet was condemned by the council, and burnt. This was likewise the doctrine of the saints of those times. By an order June 2, 1646, the Commons resolved, "That all persons that shall come and reside in the Parliament's quarters shall take the national league and covenant, and the negative oath, notwithstanding any articles that have been or shall be made by the soldiery." And so they did not only break the articles formerly made upon the surrender of Exeter, and other places, but, by virtue of this order, which could not be known by the persons concerned, they evaded those made after, upon the surrender of Oxford, which were confirmed by themselves, of which a principal article was, 'That no man shall be compelled to take an oath during the time that he was allowed to stay in London, or at his own house, or where he pleased, which was for six months after the surrender.' Good faith (says L'Estrange) is the same thing indifferently, either to friend or foe; and treachery is never the less treachery, because it is to an enemy."

[3] These saints might be cautious in concealing their mysteries for the same reasons that the heathens concealed theirs. "Hujus silentii ea causa erat, quod hæc vel turpia, vel crudelia essent; qualia Eleusinia, Pessinuntia," &c.

They have no power, but to admonish,
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.
Beside, no engagement is allowed By men in prison made, for good;
For when they're set at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, when any Jew Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:[1]
And have not two saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is't fit should be subordinate To every petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser, To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder?[2]
Tell all it does or does not know, For swearing *ex officio*?[3]
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs untring'd at *Vis. Franc.* pledge?[4]
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nusance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor shift, To help itself at a dead lift!
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn, Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinction serve To split a case as those that carve

[1] In the third part of Maimonides, Jud. Chaz., there is a treatise of oaths, in which he writes to this purpose: "He who swears a rash or trifling oath, if he repents, and perceives his grief will be very great should he keep his oath, and changes his former opinion; or any thing should happen which he did not think of when he swore, which will occasion his repentance of it; behold, let him consult one wise man, or three of the vulgar, and they shall free him from his oath." But Maimonides observes upon it, "That indeed in the written law there is no foundation for this; but we have learnt only by tradition from Moses our master." Selden [illegible] like o' [illegible]vatic[illegible] Table Talk) concerning the promissory oath or vow. See the loose notions of their casuistical Rabbins concerning vows.

[2] Corrupted from the French *pie poudre*.

[3] See an account of the oath *ex officio*, Neal's History of the Puritans, and a defence of it by Dr. R. Cosin, LL.D. Apologise for sundrie Proceedings by Jurisdiction Ecclesiasticall, &c., 1593. Answer to the Millenary Petition by the Vice-chancellour, Doctors, &c., of the University of Oxford, 1603, King James's defence of it, Hampton-court Conference, by Bp. Barlow, Strype's Life of Archbishop Whitgift, and warranted by Calvin's practice, in the case of a dancing at Geneva, Calvini. ep. lxxi. Farello, Bancroft's Survey of the pretended Holy Discipline, p. 312. See the opinions of the two Lord Chief Justices, and Attorney-General Popham, in Cartwright's case, when convened before them in the Bishop of London's lodgings: Heylin's History of the Presbyterians.

[4] *Franc pledge*, at common law, signifies a pledge of surety for freemen. For the ancient custom of England, for the preservation of the public peace, was, that every free-born man, at the age of fourteen years (religious persons, knights, and their eldest sons excepted), should find surety for their truth towards the King and his subjects, or else to be kept in prison; whereupon a certain number of neighbours became customarily bound for one another, to see each man their pledge forthcoming at all times. This the sheriffs were obliged to examine into, that every person at the age of fourteen was combined in one dozen or other. Whereupon this branch of the sheriff's officer was called *visus franci plegii*.

Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' high court of justice sworn[1]
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high-treason.
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned counsel there Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,[2] When they make pictures to destroy,
And vex 'em in any form That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,[3] Impeach of treason whom they please,

[1] This was a court never before heard of in England, erected by forty or fifty members of the House of Commons, who, with the assistance of the army, had secluded the House of Peers, and the rest of the members of their own house (namely seven parts in eight) that would not go their lengths. It was first erected for the trial of the King; and their villainous behaviour upon that occasion is notably girded by Butler in his Dunstable Downs, Remains.

"This is mere trifling, Sir, says Ralph, And ne'er will bring your worship off;
This court is independent on All forms and methods, but its own,
And will not be directed by The person they intend to try;
And I must tell you you're mistaken, If you propose to save your bacon,
By pleading to our jurisdiction, Which will admit of no restriction.
Here's no appeal, nor no demurrer, Nor after judgment writ of error:
If you persist to quirk and quibble, And on our terms of law to nibble,
The court's determin'd to proceed, Whether you do or do not plead."

Walker's History. Afterwards they set it up to try several lords and gentlemen for serving his Majesty; and as it was a new court, unknown to our laws, so it had no regard to law in its trials. Clarendon's History. See the form of the oath administered to them upon the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewet in 1658, Mercurus Politicus, No. 414. Dr. South speaks of this court, upon its first erection for the King's trial, in the following manner, 30th Jan Serm. Vol. v.: "A new court was set up, and judges packed, who had nothing to do with justice, but so far as they were fit to be objects of it; such an inferior crew, such a mechanic rabble were they, having not so much as any arms to shew the world, but what they wore and used in the rebellion; some of which came to be the possessors of the King's houses, who before had no certain dwelling but the King's high-way." In this court, as L'Estrange observes, "the bench deserved the gallows better than the prisoners, which is no more than a common case, where iniquity takes upon itself both the name and administration of justice. Walker speaking of the Rump Parliament, says, "Should they vote a t—d to be a rose, or Oliver's nose a ruby, they expect we should swear to it, and fight for it. This legislative den of thieves create new courts of justice, neither founded upon law nor prescription."

[2] Buchanan mentions this kind of witchcraft, "Veneficarum ad regem Duffum artificium; ejus effigiem ceream lento igne torrentem." Dr. Dee speaks of such a practice upon Queen Elizabeth. "My careful and faithful endeavour was with great speed required to prevent the mischief, which divers of her Majesty's Privy Council suspected to be intended against her Majesty's person, by means of a certain image of wax, with a great pin stuck in the breast of it, in great Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; wherein I did satisfy Her Majesty's desire, and this Lords of the Honourable Privy Council in few hours, in godly and artful manner." Of the kind was the incantation of Elinor Cobham to take off Henry VI. Michael Drayton's Heroical Epistles. An account of an incantation by Amy Simpson, and other nine witches in England to destroy King James VI. Sir James Melvill's Memoirs, p. 194, and an attempt of this kind upon the life of Sir James Maxwell and others, Glanvill's Sadducismus Triumphatus. To this kind of incantation Dr. Heywood alludes, Hierarchies of Angels,

"The school of Paris doth that art thus tax, Those images of metal, or of wax,
Or other matter wheresoever sought, Whether by certain constellation wrought,
Or whether they are figures that infer Sculpture, or form of certain character;
Or whether that effigies be baptis'd Or else by incantation exorcis'd,
Or consecrate (or rather execrate), Observing punctually to imitate
Books of that nature; all we hold to be Errors in faith, and true astrology."

[3] Though it was declared by the twelve judges, in the case of Felton, who murdered the Duke of Buckingham, quarto Caroli, in the year 1628, "that he ought not by law to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment was known or allowed by our law," yet the rack was made use of in Ireland, by the favourers of that rebel parliament, upon the King's friends, in many instances. The Lords Justices, in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, tell him, "that they should vary their method of proceeding, in putting some to the rack." "The Lords Justices, wanting evidence, had recourse to the rack, a detestable expedient, forbidden by the laws of England." Sir John Read, a sworn servant of his Majesty, and a gentleman of the privy chamber, was put to the torture. He had been Lieutenant-colonel against the Scots. His crime was for undertaking to carry over the remonstrance from the gentlemen of the Pale

And most perfidiously condemn Those that engag'd their lives for them?[1]
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience.
Can they not juggle, and, with slight
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear, As Lapland witches bottled air?[2]
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale, Will sev'ral different courses sail.
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that like a screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:[3]
So when tyrannic usurpation Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land that were intended To keep it out, are made defend it.

to the King: he made no secret of it, and had Sir William Parsons's pass; but, upon his going to Dublin to the Lords Justices, he was imprisoned, and racked at their instance, who were under the influence and direction of the rebel parliament in England. Mr. Patrick Barnwell, of Kilbrew, in the county of Meath, who had not been in the least concerned with the Irish rebels, was racked at the instance of these gentlemen. The principal question put to him was this, Whether the King was privy to or encouraged the rebellion? "It is hard to say (says Carts), whether his Majesty or the old gentleman so tortured was treated by the Lords Justices in the most barbarous manner." The English rebels were guilty of the like practices. Mr. Walker observes that they threatened to torture men if they would not confess; and they put their menaces in execution. See instances in Sir John Lucas's grandfather, Mercurius Rusticus, Sir William Boteler's steward, by Colonel Sandes, and Sir Ralph Canterel's servant, to make him discover his master's jewels, money and plate.

St. 33. Mox ædes ingredi conatus
Non unquam senescentes
Stupescens audio ejulatus
Horrenda sustinentis.

Mr. Collier postea Bedellus, qui torus erat per Chiliarcham Kelley.

St. 34. Quod dulce nuper domicilium
Nunc merum est ergastulum

Ingenuis alendis,
Innocuis torquendis.

Rustic. Descript. Visitat. Fanat. Oxon. 1647.

[1] This they did in many instances: The most remarkable ones were those of Sir John Hotham and his son, 1644, who had before shut the gates of Hull against the King; Clarendon's *History*.

"What strange dilemmas doth rebellion make! 'Tis mortal to deny, or to partake:
Some hang who would not aid your trait'rous act,
Others, engag'd, are hang'd if they retract:
So witches, who their contracts have forsworn, By their own devils are in pieces torn."

Elegy upon King Charles I.

[2] The pretences of the Laplanders, in this respect, are thus described by Dr. Heywood,

"The Finns and Laplands are acquainted well
With such like sprits, and winds to merchants sell:
Making their cov'nant, when and how they please
They may with prosp'rous weather cross the seas.
As thus; They in a handkerchief fast tie
Three knots, and loose the first, and, by and by,
You find a gentle gale blow from the shore;
Open the second, it increaseth more,
To fill the sails: when you the third untie,
The intemperate gusts grow vehement and high."

Cleveland humorously describes it, Works, 1677, p. 61.

"The Laplanders when they would sell a wind,
Wafting to hell, bag up the phrase, and bind
It to the barque, which, at the voyage end
Shifts poop, and breeds the cholic in the fiend."

[3] Remarkable is the old story of Godwin sands. It has been reported, that those quick sands that lie near Deal were once firm land, and the possession of Earl Godwin; and that the Bishop of Rochester employing the revenue assigned to maintain the banks against the encroaching of the sea upon the building and endowing Tenterden church, the sea overwhelmed it; whereupon grew the Kentish proverb, "that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Godwin sands." Dr. Fuller's Worthies, p. 65.

Does not in chanc'ry every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?[1]
Is not the winding up witnesses
And nicking more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go. Just as they're set, too fast or slow,
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter of fact
Run all on one side, as they're pack'd?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors;[2]
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit, Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should
In other matters do him hurt, I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;[3]
Then how can any man be said To break an oath he never made?[4]
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To the wicked, though they evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd, to find out why.
Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word To swear by, only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff, To vapour with, instead of proof
That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out,
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't, By proxy whipp'd, or substitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place Of suffering saints is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times On one man for another's crimes,[5]

[1] Alluding probably to the fable of the Gentleman and his lawyer, L'Estrange's Fables, "A gentleman that had a suit in chancery was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring a contempt. Well, says the Cavalier, and why is not my answer put in then? How should I draw your answer, saith the lawyer, without knowing what you can swear? Pox on your scruples, says the client again, pray do you the part of a lawyer, and draw me a sufficient answer; and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman and swear it."

[2] This was the objection of Momus: "Id potissimum hominis opificio notavit, quod artifex non in pectore fenestras, aut ostiola quædam addidisset. Quo perspici possit, quid in corde lateret." Cujus fabulæ mentionem facit Plato, vid. Stephani Thesaur. Ling. Latinæ. From him every unreasonable carper has since been called a Momus.

[3] The Knight is so fond of this false conceit, that he forgets he had asserted the same before.

[4] See this casuistry exposed by Bishop Sanderson, Obligation of promissory Oaths.

[5] Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., observes, Tatler, No. 92. "That pages are chastised for the admoniti in of princes." See Bishop Burnet's account of Mr. Murray of the bed-chamber, who was whipping-boy to King Charles I. History of his own time. The Spectator, No. 313. gives a remarkable instance of the good nature of Mr. Wake, father to the late Archbishop of

Our brethren of New England use Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,[1]
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend mens lives, as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain, In times of peace an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal, Because he was an infidel,[2]
The mighty Tottipottymoy Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do The Indian Hoghan Moghan too.
Impartial justice, in his stead did Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.[3]

Canterbury, who took upon himself the fault of a school-fellow, and was whipped for him at Westminster-school. Mr. Wake was a cavalier, and was engaged in Penruddocks affair: for which he was tried for his life at Exeter, by the very gentleman for whom he had been whipped. The judge discovering him to be the humane person to whom he had formerly been so much obliged, made the best of his way to London, where employing his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

[1] This was as bad as the Abingdon law exercised by Major-General Browne: which was first to hang a man and then to try him:

"That hang and draw, Then hear the cause by Lidford law."

It is observed by Walker, "That they had the most summary way of hanging one another that ever he saw." And elsewhere, "If a person submit to the jurisdiction of their courts, and plead, his plea will have but the operation of a psalm of mercy, prolonging his life but for a short time: in the mean time Kebble and his court play with him as cat with a mouse, and then devour him; for no man is sent to this court to be tried, but to be condemned."

[2] Upon this principle probably Ap Evans acted, who murdered his mother and brother, for kneeling at the sacrament, alledging that it was idolatry. Bastwick's Litany.

[3] Whether this story of the cobler and weaver is fact, as the author of the printed notes asserts, I cannot tell; but I meet with a parallel instance at Messaguscas. "An Englishman having stolen a small parcel of corn from the salvage owner; upon complaint, the chief commander of the company called a parliament of his people, where it was determined, That, by the laws of England, it was felony, and for an example the person ought to be executed, to appease the salvage: when straight-ways one arose, moved as it were with some compassion, and said, he could not well gainsay the former sentence, yet he had conceived, within the compass of his brain, an embrion, that was of special consequence to be delivered and cherished: He said, it would most aptly serve to pacify the salvage's complaint, and save the life of one that was [illegible] (if need should be) stand them in good stead, being young and strong, fit for resistance against an enemy, which might come unexpected for any thing they knew. The oration made, was liked of every one, and he entreated to proceed, to show the means how this may be performed. Says he, you all agree that one must die; and one shall die: This young man's clothes we will take off, and put upon one that is old and impotent, a sickly person, that cannot escape death, such is the disease on him confirmed, that die he must: put the young man's clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other's stead. Amen, says one, and so say many more. And the sentence had in this manner been executed, had it not been dissented from, by one person who exclaimed against it; so they hanged up the real offender."—This kind of justice was attempted sometimes by our English fanatics. I find one instance in the MS. Collections of Dr. Williams, desiring, "That Mr. Henry Steward, a soldier under the Governor of Hartleburgh castle, might be respited from execution, with an offer of two Irishmen to be executed in his stead." Sir Roger L'Estrange's case had like to have been of this kind; for he observes that when he was imprisoned for his unsuccessful attempt upon Lynn-regis, in Norfolk, in the year 1644, "the Lords commanded Mills, the Judge-advocate, to bring his charge upon Wednesday; he appeared accordingly, but with an excuse, that he wanted time to prepare it—however upon Friday it should be ready. It was then providentially demanded, whether they meant to hang me first, and then charge me; and if they intended to execute me in the interim? He told them, yes: for the Commons had passed an

Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd;
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.[1]
It is enough, quoth Hudibras, Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine, to raise use.
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,
For, in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns The point upon his own concerns
For no man does himself convince, By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Beside, it is not only foppish, But vile, idolatrous, and Popish;[2]
For one man out of his own skin, To frisk and whip another's sin:
As pedants, out of school-boys breeches,
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane, And sinful too, because in vain:
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, That's answered soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your consent 'tis done, The act is really your own.
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do:
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.
But since no reason can confute ye, I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, As, e'er we part, I shall evince it,
And curry (if you stand out), whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.[3]

order, that no reprieve should stand good, without the consent of both houses." "And nothing was so common at that time, as a charge without an accuser, a sentence without a judge, and condemnation without hearing."

[1] "The Sceptics (Middleton, Life of Cicero), observed a perfect neutrality towards all opinions: maintained all of them to be equally uncertain, and that we could not affirm of any thing, that it was this or that, since there was as much reason to take it for the one as for the other, or neither of them: Thus they lived without engaging themselves on any side of the question."

[2] A sneer upon the Popish doctrine of supererogation. See 14th article of 1562.

[3] This contest between Hudibras and Ralpho seems to be an imitation of that between Don Quixote and Sancho Pancha, upon a like occasion: "How now, opprobrious rascal, (says Don Quixote), stinking garlic-eater; Sirrah, I will take you, and tie your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you, and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, you varlet; and so smartly, that you shall feel it

Canst thou refuse to bear thy part I' th' public work, base as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse;[1]
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' int'rest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,[2]
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.[3]
Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), As the Ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,[4]
And look before you ere you leap; For as you sow, y' are like to reap.
And were y' as good as George a Green,[5]
I shall make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of honour To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?[6]
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies:
But I advise you (not for fear, But for your own sake) to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance;
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples,
Remember how in arms[7] and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks,

still', though you rub your backside three thousand times: answer me a word, you rogue, and I'll tear out your soul."

[1] Don Quixote complained of Sancho Pancha in the same manner. "Oh obdurate heart! Oh impious Squire! Oh nourishment and favours ill bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least?"

[2] A covetous hunks, a niggard, a close-fisted fellow.

[3] A common saying, and signifies that the two contending persons must have a trial of skill which is the best man, or which will overcome.

[4] Ralpho is almost as fruitful in proverbs as Sancho Pancha: In this, and the whipping deges, they both appear superior in sense to their masters. See Don Quixote.

[5] George a Green was the famous Pindar of Wakefield, who fought with Robin Hood and Little John (two famous robbers during the reign of Richard I., see Echard's England) both together, and the better of them. Mr. Gayton mentions John a Green, with Bevis of Hamptor, Robin Hood.

"More spruce and nimble, and more gay to seem,
Than some attorney's clerk, or George a Green."
Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, chap. xxviii. p. 236.

"I am not to tell a tale
Of George a Green or Jack a Vale,
Or yet, of Chitty-face."
Panegyric upon Tom Coryat and his Crudities.

Sancho Pancha actually used his master in the manner here mentioned, upon a like occasion. Don Quixote.

[6] Dr. Bonner, Bp. of London in Queen Mary's days, whipped, with his own hand, several persons, who were imprisoned for their strict adherence to the Protestant religion. See an account of his whipping Thomas Hinshaw and John Mills, in his garden at Fulham, in the year 1558, Fox's Acts and Monuments. It is said, "that one shewed him his own picture in the Book of Martyrs in the first edition, on purpose to vex him; at which he laughed, saying, How could he get my picture drawn so right?"

[7] Ralpho's party, the Independents and Anabaptists, by getting the army of their side, outwitted the Presbyterians, though indeed they contended for they knew not what; like the two

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,[1]
And took your grandees down a peg;
New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd All that to Legion SMEC adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your church, And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the synod,
And snapp'd their canons with a why-not:
(Grave synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard)
Their classic model prov'd a maggot, Their directory an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
On which they had been so long a sitting;[2]
Decry'd it as a holy cheat, Grown out of date and obsolete,
And all the saints of the first grass, As castling foals of Balaam's ass.
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,[3] And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire, Like ashes first, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, And for so many moons lain by't,
And, when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd[4] for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more consid'rable and handsome,
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel, An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours

fellows, L'Estrange's Fables, that went to loggerheads about their religion. The one was a Martinist, he said; and the other said, all Martinists were heretics, and for his part he was a Lutheran. Now the poor wretches were both of a side, and knew it not, taking their respective denominations from Martin Luther. Or the two Paduan brethren; the one supposing that he had a pasture as large as the heavens, and the other that he had as many oxen as there were stars, the mortal quarrel between them was, whether the one's conceited oxen might feed in the other's supposed ground. Or the brace of students, who fiercely disputed about an imaginary purse of gold.

[1] This is fact; for the Independents, in the apologetical narrative presented to the parliament 1643, shewed themselves so humble, that they might gain pity and a toleration, that they concluded, "that they pursued no other interest nor design but subsistence, be it the poorest and meanest in their own land. But how well this self-denying desire agreed with their after usurping encroachments is known well enough; Philip Nye and Thomas Goodwin stealing to themselves the best preferments of the nation."

"Then the Independent meek and sly, Most slowly lies at lurch,
And so, to put poor Jacky by, Resolves to have no church."
Sir John Birkenhead revived

[2] That is, from the 1st of July, 1643, being the first meeting of the Assembly of Divines, to the 28th of Aug., 1648, when their discipline by classes was established. The poet might have added a line or two more, as to the expensiveness of those curious productions to the public. For the assembly consisted of 120 divines, and 30 laymen, and they were to have four shillings a day, during their sitting, with other allowances; which, with the fees and salaries to scribes, clerks, &c., must amount to a very great sum. But whether their productions of the Directory, Catechisms, and Annotations, were equivalent thereto, is left to the reader's determination. Foulis observes of them as follows: "Our English Assembly sat hum-drumming several years, and, after all expectation, brought forward nothing but a mouse."

[3] Whenever the Squire is provoked by the Knight, he is sure to retaliate the affront by a very satirical harangue upon the Knight's party: Thus, when he was put in the stocks with the Knight, he makes synods (for which the Knight had a profound veneration) the subject of his satire; and his revenge at this time, when the Knight would impose a whipping upon him, is grounded upon the Independents trepanning the Presbyterians.

[4] The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but not accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used upon all occasions to declare.

Of our own church, like wens, or tumours,
And like a maggot in a sore, Would that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said: With that he seized upon his blade:[1]
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold, Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd To draw and stand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,[2]
As if all sorts of noise had been Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And by the greatness of his noise,
Proved fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating:
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear,
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle drums, whose sullen dub Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique show;
A triumph, that for pomp and state, Did proudest Romans emulate
For as the aldermen of Rome Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory, (As some mistaken write in story)
Being mounted in their best array, Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,

[1] The contest betwixt Brutus and Cassius was not much unlike this, Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, act iv.

"*Cass.* O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay more: fret till your proud heart break:
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble: Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish."——

[2] The poet's contrivance at this critical juncture is wonderful: he has found out a way to cool his heroes very artfully, and to prevent a bloody encounter between them, without calling either their honour or courage in question. All this is happily accomplished by an antique procession, which gives the Knight a fresh opportunity of exerting the vigour of his arms for the service of his country.

Crying, hey for our town,[1] thro' the borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat, In all respects as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcade, Wore a sow-gelder's flaggellet,
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate;
When, over one another's heads,
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.[2]
Next pans and kettles of all keys, From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag, That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff A smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut, Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine In windy weather when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that, which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horse, One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held revers'd, th' point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed, The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion A petticoat display'd and rampant:
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and, on the rump on't,
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum, The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off:[3]
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame and round about,
March'd whifflers,[4] and staffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don, Like Nero's Sporus[5] or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamourous shout,

[1] The word *town* in the Saxon or old English was called sometimes *tun*, derived from the word *tynan*, to inclose, or *tyne*, as some yet speak. Appendix to Stow's Survey of London.

[2] Mr. Cleveland speaking of the authors of the Diurnals, says, "They write in the posture that the Swedes give fire in, over one another's heads."

[3] This is an excellent description of the Skimmington.

[4] These marched commonly before a show, as is observed by Cleveland, in his Character of a London Diurnal. "And first for a whiffler before the show, enter Stamford, one that trod his stage with the first, traversed his ground, made a leg, and exit." Whiffle was a fife, and whiffler a freeman that goes before the public companies in London in public processions.

[5] A youth whom Nero endeavoured to make a woman of. "Puerum Sporum, exfectis testibus, etiam in muliebrem naturam transfigurare, conatus est: cum dote et flameo, per solemne nuptiarum celeberrimo officio, deductum ad se pro uxore habuit, extatque cujusdam non inscitus jocus, bene agi potuisse cum rebus humanis, si Domitius pater talem habuisset uxorem." C. Suetonii lib vi. Nero Claudius Cæsar. § xxviii.

The knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder On such sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart His animadversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life till now I ne'er saw so prophane a show.[1]
It is a Paganish invention, Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin, Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describ'd those ancient shows
And has observ'd all fit decorums We find describ'd by old historians:
For as the Roman conqueror, That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it, Bore a slave with him, in his chariot:[2]
So this insulting female brave, Carries behind her here a slave;
And as the Ancients long ago, When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out[3] their mantles *della guerre*, So her proud standard-bearer here;
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, A Tyrian petticoat[4] for banner.
Next links,[5] and torches, heretofore Still borne before the Emperor:
And as in antique triumphs eggs Were borne for mystical intrigues:[6]
There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random, as he goes, Among the rabble-rout bestows.
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter,
Is but a riding, us'd of course, When the grey mare's the better horse:[7]
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion:[8]

[1] This procession (common in England) with its usual attendants, has been exactly set in view by the poet: but our trusty Knight could call it strange and prophane, and pretend to trace its original from Paganism. On these frantic notions he founds a pretence, that he, as a saint and reformer, is necessitated to prohibit this diversion, notwithstanding all that Ralph can say to convince him of his error.

[2] "——— Et sibi consul Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juven. Sat. x.

[3] "Tænia Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra prætorium poni, quasi admonitio, et indicium futuræ pugnæ." Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

[4] A petticoat of purple, or scarlet, for which the city of Tyre was famed.
"Vir tuus Tyrio in toro Totus emineat tibi"——— Catulli, lib. carm. lxi. 172, 173.
"——— Seu Tyria voluit procedere palla." Tibulli, lib. iv. 2, 11.
"Non Tyriæ vestes errantia lumina fallunt."
Propertii, lib. iii. eleg. xiv. 27, vid. lib. iv. eleg. v. 22
"Consule de gemmis, de tincta maurice lana." Ovid de Arte Amandi, lib. i. 252.
"Quid de veste loquar? nec vos, segmenta requiro,
Nec quæ bis Tyrio murice lana rubes." Ibid. lib. iii. 169, 170.
"Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye." Dryden, &c.
The ancient Tyrian purple first brought to light by a fisherman. Bishop Sprat's History.

[5] That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches borne before them by day in public appears by Herodian in Pertinace, Lips. in Tacit, p. 16.

[6] Eggs were never made use of in Roman triumphs, but in the orgies of Orpheus, as appears by Bauier, and in the games of Ceres, according to Rosinus. "Pompa producebatur, cum deorum signia et ovo:" So that by antique triumphs mimic ones are probably to be understood.

[7] The Italian proverb, "Sta pur fresca la casa dove la rocce commanda alla spada:" That house is in an ill case where the distaff commands the sword.

[8] Margarita (Fletcher's Rule a wife and have a wife), speaks thus to Leon, to whom she was going to be married:
"You must not look to be my master, Sir,
Or talk i' th' house as tho' you wore the breeches:
No nor command in any thing."
A Jewish Rabbi, in commenting upon the words of Adam, Gen. iii. 12. "She gave me of the tree, and I did eat," gives the following strange comment upon them: By giving him of the

And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert bâron, To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,[1]
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter dis-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels,
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force, That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune:
A tailor's prentice has no hard Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away, And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault, That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less Then all the adversity of success:
And only unto such this shew Of horns and petticoats is due.
Where is a lesser profanation, Like that the Romans call'd ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd[2] For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows, For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule, Which moderns call a cucking-stool,
March proudly to the river's side, And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said The Adriatic sea to wed;[3]
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.

tree is to be understood a sound rib-roasting; that is to say, in plain English, Eve finding her husband unwilling to eat of the forbidden fruit, took a good crab-tree cudgel, and laboured his sides till he complied with her will. "Cetera ad evanidorum ac frigidorum classem relegamus, quæ tum Judæi tum Christianorum aliqui de utraque hac arbore suaviter somniarunt: ut de priore, quod grandem ex ea fustem Eva effregerit, eodemque maritum Adamum, quasi per vim et verbera, ad eandem vetiti fructus gustationem adegerit, compulerit." Gulielmi Saldeni.

[1] "Lepores omnes utrumque sexum habent." Munsterus. Vid. Conrad. Gesneri de Quadrupedibus, lib. i. p. 681.

"Thus I charm thee from this place:
Snakes that cast their coats for new, Cameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change, Proteus alt'ring oft and strange," &c.
Sullen's charm to transform Amaryllis, Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

[2] See the difference between an ovation and a triumph. Kennet's Antiquities of Rome, part ii. chap. xvi.

[3] The Doge, attended by the senate and the nobles, goes annually, every Ascension-day, on board a vessel called the Bucentaur, in order to marry the Adriatic sea, by throwing a gold ring into it, the Captain having previously taken this strange sort of oath, that he will bring her safe back to the city, in defiance of wind and waves, or, in case he fails to do so, that he will forfeit his life. Baron Pollnitz's Memoirs, 315. "Usum dico annuli (quod ait Paulus Merula) in medias undas projicit, verbisque conceptis, eo manusculo mare in manum sibi convenire justo loco sponsæ declarat, "Desponsamus te, inquit, mare, in signum veri et perpetui dominii." This ceremony (Tom Coryat observes, Crudities), was first instituted by Pope Alexander III. in the year 1174. The Pope gave the Duke a gold ring from his finger, in token that the Venetians having made war upon the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, in defence of his quarrel, discomfited his fleet at Istria; and he commanded him, for his sake, to throw the like golden ring into the sea every year, upon Ascension-day, during his life, establishing this withal, that all his successors should do the like; which custom has ever since been observed to this day. Howell's Survey of the Signory of Venice.

But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome;
And by the saints should be withstood, As Antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still press'd,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs to silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this dev'l's procession[1]
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous, From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Babylon ride Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function, Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine?
It is an Antichristian opera, Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after self-inventions; Of wicked and prophane intentions;
To scandalize that sex, for scolding, To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,[2]
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,
To take the saints and churches parts;
Drew several gifted brethren in, That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party, With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts,[3]

[1] Here Don Hudibras acts just like Don Quixote in the adventure of the dead corpse, the attendance of which he owned he took to be Lucifer's infernal crew.

[2] The women were zealous contributors to the good cause, as they called it. Howel observes: That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war; and some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized. Nay, the zealous sisterhood addressed the House of Commons, Feb. 4, 1641, in a very great body, headed by Anne Stag, a brewer's wife in Westminster. They did the same in behalf of John Lilburn, in the year 1649, but not with the like success.

[3] See a tract entitled, The Reformado precisely charactered by a Churchwarden. These holy sisters are thus described by Cowley, Puritan and Papist,

"She that can sit three sermons in a day, And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair A budget priest that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes, And with half eyes and bible softly goes;
She that her pocket with lay-gospel stuffs, And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest, Still standing stiff, that longest are the best;
She that will lie, yet swears she hates liar, Except it be the man that will lie by her;
She that at Christmas thirsteth for more sack, And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen where none see't:
She that will sit in the shop for five hours space, And register the sins of all that pass:
Damn the first sight, and proudly dare to say, That none can possibly be sav'd but they;
That hangs religion on a naked ear, And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt who writes best sense, Moses or Dodd, on the commandments;

All they could rap, and read, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for parliament:[1]
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them with store of meat, On controverted points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
With cawdle, custard, and plumb-cake.[2]
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
Entrench the city for defence in?
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands, To put the enemy to stands;[3]
From ladies down to oyster-wenches Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools, And help'd the men to dig like moles?
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee?[4]
For raising of a common purse Out of their wages to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit, To judge what officers are fit?[5]

She that can sigh, and cry Queen Elizabeth, Rail at the Pope, and scratch out sudden death;
And for all this can give no reason why: This is an holy sister verily."

4 Dr. Bastard confirms this, "I know (says he) that the small inconsiderable triflers, the coiners of new phrases and drawers of long godly words, the thick pourers out of texts of scripture, the inimical squeakers and bellowers, and the vain-glorious admirers only of themselves, and of those of their own fashioned face and gesture—I know that such as these shall with all possible zeal be followed and worshipped, shall have their bushels of China oranges, shall be solaced with all manner of cordial essences and elixirs, and shall be clothed down with holland of ten shillings an ell; whereas others of that party, much better and judicious, that can speak sense, and understand the scriptures, but less vainglorious, and less censorious, shall scarce be invited to the fire-side, or be presented with a couple of pippins, or a glass of small beer, with brown sugar."

But now aloft the preacher 'gan to thunder, When the poor women they sat trembling under;
And if he name Gehenah, or the Dragon, Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate what little wit The foolish virgins had, then do they sit
Weeping with watery eyes, and making vows, One to have preachers always in their house
To dine them with, and breakfast them with jellies,
And cawdle hot, to warm their wambling bellies;
And if the cash, where she could not unlock it,
Were close secur'd, to pick her husband's pocket;
Another, something a more thrifty sinner, T' invite the parson twice a week to dinner:
The other vows a purple pulpit cloth, With an embroider'd cushion, being loth
When the fierce priest his doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles."

A Satire against Hypocrites.

3 The city, upon a false alarm, being ordered to be fortified, and the train-bands ordered out, it was wonderful to see how the women, children, and vast numbers of people would come to work about digging, and carrying of earth to make the new fortifications: that the city good wives, and others mindful of their husbands and friends, sent many cart-loads of provisions and wines and good things to Turnham-green, with which the soldiers were refreshed and made merry: and the more when they understood that the King and his army were retreated. Whitlock's Memorials. This is confirmed by Mr. May, "It was the custom (says he) every day to go out by thousands to dig; all professions, trades, and occupations taking their turns: and not only inferior tradesmen, but gentlemen, and ladies themselves, for the encouragement of others, carrying spades, mattocks, and other instruments of digging; so that it became a pleasant sight in London to see them go out in such an order and number, with drums beating before them."

4 To this probably the writer of A Letter sent to London, by a Spy at Oxford, 1643, alludes, "Call in the new committee, where Madam Waller is Speaker and Doctress of the Chair." It was a saying of Venner, the Fifth Monarchy Man, "That the time would come, when the handmaid of the Lord would make no more of killing a man than of ——" Thurloe's State Papers, vol. vi. p. 185.

5 "The house considered in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms,

Have they——At that an egg let fly, Hit him directly o'er the eye,[1]
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;[2]
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode, Let fly on th' other side a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully, In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel:
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link;
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling, And forc'd the rout to make a ring:
Thro' which they quickly broke their way
And brought them off from further fray,
And though disorder'd in retreat, Each of them stoutly kept his seat.
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, With spurring put their cattle to't;
And till all four were out of wind, And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.[3]
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force. Of lungs, for action, or discourse,
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd;
'Twas ill for us, we had to do With so dishonourable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar The use of venom'd shot in war,

they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a committee of triers for the business." The Parliament of Ladies, or divers remarkable Passages of Ladies in Spring-garden in Parliament assembled; printed in the year 1647.

[1] This is as merry an adventure as that of the bear-baiting. Our heroes are sooner assaulted than they expected, even before the Knight had ended his eloquent speech. It was a great affront and breach of good manners in the rabble to use so worthy a personage in this manner: they had no Talgol to make a reply, but showed their contempt of authority by immediately falling into action with its representative. He indeed had little reason to look for better usage than he met with the day before, on a like occasion; but he was of too obstinate a temper to learn any thing from experience: This makes his case different from all other unfortunate heroes; for, instead of pitying, we laugh at him.

[2] Alluding probably to Bottom, the weaver, in Shakespeare (Midsummer Night's Dream), who asks, in what beard he shall play the part of Pyramus, whether in a perfect yellow beard, an orange-tawny beard, or a purple-in-grain beard?

[3] This is a sneer probably upon the Earl of Argyle, who more than once fled from Montrose, and never looked behind till he was quite out of danger; as at Inverary, 1644, Guthrie's Memoirs, at Inverlochie, where he betook himself to his boat, at Kilsyth, he fled and never looked over his shoulder, until, after twenty miles riding, he reached the South Queen's Ferry, where he possessed himself again of his boat; Bp. Wishart's History of Montrose, from Monro's army at Stirling-bridge, where he did not look behind him in eighteen miles riding, till he had reached the North Queen's Ferry, and possessed himself of a boat,

"But thou that time, like many an errant knight,
Did'st save thyself by virtue of thy flight:
Whence now in great request this adage stands,
One pair of legs is worth two pair of hands."

Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savours strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ;[1]
Else when we put it to the push, They had not giv'n us such a brush :
But as those poltroons that fling dirt, Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the honour they have won, Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute A brave retreat, without pursuit :
For if we had not, we had sped Much worse, to be in triumph led ;
Than which the Ancients held no state Of man's life more unfortunate,
But if this bold adventure e'er Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
And as such homely treats (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.[2]
Vespasian being dawb'd with dirt,[3] Was destin'd to the empire for't ;
And from a scavenger did come. To be a mighty prince in Rome :
And why may not this foul address Presage in love the same success ?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
And after (as we first design'd) Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.[4]

CANTO III.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd
Of Sidrophel, the Rosicrucian,
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
Till, falling from dispute to fight,
To win the Lady, goes in quest
To know the Dest'nies resolution ;
About the science astrologic :
The conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great Of being cheated as to cheat ;
As lookers on feel most delight, That least perceive a juggler's slight ;

[1] It is probable, that Oldham had these lines in view when he wrote his Character of an Ugly Parson, "who by his scent might be winded by a good nose at twelve score. I durst have ventured, at first being in company, to affirm that he dieted on assa fœtida, &c."

[2] The original of the coarse proverb here alluded to took its rise from the glorious battle of Agincourt, when the English were so afflicted with the dysentry, that most of them chose to fight naked from the girdle downward. In memory of this famous victory, King Henry V. instituted a herald for that part of France subject to England, with the style of *Agincourt*; as Edward I. had before given the title of *Guyen* to another.

[3] The Corcyrans of old took a slovenly freedom, which occasioned the proverb.

Ἐλευθερα Κερκυρα. Χεζ ὁπου θελεις :

"Libera Corcyra, caca ubi libet :"

"cum significamus libertatem quidvis agendi."

Erasmi Adagior, chil. iv. cent. i. prov. ii.

Of this opinion Oliver Cromwell seems to have been, who dawbed himself with something worse, upon the revels kept by his uncle Sir Oliver Cromwell, for the entertainment of King James I., for which his uncle ordered him the discipline of the horse-pond. Heath's Life of Oliver Cromwell.

[4] An honest resolution truly, and a natural result from their sophistical arguments in defence of perjury, lately debated by the Knight and his Squire. The Knight resolves to wash his face, and dirty his conscience : This is mighty agreeable to his politics, in which hypocrisy seems to be the predominant principle. He was no longer for reducing Ralpho to a whipping, but for deceiving the widow by forswearing himself : and by the sequel we find he was as good as his word, Part III. Canto i. v. 167, &c.

[5] This whole Canto is designed to expose astrologers, fortune-tellers, and conjurers. In banter of whom, Dr. Young (in his tract entitled *Sidrophel Vapulans*, 1699) informs us, "That, in the pontificate of some such holy father as Gregory VII. a lover of the black art,

And still the less they understand, The more th' admire his slight of hand.
Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapp'd, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul, As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with med'cine and receipt Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout, 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown;
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats, Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute, There's no end of the immortal suit.
Others still gape t' anticipate The cabinet designs of fate,
Applying to wizards, to foresee What shall, and what shall never be.
And as those vultures do forebode,[1] Believe events prove bad or good.
A flam more senseless than the roguery Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible
Than those that with the stars do fribble.[2]

This Hudibras by proof found true, As in due time and place we'll show:
For he with beard and face made clean, Being mounted on his steed again;
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the widow's house, T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle;[3]
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue:
Or if his Squire or he should fail, And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove Both of his honour, faith, and love.
But if he should forbear to go, She might conclude h' had broke his vow;
And that he durst not now for shame Appear in court, to try his claim.
This was the penn'worth of his thought,[4] To pass time, and uneasy trot.
Quoth he, In all my past adventures, I ne'er was set so on the tenters;
Or taken tardy with dilemma,[5] That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;

one of the tribe craved of his Holiness a protector or patron saint for astrologers, like as other arts had. The good Pontiff, willing to oblige a faculty he loved well, gave him the choice of all in St. Peter's. The humble servant of Urania, depending upon the direction of good stars to a good angel, went to the choice hoodwinked; and, groping among the images, the first he laid hold on was that of the Devil in combat with St. Michael. Had he chosen with his eyes open, he could not have met with a better protector for so diabolical an art."

It was a custom in Alexandria, formerly, for astrologers to pay a certain tribute, which they called *fool's pence*, because it was taken from the gains which astrologers made by their own ingenious folly, and credulous dotage of their admirers.

[1] Alluding to the opinion, that vultures repair beforehand to the place where battles will be fought. These birds of prey have sometimes devoured one another.

[2] Cassendus calls the whole art of astrology a mysterious nothing, a fiction more vain than vanity itself.

[3] New scruples begin to spring up in the Knight's brain: It is correspondent with his character to be perpetually troubled with cases of conscience; and accordingly the poet has drawn him so from the beginning to the end of the poem.

[4] The sum or whole of it.

[5] An argument in logic, consisting of two or more propositions, so disposed, that, deny which you will of them, you will be pressed; and grant which you will of them, the conclusion will involve you in difficulties not easy to be got over.

And with inextricable doubt, Besets my puzzled wits about:
For though the dame has been my bail, To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog, but all in vain, He still draws after him his chain;
So, though my ancle she has quitted, My heart continues still committed;
And like a bail'd and main-priz'd lover,[1]
Altho' at large, I am bound over;
And when I shall appear in court, To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove, What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary, Or but in circumstance miscarry,
Or if she put me to strict proof, And make me pull my doublet off,
To shew, by evident record, Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her, Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But, faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' post?[2]
Beside, that stripping may prevent What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail; And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate, And solve the problem of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,[3] How far the dest'nies take my part;[4]
For if I were not more than certain To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship, To hazard soul, estate, and worship;
For though an oath obliges not, Where anything is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis prophane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.[5]
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,[6]

[1] Alluding to his being freed from the stocks by his mistress.

[2] One who for hire will swear before a magistrate, or in a court of judicature, whatsoever you would have him.

[3] Necromancy was an art or act of communicating with devils, and doing surprising feats by their assistance, and particularly by calling up the dead.

[4] Of all the scruples and qualms of conscience that have hitherto perplexed our Knight, it must be confessed that these with which he is now assaulted are the most rational and best grounded: His fears are just, and his arguments unanswerable; and the dilemma with which he is encumbered makes him naturally wish that all his doubts were removed by a prognostication of his future fortune. Ralpho, understanding the Knight's mind, takes this opportunity to mention Sidrophel, who from this occasion is happily introduced into the poem.

[5] These wretched hypocrites, though perjury was with them a venial sin when it served their purpose, as appears from the foregoing Canto, and indeed from all the impartial historians of those times, yet, to carry an outward face of religion, they were very punctual in the punishment of profane and common swearing; and, according to Sir Robert Howard, were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing: for when Teague was punished twelvepence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? they said, Sixpence. He then threw down sixpence, and cursed the committee.

[6] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons; and all or most part of what is ascribed to him, either by Ralpho or the poet, the reader will find verified in his letter (if we may believe it) wrote by himself to Elias Ashmole. In this history of his own life, we find an account of several of his predictions (such as happened to hit right, not such as failed), and what encouragement he had from the parliament and others. But when he found that the authority of parliament began to sink, and the power of the army to increase, he was as ready to predict against the parliament as before he was for it, though he began to do so almost too soon for his own security: for he tells us that, in the year 1650, he wrote, "that the parliament (meaning the Rump) stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiery would join against them." For this he was taken up by a messenger, carried before a committee of parliament, and shewed the words of his almanack. But having notice beforehand of what was intended against him, he had got that leaf new-printed, and those obnoxious words left out. So he denied the almanack to be his, and pulled half a dozen out of his pocket which were without that passage, and said, this was a spurious impression, in which some enemies had put in those words, in order to ruin him. In which he was

That deals in destiny's dark counsels, And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near, On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray, And linen slinks out of the way;[1]
When geese and pullen are seduc'd, And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indisposition, And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep, And chickens languish of the pip;
When yest and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,[2]
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him with questions, and with urine,[3] They for discov'ry flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
To go to sorc'rers when they need 'em.[4]

seconded by a friend in the committee, who enlarged upon the great services he had done the parliament. Notwithstanding which, he was kept a prisoner in the messenger's hand near a fortnight, and then released. What he had said of the Rump was at the instance of some of Cromwell's party. He lived to the year 1681, being then near eighty years of age, and published predicting almanacks to his death. He was succeeded by Henry Coley (a tailor by trade) his amanuensis; and after him came John Partridge.

[1] Sir John Birkenhead banters Lilly upon this head. "Pancirollæ Medela, a way to find things lost, by W. Lilly; with a Clavis to his Book, or the Art of his Art, by Mrs. Mary Frith."

This was an old pretence, made mention of by Wierus. "Plerique insuper magi Pythonis spiritu inflati, artem divinandi profitentur, et res perditas quis suffuratus fuerit, aut ubi eæ reconditæ sint, et alia abdita, vel etiam ancipitia, se manifestare posse jactant." And Mr. Scot mentions some of the charms made use of to find out a thief.

But the most whimsical is the charm of Sir John, & the priest, to discover the persons who stole the miller's eels, in which the priest was a party concerned.

He went into the pulpit, and, with his surplice on his back, and his stole about his neck, he pronounced these words:

"All you that have stolen the miller's eels Laudate Dominum de cœlis;
And all they (we) that have consented thereto, Benedicamus Domino."

[2] "When a country wench (Selden, Table-Talk,) cannot get her butter to come, she says the witch is in the churn." By Cotton, (Virgil Travestie.)

"She call'd to wash, and do you think The water turn'd as black as ink,
And that by chance being churning day, Her cream most strangely turn'd to whey.
This Dido saw, but would by no means Tell her own sister of the omens.

Scot (Discovery of Witchcraft) observes farther, "That when the country people see that butter cometh not, then get they out of the suspected witch's house a little butter, whereof must be made three balls, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and so if they be put into the churn, the butter will presently come, and the witchcraft will cease—but if you put a little sugar and soap into the churn among the cream, the butter will never come."

Webster assigns natural causes for its not coming, with the methods to make it come.

[3] This is hinted at by Sir Robert Howard. Ruth tells Arabella the heiress (whom Mr. Day the committee-man had got into his custody), "That Mr. and Mrs. Day had sent to Lilly, and his learning being built upon what people would have him say, he was told for certain, that Abel their son must have a rich heiress, and that must be yours."

And Lilly confesses "That many people of the poorer sort frequented his lodging, many whereof were so civil, that, when they brought waters, viz. urines, from infected people, they would stand at a distance."

[4] Don Quixote's scruple in this respect. This question is argued in a book entitled De Veneficiis, per Lambertum Danæum, anno 1574. "Utrum liceat homini Christiano fortiariorum operâ et auxilio in morbo aliisque rebus uti?" who determines in the negative: "Quamobrem hoc sit tandem conclusum et effectum ex superioribus, neque debere neque oportere fortiariorum operâ uti, nisi et ipsi in eorum numero esse velimus."

Constantine the Great seems to be more favourable in his opinion in the following law:

"Nullis vero criminationibus implicanda sunt remedia humanis quæsita corporibus, aut in agrestibus locis innocenter adhibita suffragia, ne maturis vindemiis metuerentur imbres, aut ventis, grandinisque lapidatione quaterentur: quibus non cujusquam salus et æstimatio ledereture: sed quorum proficerent actus, ne divina munera et labores hominum sternerentur." Cod Justinian. Lib. ix.

Sir John Birkenhead puts this query, "Whether the reformers of this time may safely trade in magic? because Luther and Dr. Faustus taught both in the same town."

And Lilly, when he and Booker had an audience of Sir Thomas Fairfax, observed, "That he hoped the art was lawful, and agreeable to God's word."

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that; Those principles I quoted late
Prove that the godly may alledge For anything their privilege;
And to the dev'l himself may go, If they have motives thereunto.
For, as there is a' war between The dev'l and them, it is no sin
If they, by subtle stratagem, Make use of him, as he does them,
Has not this present parliament[1] A leger to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year, Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?[2]
Some only for not being drown'd,[3] And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And, feeling pain, were hang'd for witches,[4]
And some for putting knavish tricks Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
Or pigs, that suddenly deceas'd Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd;
Who after prov'd himself a witch, And made a rod for his own breech.[5]
Did not the devil appear to Martin Luther in Germany, for certain?[6]
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick, But Mart. was too too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge? At Antwerp their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,[8]

[1] Leger ambassadors were not more ancient than the year 1500, as Mr. Anstis observes from Grotius.

[2] Hopkins, the noted witch-finder for the associated counties, hanged threescore suspected witches in one year in the county of Suffolk.

Dr. Meric Casaubon, in his preface to Dr. Dee's Book of Spirits, observes, That nine hundred men and women suffered in Lorain for witchcraft in the compass of a few years; and Ludovicus Paramo, that the inquisition, within the space of one hundred and fifty years, had burnt thirty thousand witches.

But our enthusiasts much exceeded both. Mr. Ady says, that in Scotland some thousands were burnt in those times. I have somewhere seen an account of betwixt three and four thousand that suffered in the King's dominions from the year 1640 to the King's restoration.

[3] This was another method of trial, by water ordeal, of which Mr. Scot observes from divers writers, "That a woman above the age of fifty years, being bound hand and foot, her clothes being upon her, and being laid down softly in the water, sinketh not in a long time, some say not at all." Dr. Hutchinson somewhere observes, that not one in ten can sink in this position of their bodies; and "That we can no more convict a witch upon the tricks of swimming, scratching, touching, or any other such experiments, than we may convict a thief upon the trial of the sieve and sheers."

[4] Alluding to one of the methods of trial made use of in those days, mentioned by Dr. Hutchinson, "Do but imagine (says he) a poor creature, under all the weakness and infirmities of old age, set like a fool in the middle of the room, with the rabble of ten towns round about her house; then her legs tied cross, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat: by that means, after some hours that the circulation of the blood be much stopped, her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. Then she must continue in her pain four and twenty hours without either sleep or meat. And since this was their ungodly way of trial, what wonder was it, if, when they were weary of their lives, they confessed many tales that would please them, and sometimes they knew not what?"

[5] "These two verses (says Hutchinson) relate to that which I have often heard, that Hopkins went on searching and swimming the poor creatures, till some gentlemen, out of indignation at the barbarity, took him and tied his own thumbs and toes, as he used to tie others; and when he was put into the water, he himself swam as they did. This cleared the country of him; and it was a great deal of pity that they did not think of the experiment sooner."

[6] Luther, in his Mensalia, speaks of the devil's appearing to him frequently, and how he used to drive him away by scoffing and jeering him: for he observes, that the devil, being a proud spirit, cannot bear to be contemned and scoffed.

And yet some Popish writers affirm, that Luther was begot by an incubus, and strangled by the devil.

Oldham alludes to this aspersion (Third Satire against the Jesuits),

"Make Luther Monster, by a fiend begot, With wings, and tail, and cloven foot."

[7] In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that Strada writes, there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

[8] This devil delivered his oracles in verse, which he sung to tunes, and made several lampoons upon the Huguenots.

And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,[1] And speak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly?[2]
Meet with the Parliament's committee, At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?[3]
At Sarum take a cavalier[4] I' th' cause's service prisoner;
As Withers in immortal rhymes[5] Has register'd to after time?
Do not our great reformers use This Sidrophel to forebode news;[6]
To write of victories next year,[7] And castles taken yet i' th' air?[8]

There was a treatise called the Devil of Mascon, or the true relation of the chief things which an unclean spirit said at Mascon in Burgundy, in the house of Mr. Francis Perreaud, minister of the reformed church in the said town: written by the said Perreaud soon after the apparition, which was in the year 1612, but not published till the year 1653, forty-one years after the thing was said to be done: translated by Dr. Peter de Moulin, at the request of Mr. Boyle. Webster's Witchcraft.

[1] The history of Dr. Dee and the devil, published by Mr. Casaubon, Isaac Fil. prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages, in which the style of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person.

[2] The nun of Loudon in France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book written upon that occasion.

[3] A committee of the long parliament, sitting in the King's house in Woodstock-park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars were then the news of the whole nation.

[4] Withers has a long story, in doggerel, of a soldier of the king's army, who, being a prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

[5] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his poems enumerated by A. Wood, but so bad a poet, that, when he was taken prisoner by the cavaliers, Sir John Denham, the poet (some of whose lands at Egham, in Surry, Withers had got into his clutches) desir'd his Majesty not to hang him; because so long as Withers lived, Denham would not be accounted the worst poet in England.

[6] Hear, O reader, one of these great reformers thus canting forth the services of Lilly: "You do not know the many services this man hath done for the parliament these many years, or how many times in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of a comfort in our most unhappy distresses. I assure you, his writings have kept up the spirits of both the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us parliament-men."

Lilly was one of the close committee to consult about the King's execution, Echard's England: and for pay foretold things in favour of all parties, as has been before observed; the truth of which is confirmed from the following passage in a letter of intelligence to Secretary Thurloe from Bruges, Sept. 29, 1656: "Lilly, that rogue who lives by Strand-bridge, hath sent a letter unto Sir Edward Walker, who is one of his Majesty's secretaries, who is also an astrologer, to wish them to have a good heart and be courageous. He was confident, and foresaw by art, that the King and his adherents would be restored in the year 57 to the throne and kingdom of England: and hereupon they depend much: because such a prophet saith it, who hath rightly prophesied of the former King's death, so he must needs have an infallible prophecy of this man's restoration."

[7] Butler (Remains) has exposed his ignorance in the following words: "O (says he) the infallibility of Erra-Pater Lilly! The wizard perhaps may do much at hot-cockles and blind-man's buff; but I durst undertake to poze him in a riddle, and his intelligence in a dog and a wheel, an over-turned salt is a surer prophet, the sieve and sheers are oracles to him: a whining pig sees further into a storm; rats will prognosticate the ruin of a kingdom with more certainty; and as for palmestry, a gipsy, or a DESRIC (see the word D. E. R. I. C. explained,) Gruteri Fax Art may be his tutor: the wittal is cuckolded over and over, and yet the Oedipus is blind. Indeed he is excellent at fortelling things past, and calculates the deputy's nativity after he is beheaded; and by starting a prophecy, he excites the credulous vulgar to fulfil it: Thus can he antedate Cromwell's malice, depose the King five years beforehand, and instruct Ralph how to be damned. Impious villain! to make the spheres like the associated counties, and the heavenly houses so many lower houses, fix a guilt upon the stars, and persuade the planets were rebels, as if it were a sequestriation star, or any constellation looked like a committee. His reputation was lost upon the false prognostic on the eclipse that was to happen on the 29th of March 1652, commonly called Black Monday; in which his predictions not being fully answered, Heath observes "that he was regarded no more for the future than one of his own worthless almanacs." Yoing (Sidrophel Vapulans) makes the following remark upon him: "I have read all Lilly's almanacs, from forty to sixty, in the holy time of that great rebellion to which he was accessary, and find him always the whole breadth of heaven wide from the truth; scarce one of his predictions verified, but a thousand contrarywise: it is hard that a man shooting at rovers so many years together should never hit the right mark."

[8] A sneer, probably upon the report published in 1642, in a tract entitled A Great Wonder

Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total overthrow giv'n the King In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the close committee would?[1]
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause, The moon for fundamental laws:
The ram, the bull, and goat declare Against the book of common-prayer?
The Scorpion take the protestation, And bear engage for reformation?
Made all the royal stars recant,[2] Compound, and take the covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear, The Saints may 'mploy a conjurer,
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice; No argument like matter of fact is,
And we are best of all led to Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us strait advance in quest Of this profound gymnosophist;
And as the fates and he advise, Pursue or wave this enterprise.
This said, he turn'd about his steed, And eftsoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand What's useful of him before hand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics, Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology, And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit, Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,

in Heaven, shewing the late apparitions and prodigious noises of war and battles seen at Edge-hill, near Keinton in Northamptonshire, certified under the hands of William Wood, Esq., justice of the peace in the said county, Samuel Marshal, preacher of God's word at Keinton, and other persons of quality; London, 1642.

In the 56th year of the reign of Edward III. Ralph Higden says there appeared both in England and France, and many other places, two castles in the air, out of which issued two hosts of armed men, the one clothed in white, the others in black.

[1] The parliament took a sure way to secure all prophecies, prodigies, and almanac-news from stars, &c. in favour of their own side, by appointing a licenser thereof, and strictly forbidding and punishing all such as were not licensed. Their man for this purpose was the famous Booker, an astrologer, fortune-teller, almanac-maker, &c. The words of his license in Rushorth, are very remarkable; For mathematics, almanacs, and prognostications. If we may believe Lilly, both he and Booker did conjure and prognosticate well for their friends the parliament. He tells us, "When he applied for a license for his Merlinus Anglicus Junior, (in April 1644) Booker wondered at the book, made many impertinent obliterations, framed many objections, and swore it was not possible to distinguish between a king and a parliament, and at last licensed it according to his own fancy. Lilly delivered it to the printer, who being an arch Presbyterian, had five of the ministers to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed; for in that he meddled not with their Dagon:" which opposition to Lilly's book arose from a jealousy, that he was not then thoroughly in the parliament's interest: which was true: for he frankly confesses, "that till the year 1645, he was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of: but after that, he engaged body and soul in the cause of the parliament." Afterwards we find that when there was a difference between the army and parliament, he and Booker were carried in a coach with four horses to Windsor, (where the army's head quarters then were) were feasted in a garden, where General Fairfax lodged, who bid them kindly welcome, and entered into a conference with them. That when Colchester was besieged, Booker and himself were sent for, where they encouraged the soldiers, assuring them (by figures) that the town would shortly surrender; that they were well entertained at the head quarters two days. That in Oliver's protectorship, all the soldiers were friends to Lilly: and the day of one of their fights in Scotland, a soldier stood up with his Anglicus in his hand, and as the troops passed by him, read that month's prediction aloud, saying, "Lo! hear what Lilly saith, you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys."

[2] The hidden satire of this is extremely fine. By the several planets and signs here recapitulated, are meant the several leaders of the parliament-army who took the covenant; as Essex and Fairfax, by Mars and Saturn. But the last, *made all the royal stars recant*, &c. evidently alludes to Charles, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and King Charles II., who both took the covenant.

And still he's in the self-same place Where at his setting out he was ;[1]
So in the circle of the arts, Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat, He fell to juggles, cant, and cheat ;
For as those fowls that live in water Are never wet, he did but smatter ;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear, His understanding still was clear ;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted,[2]
Th' intelligible world he knew, And all men dream on't to be true :
That in this world there's not a wart That has not there a counterpart ;
Nor can there on the face of ground An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation, A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,[3] As those are in th' inferior world,
H' had read Dee's prefaces before The Dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er,[4]

[1] Prior's imitation of this simile is very beautiful, and I think an improvement of it.

"Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see, ('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage as either side turns up, Striking a ring of bells a-top :
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes, The foolish creature thinks he climbs :
But here or there, turn wood or wire, He never gets two inches higher."

[2] Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of Edward I., and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the brazen head fathered upon him by the ignorant monks of those days Bishop Grosted was bishop of Lincoln, 20 Henry III., A.D. 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer : for which crime (the printed notes observe) he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake : For the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was The Pope was inclined to have had his body dug up, but was dissuaded from it. He was a man of great learning, considering the time in which he lived, and wrote books to the number of almost two hundred. He suppressed an idle practice in that church, of keeping the feast of fools, (which was likewise suppressed in the college of Beverly in the year 1391. "Quapropter vobis mandamus, in virtute obedientiæ firmiter injungentes : quatenus festum stultorum, cum sit vanitate plenum, et voluptatibus spurcum, Deo odibile, et dæmonibus amabile, de cætero in ecclesiâ Lincoln. Die venerandæ solennitatis circumcisionis Domini, nullatenus permittatis fieri." This feast was continued in France till about the year 1444.

[3] Dr. Bulwer observes from Strabo, "That in Cathea the men for an ornament dye their beards with many and diverse colours, and many of the Indians do it : for the region bears admirable colours for the tincture of their hairs."

[4] Dee was a Welchman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chemistry, &c. Lilly saith, that he was Queen Elisabeth's intelligencer, and had a salary for his maintenance from the secretaries of state : That he was the most ambitious man living ; and was never so well pleased as when he heard himself styled most Excellent.

In 1659 was printed in folio, A Relation of what passed for many years between Dr. John Dee and some Spirits. It begins May 28, 1583, and ends Sept. 7, 1607. It was published by Meric Casaubon, D.D. with a learned preface, in which we have the following account.

Dr. Dee, when young, was sought unto by two Emperors, Charles, and Ferdinand his brother and successor, as he saith in his letter to the Emperor Rodolph. Camden in 1572 calls him Nobilis Mathematicus. He dedicated his Monas Hieroglyphica to Maximilian, Ferdinand's successor, in 1564. In 1595 he wrote an apology for himself to the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), in which he gives a catalogue of his works, in number 50 or 51, unprinted : among which is Apologia pro fratre Rogero Bachone Anglo, in quâ docetur nihil illum per dæmoniorum fecisse auxilia ; and eight printed ones, three of which are probably alluded to by Butler, in the word *prefaces*, Epistola præfixa ephimeridi Johannis Feldæ, 1557 : Epistola ad Commandinum, præfixa, libello Mahometi de superficierum divisionibus, 1570 : and his mathematical preface to Euclid 1570. At the end of his apology is a testimonial from the university of Cambridge, dated 14 Cal. April 1548, whereby it appears, that he was M. A. et quod plurimam sibi et doctrinæ et honestatis laudem comparavit.

Above thirty years after that, his (pretended) commerce with angels began, the account of which was all wrote with his own hand, and communicated by Sir Thomas Cotton. He had a round stone like a chrystal brought him (as he said) by angels, in which others saw apparitions, and from whence they heard voices, which he carefully wrote down from their mouths. He names at least twenty spirits : Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, and Uriel are known names of good

And all the intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar[1]
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;[2]
Her secrets understood so clear, That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made;
Whether the wane be or increase Best to set garlic, or sow pease:[3]

angels; the rest are too fantastical to be mentioned, particularly such as Ash, Il, Po, Va, &c., what kind all these were of, if they were any thing more than fancy, is plain, from a revelation of theirs, April 18, 1587, enjoining community of wives to Dee and Kelly, which injunction they most conscientiously obeyed.

He was so confident as to address himself to Queen Elisabeth and her council often, and to King James and his, to the Emperor Rodolph, Stephen King of Poland, and several other Princes; and to the Spanish ambassador in Germany. He had thoughts of going to the Pope, had he not been banished Germany, as he thought at the instance of the Nuncio, who seems to deny it in a letter of his to Dr. Dee, which may be worth reading.

Dee's chief seer was Edward Kelly, from whose reports the shapes and words of the apparitions were wrote.

Alasco Palatine of Poland, Pucci a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemburg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy of Bohemia, were long of the society, and often present at their actions, as was once the King of Poland himself. After Kelly's death, in 1587, Arthur Dee was admitted to be a seer, and reported to his father what he saw in the stone, but heard nothing from it. In 1607, one Bartholomew Hickman was operator, and both saw and heard. In that year Dee foretells what was become of stolen goods. There is no account when or how he died.

In Dee's account of himself he says, he was offered two hundred French crowns yearly to be one of the French King's mathematicians; that he might have served five Christian Emperors, namely, Charles V., Ferdinand, Maximilian, Rodolph, and the then Emperor of Muscovy; each of them offering him a stipend, from five hundred dollars yearly, to one thousand, two thousand, three thousand; and that his Russian majesty offered him two thousand pounds sterling yearly stipend, with a thousand rubles from his Protector, and his diet out of his own kitchen; and he to be in dignity and authority amongst the highest sort of nobility and privy counsellors.

[1] As great a pretender it is plain he was, from what has been before observed, as old Foresight, who, speaking to Sir Sampson Legend of his great knowledge in this way, says, "I tell you, that I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial spheres, know the signs and the planets, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of sextiles, quadrates, trines, and oppositions, fiery trigons, and aquatical trigons: know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are curable or incurable; if journeys shall be prosperous, and undertakings successful, or goods stolen recovered: I know——"

[2] Had the precisians of those times known that the church of Rome had taken the almanac into the number of her saints, they would never have suffered Booker to have been a licenser of almanacs, or Lilly, their famed astrologer, and almanac well-willer, to have published any thing under that title.

The learned Wharton, in his preface to his tract, entitled, The Enthusiasm of the Church of Rome demonstrated, in some Observations upon the Life of Ignatius Loyola, London, 1688, gives the following account:

"The Church of Rome hath taken the almanac into the number of the saints, and canonised it under the name of St. Almachius, solemnizeth its memory on the first day of January, and giveth to it an illustrious character in the martyrology. This probably proceeded from the mistake of some ignorant monk, about the seventh or eighth age, who, finding the word S. Almanacum (Sanctum Almanacum) written in the front of the calendar, and not knowing what to make of that barbarous term, with which he was before unacquainted, imagined it to be some ancient obscure saint, who took up the first place in the calendar. Being possessed with this error, it was no hard matter to make St. Almachius of Sanctum Almanacum, written in the old way of abbreviation. Having thus framed the saint, out of good manners, he placed him after the circumcision of our Lord, the memory of which is celebrated upon the same day; but yet, to keep the former order as much as possible, it stands immediately after it, as it now continueth in the Roman martyrology. This unhappy mistake was then transcribed into many other copies, and so increased the rabble of the Romish saints with the addition of St. Almanac; afterwards a goodly story was framed of him, that he suffered martyrdom at Rome, under the prefecture of Alippius, where, reprehending the gladiators in the amphitheatre, for their bloody sports, he was killed by them."

[3] "The moon in full or wane, increasing or decreasing her light, for the most advantageous time of sowing of seeds, setting, grafting, removing of plants or trees, purging baths, and the like,

Who first found out the man i' th' moon.
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers, Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire, and command, Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private;
With what designs and interests Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her di'meter t' an inch is,[1]
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.[2]
It would demonstrate, that the man in The moon's a sea mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch, That stands behind him at his breech;
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake, With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulph his tail composes, And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape snout's from promontory tail.
He made a planetary gin, Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheese or bacon;
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place O' th' body, by the index face;[3]
Cure warts and corns, with application Of med'cines to th' imagination;[4]

though they do not belong to judiciary astrology, yet are commonly referred to it, partly through the ignorance of the multitude, but mostly through the cunning, arrogance, and vanity of astologers." Gassendus's Vanity of Judiciary Astrology.

[1] Harris (Astronomical Dialogues) observes, that the moon's diameter is almost two thousand two hundred miles. Diameter in geometry is the line which passes through the middle of any figure, from one angle to another.

[2] John Taylor, the Scullier, thus banters the poor Cambro-Britons:

"The way to make a Welchman thirst for bliss,
And say his prayers daily on his knees,
Is to persuade him that most certain 'tis
The moon is made of nothing but green cheese;
And he'll desire of God no greater boon,
But place in heav'n to feed upon the moon."

[3] Lilly, speaking of his teaching his art to one Humphreys, a pretender to astrology, says, "As we were at supper, a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client, called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the moles or marks of his client. He set his figure, and presently discovered four moles the querent had, and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down stairs, crying, four by G—, four by G—, I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule. In six weeks time and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person."

[4] There have been pretenders in all ages to the cure of distempers by amulets, which certainly require a strong faith, or great opinion of the person. Varius (as Webster observes) quotes a passage from Galen to this purpose: "Sunt quidem naturâ læti, qui quando ægrotant, si eos sanos futuros medicus confirmet, convalescunt; quorum spes sanitatis est causa: et medicus si animi desiderium incantatione, aut alicujus rei ad collum appensione adjuverit; citius ad valetudinem perducet."

I have heard of a merry baronet, Sir B. B. who had great success in the cure of agues this way. A gentleman of his acquaintance applying to him for the cure of a stubborn quartan, which had puzzled the bark, he told him he was sure he had no faith, and would be prying into the secret; and then, notwithstanding he staved off a fit or two, it would certainly return again: he promised him upon his word and honour he would not look into it; but when he had escaped a second fit, he had the curiosity notwithstanding his promise, to open the paper, and he found nothing in it. Remarkable was the famous Selden's cure of a hypochondriacal person of quality, who complained to him, that he had devils in his head, but was assured he could cure him. Mr. Selden, trusting to the great opinion the gentleman had of him, wrapped

Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh :[1]
Chase evil spirits away by dint Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;[2]
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,[3] Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
And fire a mine in China here, With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own :
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus[4]

a card in silk, advising him to wear it about his neck, and live regularly in all respects, and he doubted not the success of his remedy : with which, and a little variation of the form a second time, he was in a small time perfectly well, and never relapsed into that disorder. Table-talk.

No less remarkable is the account of Kiopruli Numan Pasha, prime vizir to Ahmed III. who, though a man of great learning, had contracted so ridiculous a fancy, as to imagine that there was a fly always sitting upon his nose : "All the physicians in Constantinople were consulted upon that occasion, and after they had long in vain used all their endeavours, one Le Duc, a French physician, found means to apply a suitable remedy to the distemper ; for he did not go about as the rest to argue with him, that it was all a fancy, but when he was brought to the sick man, and asked by him, Whether he saw the fly that was sitting upon his nose? he said he did, and by that prudent dissimulation induced the disordered person to place the utmost confidence in him. After which he ordered him several innocent juleps, under the name of purging and opening medicines : at last he drew a knife gently along his nose, as if he was going to cut off the fly, which he kept on his hand for that purpose : whereupon Numan Pasha immediately cried out, This is the very fly that has so plagued me : and thus he was perfectly cured of that whimsical fancy."

Scot tells us of a hypochondriacal person, who fancied that his nose was as big as a house, and Gayton (Notes upon Don Quixote) makes mention of the humorous practice of an apothecary, upon a gentleman who fancied he had swallowed a mouse.

[1] Bartholin, the famous physician and anatomist, was of opinion "that distempers, particularly the epilepsy, might be removed by rhymes." Scot says "That the Irish stick not to affirm, that they can rhyme either man or beast to death, and that the West Indians and Muscovites do the like." And where the tooth-ach might be removed in this manner, there was no occasion for Ben Jonson's tooth-drawer, "who," he observes, "commanded any man's teeth out of his head upon the point of his poniard, or tickled them forth with his riding rod, drew teeth on horse-back in full speed, was yeoman of the mouth to the whole brotherhood of fencers, and was charged to see their gums kept clean, and their breath sweet at a minute's warning. Taylor, the water poet, banters such pretenders,

"He can release, or else increase all harms, About the neck or wrist by tying charms :
He has a trick to kill the ague's force, And make the patient better or much worse.
To the great foe three letters he can tie, Shall make the gout to tarry, or else fly :
With two words, and three leaves of four-leav'd grass,
He makes the tooth-ach stay, repass, or pass."

[2] Gayton observes (notes upon Don Quixote), upon Sancho's tying both Rosinante's legs with his ass's halter, "That the Don presently smells out the business, an incantation upon the horse, for want of nailing his old shoes at the door of his house, when he came forth."

And Scot (Discovery of Witchcraft) "That to prevent or cure all mischiefs wrought by charms or witchcrafts, according to the opinion of M. Mal, and others, one principal way is to nail a horse-shoe at the inside of the outmost threshold of your house, and so you shall be sure no witch shall have power to enter thereunto : And if you mark it, you shall find that rule observed in many a country house." The wild Irish, by way of preservative, practised something like it.

[3] Alluding to the Servile war, headed by Spartacus, and occasioned by the following incident, which I shall give in the words of my author :

"Syrus quidam nomine Eunus (magnitudo claudium facit ut meminerimus (fanatico furore simulato, dum Syriæ Deæ comas jactat : ad libertatem et arma servos, quasi numinum imperio, concitavit ; idque ut divinitus fieri probaret, in ore abdita nuce, quam sulphure et igne stipaverat, leniter inspirans, flammam inter verba fundebat : hoc miraculum primum duo millia ex obviis ; mox jure belli refractis ergastulis, sexaginta amplius millium fecit exercitum, regiisque ne quid mali deesset, decoratus insignibus, castella, oppida, vicos miserabili direptione vastavit."

[4] Paracelsus's words are as follow : "Non parva dubitatio et quæstio inter aliquos ex antiquis philosophis fuerit, an naturæ et arti possibile esset hominem gigni extra corpus muliebre, et matricem naturalem? Ad hoc respondeo, quod id arti Spagyricæ (*i. e.* Chemiæ) et naturæ nullo modo repugnat, imo bene possibile sit. Ut autem id fiat hoc modo precedendum est ; sperma viri per se in cucurbitâ sigilatâ putrefiat summa putrefactione ventris equini (*i. e.* stercoris equini) per quadraginta dies aut tamdiu donec incipiat vivere, moveri, ac agitare, quod facile videri potest. Post hoc tempus aliquo modo homini simile erit, at tamen pellucidum et sine corpore. Si jam posthac quotidie arcano sanguinis humani caute et prudenter

Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd slates are best to make On wat'ry surface duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move Quickest when he's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race, Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump;[1]
Which Socrates and Chærephon,[2] In vain essay'd so long agon;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is, And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many diff'rent species Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;
And which are next of kin to those Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood, That live in vinegar and wood.[3]
A paultry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of Zany serv'd,[4]

nutriatur et pascatur, et per quadraginta septimanas in perpetuo et æquabili calore ventris equini conservetur, sit inde verus et vivus infans, habens omnia membra infantis, qui ex muliere natus est, sed longe minor. Hunc nos homunculum vocamus, et is postea eo modo quo alius infans summâ diligentiâ et studio educandus est, donec adolescat, et sapere et intelligere incipiat. Hoc jam est unum ex maximis secretis, quæ Deus mortali, et peccatis obnoxio homini, patefecet. Est enim miraculum et magnale Dei, et arcanum super omnia arcana, et merito in secretis servari debet usque ad extrema tempora, quando nihil erit reconditi, sed omnia manifestabuntur: et quanquam hos hactenus hominibus notum non fuerit, fuit tamen Sylvestribus et nymphis (Anglice *Sylphis*) et gigantibus ante multa tempora cognitum, qui inde etiam orti sunt. Quoniam ex talibus homunculis, cum ad ætatem virilem perveniunt, siant gigantes, pygmæi, et alii homines magni miraculosi, qui instrumenta sunt magnarum rerum, qui magnas victorias contra suos hostes obtinent, et omnia secreta et abscondita noverunt quoniam arte acquirunt quam vitam, arte acquirunt corpus, carnem, ossa, et sanguinem, arte nascuntur: quare etiam ars ipsis incorporatur, et connascitur, et a nullo opus est ipsis discere, quoniam ab arte orti sunt, et existunt."

[1] Dr. Giles Fletcher informs us that Basilowitz, the Grand Duke (or rather tyrant) of Muscovy, sent to the city of Moscow, to provide "for a measure full of live fleas, for a medicine. They answered, the thing was impossible; and if they could get them, they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon them of seven thousand rubles."

[2] Aristophanes, in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in Socrates and Chærephon measuring the leap of a flea, from the one's beard to the other's.

No less humorous than this is the custom mentioned by Huetius, of their choosing at Hardenberg the chief magistrate by a louse: "Venimus Hardenburgam ——— minime veri lectori injucundum fore puto cognoscere, quo ritu Consul illic creari solet, uti quidem ab oppidanis accepimus.——

Hinc Hardenburgam serâ sub nocte venimus,
Ridetur veteri nobis mos ductus ab ævo;
Quippe ubi deligitur revoluto tempore consul,
Barbati circa mensam statuntur acervam,
Hispidaque apponunt attenti, menta quirites:
Porrigitur series barbarum, desuper ingens
Bestia, pes mordax, sueta inter crescere sordes,
Barbam adijt, sesto huic; grantantur murmure patres,
Atque celebratur subjecta per oppida consul."

Huetii Comment de rebus ad se pertinentibus, 1718, p. 76. Or the choice of a mayor somewhere in Essex, by a calf.

[3] See Dr. Hook's account of vinegar worms, Micrographia, observ. lvii. p. 216.

[4] A buffoon or jack-pudding. In France he is called Jean-pottages, in Italy Macaronies, in Holland Pickled-herring. Spectator, No. 47.

Theobald in a note upon Shakespeare's play, entitled, All's well that ends well, observes, "That it was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or Zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set on purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh; as our poet says in his Hamlet." I do not advance this without some authority, and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

"He ne'er will be admitted there where Vennor comes;
He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner
Skip with a rhyme o' th' table with new nothing,

Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,[1]
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps, Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.[2]
From this, by merited degrees, He'd to more high advancement rise;
To be an under-conjurer, Or journeyman astrologer:
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,[3]
And men with their own keys unriddle,
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cutpurses have left with them, For the right owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart; And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With cloaths or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,[4]
And where a watch for hall the worth,

And take his almain leap into a custard;
Shall make my Lady May'ress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders." Devil's an Ass, act i. sc. i.
This might occasion as much mirth as the cook's serving up the dwarf in a pie.

[1] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was (says L'Estrange) one Tom Jones, a foolish Welchman. In a Key to a poem of Butler's 1706, Whachum is said to be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, called, Hudibras in a Snare. It was printed about the year 1667.

[2] Alluding either to bills in chancery, where fifteen lines are contained in each sheet, and six words in each line; or to blank instruments humorously bantered by the Spectator, No. 563.
"I T. Blank, Esq., of Blank Town, in the county of Blank, do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring the goods following, Blank: and I do hereby promise the said Blank, to pay him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank."
"Your Blanks are ancient numerous folks; There's John a Styles, and John a Nokes,
There's dash *scribendo*, and *hiatus*, And *inuendo*, that points at us;
Eke so, d'ye see, as I may say, And so forth, and *et cætera*."
On the Family of the Blanks, Poems, D Lewis, 1730.

[3] We have in this age been pestered with Sydrophels and Whachums, who were arrived at a greater height of juggling and cheating than those in Hudibras's time were: To prove this, I shall only give the reader the device of a Sidrophel in Moor-fields, as related by the Spectator, No. 193. "The Doctor having gained much reputation by his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells, which hung in a room above stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by a lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rang another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns; and the skilful waiter below sifted the enquirer, and give the Doctor notice accordingly."

[4] *Nig.* "At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
They stick not the [illegible]-abouts purses to take:
Nay [illegible] without grace
At a better place
At court, and in Christmas, before the King's face;
Alas they [illegible] must I bear the curse
That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse."
Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

May be redeem'd; or stolen plate Restor'd at conscionable rate.[1]
Beside all this, he serv'd his master In quality of poetaster;
And rhymes appropriate could make To ev'ry month i' th' almanac;[2]
When terms begin and end could tell, With their returns in doggerel;
When the exchequer opes and shuts And sow-gelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill;
And when be temp'rate, if they will;
When use and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.[3]
And as in prison mean rogues beat Hemp, for the service of the great;
So Whachum beat his dirty brains,
T' advance his master's fame and gains;
And like the devil's oracles, Put into doggrel rhymes his spells,[4]
Which over every month's blank page
I' th' almanac strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on His mistress eating a black pudding.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive croud,
By wide mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts;
A carman's horse could not pass by, But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen pass'd along But serv'd for burthen to his song;

A French poet observes of a Jesuit, that he will pick your pocket in the middle of his Pater Noster; (L'Estrange's reflections upon the fable of a Cat and Venus, part i. fab. lxi.) and a pickpocket, observing that the times were pretty difficult, said, "The Lord be praised for it, the churches are pretty full still." The author of a Tale of a Tub gives us a reason why the preaching of the dissenters is called *holding forth*, speaking of the preachers of those times, he says, "that the devout sisters, who looked upon all dilatations of the ear as protrusions of zeal, of spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been cloven tongues; but especially that of the preacher's whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude, which upon that account he was frequent in exposing with all the advantages to the people in his rhetorical paroxisms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth*." Cleveland's Diurnals.

[1] In 1655, Lilly was indicted at Hickes's hall for giving judgment for a reward upon stolen goods, but acquitted.

John Taylor observes that these gentlemen were usually paid, whether they recovered the stolen goods or not:

"If lost goods you would fain have got, Go but to him, and you shall speed or not;
But he will gain, whether you get or lose, He'll have his fee, for so the bargain goes."

[2] A sneer probably upon John Booker, who, as Lilly observes, made "excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each."

[3] Though this word, which signifies no more than letting blood, is generally understood, yet some may possibly mistake the meaning of it, as did Mr. Lovelight, of whom Mrs. Laetitia Lovelight, his wife, gives the following account: "We came to town (says she) the last week, where my poor dear drank hard, and fell so ill that I was alarmed for him. The lady whose house we lodged at would needs send for Dr. Fossile, a man of excellent learning, but, to borrow a phrase of Shakespeare's, it is sickened over with affectation. When he had felt my husband's pulse, and gone through a course of questions, he turned from whispering Mr. Juniper, who was in waiting, and said to me with a physical air, not the air of a physician, —Ma'am, I have ordered Mr. What's-his-name, your spouse's apothecary, to phlebotomize him to-morrow morning.—To do what with me? cried my poor husband, starting up in his bed, I will never suffer it.—No, I am not, I thank God, in so desperate a condition as to undergo so damnable an operation as that is.—As what is? my dear, answered I, smiling; the Doctor would have you blooded.—Ay, for bleeding, replied he, I like it well enough; but for that other thing he ordered, I will sooner die than submit to it."

[4] The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury observes, "That Pythia, the priestess of Apollo, in Pyrrhus's time, had left off giving answers in verse, which had been the custom of all former ages from the foundation of the oracle; deriving its original from Phæmonoe, the first Pythia."

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With head thrust through nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the fight Of monsters, or their dear delight,
The gallow tree, when cutting purse Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,[1]
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.[2]
Those two together long had liv'd, In mansion prudently contriv'd,[3]
Where neither tree nor house could bar The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,[4]
On which was written, not in words, But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night, Did fly his tarsel of a kite;
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,[5]
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper, That far off like a star did appear,
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd, And with amazement staring wide,
Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder;
A comet, and without a beard![6] Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl[7] Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,

[1] "I could make you a true relation of some (says Gassendus) who having been told by astrologers, that they should die by a rope, have, to prevent the shame of the common gallows, hanged themselves when they had no other occasion of discontent."

[2] Especially if the first Squire Ketch had been the executioner, of whom it was observed by his wife, "That any bungler might put a man to death, but that her husband only knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly."

[3] Lilly's house was at Hersham in the parish of Walton upon Thames, where he tells us he constantly lived when he was not in London. As to the following story, upon which the poet is so pleasant, he prudently omits the mention of it in his Life, as knowing it could not redound to his honour or reputation.

[4] La Fisk, a pretended astrologer and juggler is mentioned in Fletcher's tragedy of Rollo Duke of Normandy.

But Butler alludes to one Fisk, of whom Lilly observes that he was a licenciate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country school, and designed for the university, but went not thither; studying physic and astrology at home, which he afterwards practised at Colchester, after which he came to London, and practised there. Lilly says, he had good skill in the art of directions upon nativities; and that he learnt from him many things in that way, and how to know good books in that art. He was famous about the year 1633, and died in the 78th year of his age.

[5] Willoughby (in his Ornithology) gives the following account in proof of the birds of paradise having legs: I myself, saith Johannes de Laet, "have two birds of paradise of different kinds, and have seen many others, all which had feet, and those truly, for the bulk of their bodies, sufficiently great and very strong legs: The same is confirmed by Margravius Clusius in his Exotics, and Wormius in his Museum.—These most beautiful birds, as Aldrovandus reports, are called by the inhabitants of the Molucca islands, Manucodiatæ, *i. e.* God's birds. ——They are called birds of paradise, both for their excellent shape, and beauty of their bodies: and also because where they are bred, whence they come, and whither they betake themselves is unknown, since they are found only dead. And the vulgar imagine them to drop out of heaven or paradise."

They are of various colours, some white and scarlet, others white and yellow.

As to the martlet in heraldry, it is a little bird represented without feet, but with legs; and it is used as a difference, or mark of distinction of the fourth brother.

[6] See an account of the beards and tails of comets, Harris's Astronomical Dialogues.

[7] See Dr. Harris's Astronomical Dialogues.

With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been,
To th' houses where the planets inn.[1]
It must be supernatural, Unless it be that cannon-ball[2]
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,
That learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the airy region yet Hangs like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far Appear no bullet but a star.
This said, he to his engine flew, Placed near at hand, in open view,
And raised it till it levell'd right Against the glow-worm tail of kite.
Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
It is a planet now I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear,[3]
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
He's got between the dragon's tail, And further leg behind o' th' whale:
Pray heaven avert the fatal omen, For 'tis a prodigy not common;
And can no less than the world's end, Or nature's funeral, portend.[4]
With that he fell again to pry, Through perspective more wistfully,
When by mischance the fatal string,
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it: But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
Cry'd out, what horrible and fearful Portent is this, to see a star fall;
It threatens nature, and the doom Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,[5]

[1] "You see (Harris, Astronomical Dialogues) why astronomers call them the twelve signs; because they begin or mark out the place of the sun in the heavens; and also why astrologers call them houses, because they assign them for dwellings, or places of abode for the planets." Gassendus demolishes the celestial houses and merrily observes "That that man had no dull nor unpleasant fancy who first made the planets provide stables for beasts in the heavens, and take care of greater cattle in the twelfth house, and smaller in the sixth."

[2] The experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosi, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never returned back again: which made them all conclude that it sticks in the mark: But Des Cartes was of opinion that it does but hang in the air."

"A ray of light runs between the sun and earth in six or seven minutes; and yet a cannon-ball, supposing it moves all the way as fast as when it just parts from the gun, cannot arrive at the sun in twenty-five years." Harris's Astronomical Dialogues. And at one of the fixed stars in 50,000 years.

[3] If a tobacco-stopper is turned so, as to have a round nob shooting out with two ends, (and there are many such) it will be like the print we have of Saturn in many books of astronomy.

Harris (Astronomical Dialogues) calls this but a mere ridicule: "Though (he says) it has its use; for it impresses itself and the thing stronger in the memory than perhaps a more just and serious description would have done."

[4] Spenser thus describes the fears of the vulgar, upon the appearance of a blazing star:

"Thus as she fled, her eyes she backward threw, As fearing evil that pursu'd her fast;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew, Loosely dispers'd with puff of every blast;
All as a blazing star doth far out-cast His hairy beams, and flaming locks dispred;
At sight whereof the people stand aghast: But the sage wizard tells us he has read,
That it importunes death, and doleful drearihead."
Fairy Queen, book iii. canto i.

[5] "Sæpe enim stellas vento impendente videbis
Præcipites cælo labi——" Virg. Georg. i. 365, 366.

The day of judgment's not far off;
As lately 'twas revealed to Sedgwick,[1]
And some of us find out by magic.
Then since the time we have to live
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it, And pay our losses with our profit
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight upon the fore-nam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing, Was now in prospect of the mansion;
Whom he discovering, turned his glass,
And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.
Whachum (quoth he), look yonder some
To try or use our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; seek out,[2]
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup while the Knight
From leathern bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him as he might say:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whether
Their bus'ness lay? quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose—quoth Ralpho, Nay;
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth suffer;
For lovers hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time?—quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long
Three years it off and on has hung—
Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis;
Quoth Ralpho between seven and eight 'tis.

"And oft before tempestuous winds arise
The seeming stars fall head-long from the skies." Dryden.

"Non cadere in terram stellas et sidera cernis." Lucret. lib. ii. p. 209. Vide Wolfii Lection. Memorab. sub ann. 765 part i. p. 200. "Hoc tempore stellæ de cœlo delapsæ sunt: significantes papam et clericos, ac ecclesiæ optimates de negotiis cœlestibus, quorum cura sola solis iiliis demandata esset, desciscere et terrenis mundi rebus se involvere."

[1] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other time an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things out of the pulpit to the distraction of ignorant people: at other times pretended to revelations, and upon pretence of a vision that doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel in Cambridgeshire: and finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution; telling them, that he had lately received a revelation, that doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him Doomsday Sedgwick. Wood's Athenæ Oxon.

[2] It appears from Lilly's life, that he and the Knight were acquainted; so that from hence, and the Knight's figure, he might well know him at a distance. I need not observe (for every reader will readily do it) how naturally Whachum makes a discovery of the Knight's business from Ralpho, and how artfully he communicates it to Sidrophel. Upon this discovery is founded the Knight's surprise, and the learned debate with the conjurer, which is gradually worked up to such a warmth as necessarily involves the Knight in a fourth engagement, whereby he happily gains a second victory.

Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate—quoth Ralph, A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the Knight was making water, Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the wizard steps in, To give him suitable reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a bay; Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight;
And what he came to know, drew near, To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't, Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd? Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,[1]
In opposition with Mars, And no benign friendly stars
T' allay the effect. Quoth wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
Ha! Saturn nothing to do in it? One tenth ot's circle to a minute.[2]
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse This rudeness I am forc'd to use,
It is a scheme and face of heaven, As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon, When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear Unseasonable in coming here,
At such a time to interrupt Your speculations, which I hop'd[3]
Assistance from, and come to use, 'Tis fit that I asked your excuse.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel, The stars your coming did fortel;[4]
I did expect you here, and knew, Before you spake, your bus'ness too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear, And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word, Howe'er unlikely or absurd.
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you.

[1] Whachum having pumped Ralph, and learned of him the business they came about, tells it to his master in astrological cant. Mars and Venus are the lover and his mistress in opposition. She is not Virgo, therefore a widow

[2] The planet Saturn is thirty years (or thereabout) going round the zodiac; three years being the tenth of his circle, the conjurer told the Knight he knew his errand. "Saturni circuitus absolvitur solummodo intra annos proxime triginta." Gassendi Astronomia, lib. iii. cap. ii.

"Then lost is sullen Saturn's ample bounds,
Who once in thirty years the world surrounds."
J. Taylor's Works, p. 132.

[3] From the succeeding part of this Canto, it is plain that Sidrophel did not gain the same credit with Hudibras that another fortune-teller did with the person who consulted him in a matrimonial case. See L'Estrange's Fables, part ii. fab. vi. "A fellow (says he) that had a wambling towards matrimony, consulted a man of art in Moor-fields, whether he should marry or not: The cunning man put on his considering cap, and gave him this short answer: Pray have a care how you marry hand over head (says he) as people frequently do; for you are a lost man if you go that way to work; but if you can have the heart to forbear your spouse's company for three days and three nights, well told, after you two are man and wife, I will be bound to burn my books if you do not find the comfort of it. The man took the virgin to his wedded wife, and kept his distance accordingly; while the woman in the mean time took pet, and parted beds upon it, and so the wizard saved his credit."

Less fortunate in this respect was Dr. Ramsey, with whom Dr. Young was acquainted. Sidrophel Vapulans, "who publicly boasted of skill enough in astrology to foreknow a man's fate, particularly whether he was born to be rich, fortunate in marriage, &c. and depended so much upon it as to assure himself of great wealth, and happy nuptials: who yet died poor in a gaol, after he had married such a wife, as prevailed on him to write that satire, entitled, Conjugium Conjurgium."

[4] "How to determine their influence particular (says the Turkish Spy) by divination, by calculating nativities, erecting horoscopes, and other schemes of astrology; to foretel things to come, to avoid prognosticated evils, and engross all happy events; to predict other men's fates, whilst we are ignorant of our own, &c., is a thing which appears to me beyond the power of human reason, and a science built on sand."

And for three years has rid your wit And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your bus'ness is to know If you shall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right, But how the devil you come by't
I can't imagine; for the stars, I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;[1]
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers, That turns as certain as the spheres.
But if the devil's of your counsel, Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come, To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
might suspect, and take the alarm, Your bus'ness is but to inform;[2]
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near, You have a wrong sow by the ear;[3]
For I assure you, for my part, I only deal by rules of art;[4]
Such as are lawful, and judge by Conclusions of astrology:[5]
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye, I understand your metonymy:[6]
Your words of second-hand intention;
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms, That are indeed but magic charms,
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,[7]
And that is down-right conjuring:

[1] Paracelsus (according to Webster, Displaying of supposed Witchcraft), was of a different opinion: "Præterea sideribus nota sunt omnia, que in naturâ existunt: unde (inquit) sapiens, dominibitur astris: is sapiens, qui virtutes illas ad sui obedientiam cogere potest."
Nay some astrologers (Gassendus's Vanity of Judiciary Astrology) supposed, "That in the zodiac were twelve princely gods presiding over the twelve signs, there being besides thirty other stars as privy counsellors to those deities, which did observe and recount all occurrences upon earth, that the celestial senate might consult and decree accordingly."

[2] At that time there was a severe inquisition against witches, conjurers, &c, as there was at the beginning of the reign of King James I. I find in Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xvi. p. 666, a special pardon from King James to Simon Read, for practising the black art.

[3] One of Sancho Pancha's proverbial expressions, "He that thinks to grunt at me, has a wrong sow by the ear."

[4] Gassendus (Vanity of Judiciary Astrology) "That Heminga, a modern, having proposed thirty eminent nativities, and reduced them to strict examination, according to the best rules of art, he declared that the experiments did by no means agree with the rules, sad events befalling such as were born under the most happy and promising positions of heaven; and good befalling such as the Heavens frowned upon, and threatened all the ruin and mischief unto that can be imagined: and therefore concluded, that astrologers, when they give judgment of a nativity, are generally the whole heavens wide of the truth." Nay Cardan himself owned, "That of forty things, scarce ten happened right."

[5] Ward, of Gresham College, informs us that the learned Mr. Gataker desiring Mr. Henry Briggs, the first geometry professor of that college, to give him his judgment concerning judiciary astrology, his answer was, "That he conceived it to be a mere system of groundless conceits." And Mr. Oughtred calls him the mirror of the age, for his excellent skill in geometry. Tacitus of old has exposed them; Kircher speaks contemptibly of them, "Non possum non improbare improbam quorundam astrologorum audaciam et temeritatem, qui tam tuto et confidenter de fortunâ, et eventibus, tum regnorum, tum nationum secuturis vaticinatur dum astrologiam infallibilibus veritatis regulis astringere se posse putant." Wolfus has given a remarkable account of an astrologer's son at Milan, who was hanged, and thereby had eluded all the rules of his father's art.

[6] Metonymy is a figure in rhetoric, which implies a changing or putting of one name or thing for another: as when the cause is put for the effect, the subject for the adjunct, or contrarily.

[7] Mottray seems to dispute the possibility of raising the devil; and endeavours to confirm his opinion by a remarkable story of Baron [illegible], a Danish prisoner of war, who was confined in one of the prisons of Stockholm, for having been convicted of a design of treating with the devil, for a certain sum of money, which at that time he stood in extreme need of: and to this end, instead of ink, he had [illegible] own blood signed a bond, by which he himself, and some companions of his (who [illegible] want of money and credit had signed it in the same manner), firmly and truly made their [illegible] to the infernal spirit after their deaths,

And in itself more warrantable, Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon, Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,[1]
And to their incantations stoop; They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her, To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanac can tell Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt You go the farthest way about.
The Rosicrucian way's more sure To bring the devil to the lure.
Each of 'em has a several gin, To catch intelligences in:
Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannum;[2]
Others with characters and words, Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks, Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose and answer to All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird Shut in the pommel of his sword,[3]

upon condition, that he would pay them down that sum; but neither he, nor any of the rest, could compass their desired end, notwithstanding all the pains they took about it; going by nights under gibbets, and in burying-places, to call upon him, and desiring him to trust them; but neither body nor spirit (says he) ever came to treat with them; at last one of them finding the devil would not help him, determined to try what he could do for himself; and having robbed and murdered a man, he was taken up, tried and executed, and in his confession he owned the transaction and intent. And in Baron L——'s chamber the bond was found, but torn to pieces, as void and of none effect.

[1] This power was ascribed to them by the heathen poets. Thus Virgil speaks, Bucol. Ecl. viii. 69, 70.

" Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere Lunam: Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssei."
" Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heaven descends,
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends. Dryden.

And Canidia, the witch in Horace, boasts of her power in this respect:-

" Meæque terra cedit insolentiæ, An quæ movere cereas imagines
(Ut ipse nosti curiosus) et Polo Diripere Lunam" ——
Horat. Canid. Epod. xvii. 75, &c.

And the witch in Ovid pretended to the same power:

" Te quoque Luna traho," &c. Metamorph. vii. 207, &c.
" And thee, Titania, from thy sphere I hail,
Though brass resounding thy extremes avail."—G. Sandys.

This opinion seems to be sneered by Propertius, in the following lines, lib. i. eleg. i. 19.

" At vos deductæ quibus est fallacia Lunæ, Et labor in magicis sacra piare focis,
En agedum Dominæ mentem convertite nostræ, Et facite illa meo palleat ore magis.
Tunc ego crediderim vobis, et sidera et amnes Posse Cyteinis ducere carminibus."
Vide Tibull. de Facinatrice, lib. i. eleg. ii

The author of this opinion (as Sandys observes, upon the 7th book of Ovid's Metamorph. p. 144, edit. 1640,) " who, being skilful in astronomy, boasted to the Thessalian women, (foreknowing the time of the eclipse) that she should perform it at such a season, which happening accordingly, they gave credit to her deception. Nor is it a wonder, says Vives, that those learned men (namely, Pindarus and Stesichorus) should believe that the moon was drawn down from heaven, since a sort of men, as we remember, believed an ass had drunk her up; because as she shone in the river where he drank, a cloud on the suduen overshadowed her: For this the ass was imprisoned, and, after a legal trial, immediately ripped up, to let the moon out of his belly, that she might shine out as formerly." Columbus imposed upon the Jamaicans in the same manner, by foretelling an eclipse to happen two days after, which they took for a miracle.

[2] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a conjurer, and then of a saint. He is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep an holiday, in honour of him, yearly on the 19th of May. The monkish writers have filled his life with romantic stories, and among the rest with this mentioned by our poet: He was (say they) once tempted to lewdness by the devil, under the shape of a fine lady; but, instead of yielding to her temptations, he took the devil by the nose with a pair of red hot tongs.

[3] Naudæus (in his History of Magic) observes of this familiar spirit, " that though the

That taught him all the cunning pranks Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon[1] The devil's looking-glass, a stone;[2]
Where playing with him at bo-peep, He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,[3] I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur Read to the occult philosopher,

alchymists maintain, that it was the secret of the philosopher's stone, yet it were more rational to believe that if there was any thing in it, it was certainly two or three doses of his laudanum, which he never went without, because he did strange things with it, and used it as a medicine to cure almost all diseases."

Paracelsus had such an opinion of his own chemical nostrums, that he gloried he could make men immortal by the philosopher's stone, potable gold, and other arcana; and yet he himself died at the age of forty-seven.

Paracelsus was called Aurelius, Philippus, Paracelsus, Theophrastus, Bombastus de Hohenhiem. He was born at the village of Einfidlen, two German miles distant from the Helvetic Tigurum, now called Zurich. It is said, that for three years he was a sow-gelder. His father, William Hohenhiem (a base child of a Master of the Teutonic Order), not only left him a collection of rare and valuable books, but committed him first to the care of Trimethius, Abbot of Spanheim, and afterwards to Sigismund Fugger, of Zurich, famous for his chemical arcana. According to his own account, he visited all the Universities of Europe; and at twenty years of age had searched into the mines of Germany and Russia, 'till at last he was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and by them sent to Constantinople. In his travels he obtained a collection of the most sovereign remedies for all distempers, from doctors of physic, barbers, old women, conjurers, and chemists; and was afterwards employed as a doctor and surgeon in armies, camps and sieges. He signalized himself at first by a rash inconsiderate use of mercury and opium in the cure of leprosy, pox, ulcers, and dropsies. The efficacy of mercury was not at that time well understood; and, according to the then opinion, opium being cold in the fourth degree, the use of it, through fear, was very much neglected; insomuch that, by his rashness and boldness in the use of these, he performed many cures, which the regular physicians could not do: Amongst which that on Frobenius of Basil was the most remarkable; for, through his interest, he was invited by the magistrates of that place to read public lectures in physic and philosophy; where he soon ordered the works of Galen and Avicenna to be burnt, declaring to his auditors at the same time, that if God would not assist him, he would advise and consult with the devil.

[1] This Kelly was chief seer (or as Lilly calls him, Speculator) to Doctor Dee, was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir (or philosopher's stone) which Lilly in his Life tells us he made, or at least received ready made from a friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal). Alasco Palatine of Poland, Pucel a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself: But Lilly observes, that he was so wicked, that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

Wever (Funeral Monuments) allows him to have been a chemist, that he lost his ears at Lancaster, and raised a dead body in that country by necromancy: That Queen Elizabeth sent for him out of Germany; but climbing over a wall at Prague, where it is reported he was imprisoned for a chemical cheat put on the Emperor, he broke his legs, and bruised himself so that he died soon after. He offered to raise up devils before Alasco, June 19, 1581. His spirits told him, 1584, he should die a violent death. Kelly, as I remember, is called Sir Edward by Mr. Ashmole. Qu. Whether Queen Elizabeth knighted him for secret services? See more of him, Relation of what passed between Dr. Dee and some Spirits, with a preface by Meric Casaubon, 1659, folio, passim. Sir Fra. Bacon's Apophthegms, No. 135.

[2] Dr. Dee observes that he shewed his famous glass, and the properties of it, to Queen Elizabeth.

This kind of juggling is mentioned by Fernelius, an eminent physician. "Vidi quendam, vi verborum spectra varia in speculum derivare, quo illic quæcunque imperaret, mox aut scriptis, aut veris imaginibus ita dilucide experimerent, ut prompte et facile ab assidentibus omnia internoscerentur. Audiebantur quidem verba sacra, sed obscœnis nominibus spurce contaminata: cujusmodi sunt elementorum potestates; horrenda quædam et inaudita principum nomina, qui Orientis, Occidentis, Austri, Aquilonisque regionibus imperant." Vide Wolfii Lection. Memorab. par. post.

[3] Vide Pauli Jovii Elog. Doctor. Vivor. p. 287. Carm. (Jb.) Baptistæ Possevini.

"Lat mi. Hunc tumulum haud charites servant,
Sed Eryanies atræ; Nec musæ, at sparsis anguibus Eumenides:
Colligit Alecto Cineres, misceturque aconito Grataque dat Stygio liba voranda Cani.
Qui quod erat vivum comitatus, atrociter [illegible] Hunc quoque per cunctas raptat agitque vias:
Insultatque adeo, et furias quia noverat o[illegible] Saturat, injungit nomine quamque suo.
O miseras artes, quæ solæ ea commoda p[illegible] Accedat Stygias notus ut hospes aquas."

And taught him subt'ly to maintain All other sciences are vain.[1]
To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir, Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen; Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,[2]
But a true dog that would shew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatso'er he's said to do, He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosicross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,[3] And Apollonius their master;[4]
To whom they do confess they owe All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t' us,
Whether 't was said by Trismegistus,
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic, Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth truth, altho' time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit, Before he pull'd her out of it:[5]
And as he eats his sons, just so He feeds upon his daughters too:[6]
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race Of ancient kings in a small space,[7]

[1] Nothing can be more pleasant than this turn given to Agrippa's silly book, De Vanitate Scientiarum.

[2] Paulus Jovius gives in to the opinion of Agrippa's being a conjurer, and his dog a cæcodæmon. "Excessit e vitâ nondum senex apud Lugdunum, ignobili et tenebroso in diversorio: multis eum tanquam necromantiæ suspicione infamem, execrantibus: quod cacodæmonem nigri canis specie circumduceret: ita ut quum propinquâ morte ad pœnitentiam urgeretur, cani collare loreum magicis per clavorum emblemata inscriptum notis exolverit: in hæc suprema verba irate prorumpens: Abi perdita bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti; nec usquam familiaris ille canis, ac assiduus itinerum omnium comes, et tum morientis domini desertor, postea conspectus est, quum præcipiti fugæ saltu in Ararim se immersisse, nec enâsse ab his, qui id vidisse asserebant, existimetur."

Wierus, who was Agrippa's pupil and domestic, clears him from this heavy charge. He owns that he had a dog and a bitch, named Monsieur and Mademoiselle, which were great favourites; that the dog lay constantly under his bed, and was fed at his table: and as he knew most things that were transacted in foreign nations, the imprudent vulgar ascribed this to his dog, taking him to be a dæmon. But he observes, that in truth he corresponded with learned men in all nations, and daily received his intelligence from them. De Præstig. Dæmon. Glycas's account of Simon Magus's black dog, Heywood's Hierarchy of Angels, and of two dogs at Salem, accounted cacodæmons, or something as bad, for which they were put to death.

[3] The King of the Bactrians of that name, who was slain by Ninus, or Semiramis, has been commonly reputed the first inventor of magic. But Howel (Institution of General History), is of opinion, that Zoroastes the magician lived many years after this King of the Bactrians. Fabricius thinks it a difficult matter to adjust the time in which he lived, there being several of that name.

[4] Apollonius Tyanæus's life was written by Philostratus and Damis. Vide Stephani Thes. Linguæ Latinæ, Lewis's History of the Parthian Empire, p. 237, &c. He was a great magician; and some heathens, in spite to Christianity, affirm that his miracles were as great as those of Christ and his apostles. He lived in the days of Domitian and Adrian.

[5] This satire is fine and just. Cleanthes said that truth was hid in a pit. Yes (says our author), but you Greek philosophers were they who first put her there, and then claimed to yourselves so much merit in drawing her out again. The first Greek philosophers extremely obscured truth by their endless speculations; and it was the pretended business of their successors to clear up matters. This does honour to our author's knowledge of antiquity.

[6] Chronus is said, by the mythologists, to have devoured his sons. Truth is said to be the daughter of Time; which Time is called by the Greeks Chronos, and so he may be said to eat his daughters.

[7] A sneer upon the mock gentry of those times, who, as they increased in riches, thought proper to lay claim to pedigrees to which they had no right. "Cornelius Holland, a servant of the Vanes, got so much wealth, as to make him saucy enough to hire William Lilly, and

That we should all opinions hold Authentic that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part Of prudence to cry down an art;
And what it may perform deny, Because you understand not why.
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)[1]
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings seat; *So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.*
Do not the hist'ries of all ages Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,[2] And some that have writ almanacs?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,[3] Did not the sun eclips'd fortel,

other pamphleteers, to derive his pedigree from John Holland, Duke of Exeter, although it be known he was originally a link-boy."

Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Glocester, then an ignorant solicitor; John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle; John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards a colonel; Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man; Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel, and vice-admiral of England; Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk; Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere; Colonel J. Jones, a serving man; Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith; Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman; Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobler, and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These and hundreds more affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

"Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line."
Dryden's Hind and Panther.

This practice of the heralds is bantered by Sir Richard Steele, (in his Grief Alamode) where he introduces the servant of Sable the undertaker, expressing himself in the following manner:

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow."

Sable. Ah, pox take some of our cits; the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth. Pox, let him bear a pair of stockings; for he is the first of his family that ever wore one."

[1] Averrhois was an Arabian physician, surnamed Commentator, who lived at Cordova in Spain, in the year 1140. Averrhoes celeber philosophus, &c. ubique astronomiam lacerat, damnat, insectatur.—Astrologorum opinionem, de cœlestibus imaginibus, quibus subesse terrena figuræ similis animalia putant, fabulosam dicit, quâ tamen sublatâ, ruit maxima pars astrologicæ superstitionis: alibi quidem (ait) contraria philosophiæ, alibi fere omnia falsa dogmata astrologorum: tum artem in universum vanam et infirmam."

[2] Gassendus observes of the Chaldeans (Judiciary Astrology, from Sextus Empiricus), "That when they were to observe the time of an infant's nativity, one Chaldean sat watching on the top of an hill, or other eminent place, not far from the groaning chamber, and attended to the stars; and another remained below with the woman in travail, to give the sign, by ringing a kettle or pan, at the instant of her delivery; which the other taking, observed the sign of the zodiac then rising above the horizon, and according they gave judgment of the infant's fortune: and this if the birth happened in the night: but if in the day, he that sat upon the high place, observed only the motion of the sun."

[3] "Fiunt aliquando prodigiosi et longiores solis defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore, et Antoniano bello totius anni pallore continuo." Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. xxx.

The prodigies and apparitions preceding his death are mentioned by several writers. By Virgil, in his first Georgic:

"Earth, air, and seas with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene and howling dogs divin'd ——
Blood sprung from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright." Dryden.

Gassendus observes (Judiciary Astrology) "That the Chaldeans predicted of Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, that each of them should not die but in full old age, but in their houses, but in peace and undistinguished honour; and yet their fates were violent, immature and tragical."

Kircher pretends to account for the paleness of the sun in the following manner, "Hoc unicum tibi persuasum habeas tanti palloris, ac diminuti luminis in sole causas alias non fuisse, nisi sævas hujus globi tempestates, quibus, eo tempore cataractis solaribus circumquaque reclusis, tanta fumorum, vaporumque copia et multitudo exorta fuit, ut omnem pœne lucem in totius solis faciem inducta eclipsi mortalibus eriperet: pallor vero contigit ob raritatem vaporum; per quos sol non secus ac per tenuem nubem translucens, abducta nonnihil luce palliditatem necessario incurrit, quam mox ac exuerit serenita solis sequitur."

And, in resentment of his slaughter, Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having b' oversight[1] Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day, By soldiers mutiny'ng for pay,
Are there not myriads of this sort, Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within[2] The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations, (Our synod calls humiliations).
The round-fac'd prodigy t'avert From doing town or country hurt?
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more?
That in a region far above Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity Of mighty states to govern by;[3]
And this is what we take in hand By powerful art to understand
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak the events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?[4]
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear, And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope, That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras long agon, Saw hills as well as you i' th' moon:
And held the sun was but a piece Of red hot ir'n, as big as Greece;[5]
Believ'd the heavens were made of stone,

[1] "Divus Augustus lævum sibi prodidit calceum præpostero indutum, quo die seditione militum prope afflictus est." Plin. lib. ii. Vide Sueton. lib. ii. § 29.

[2] Romani L. Crasso et C. Mario cons. bubone viso orbem lustrabant. See a remarkable account of an owl that disturbed Pope John XXIV. at a council held at Rome, Fascicul. Rer. Expetendar et Fugiendar.

[3] The Grecians and Romans were superstitiously governed by auguries.

[4] "The fame of Galileo's observations excited many others to repeat them, and to make maps of the moon's spots; Among the rest, Langrenus the King of Spain's cosmographer, and Hevelius, consul of Dantzic, were the most diligent to fit their maps for astronomical uses: It was necessary to give names to the most remarkable spots and regions. Langrenus called them by the names of the most noted mathematicians, philosophers, and patrons of learning: But Hevelius pretending great difficulty in a just distribution of the land, in proportion to the merits of the learned, abolished their received grants and titles, and called them by the geographical names of places on earth, without the least resemblance in their shapes and situations: This vanity of his has embarrassed the lunar region with a double nomenclature." See Dr. Hook's Micrograph. observ. "Lucidæ illæ lunaris globi plagæ, nihil aliud sunt quam terrestrium portionum eminentiores regiones: Fasceæ, aut maria aut lacus exhibent: nigræ vero aut umbras montium, aut luci inaccessas vallium profunditates, cavitatesque indicant: quod vel inde apparet, quod sol quanto supra horizontem lunarem juxta phases ascenderit altius, tanto obscuriusculas hujusmodi plagas magis magisque illustratas videas donec in miridie, qui sit tempore oppositionis solis et lunæ; videlicit in plenilunio prorsus evanescant." Ben Jonson says, in banter of this opinion, "Certain and sure news, news from the new world discovered in the moon, of a new world, and new creatures in that world, in the orb of the moon, which is now found to be an earth inhabited, with navigable seas and rivers, variety of nations, politics and laws, with havens cut, castles, port towns, inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs and markets, hundreds and wapentakes, forests, parks, coney grounds, meadows, pasture, what not?"

[5] See various opinions concerning the bigness of the sun enumerated by the commentator upon Creech's Lucretius. Its distance from the earth is computed by Harris (Astronomical Dialogues), to be seventy or eighty millions of miles, and its diameter, or breadth from one side to the other, about eight hundred thousand miles, which is above a hundred thousand times greater than the diameter of our earth: and therefore the bulk or rather quantity of matter in the sun must exceed that of the earth above a hundred millions of times.

Because the sun had voided one:
And, rather than he would recant Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
But what, alas! is it to us, Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home, That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions, That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions, That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,[1]
Made better there, than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play O' th' guittar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit[2]
The public humour, with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big, And wear a huger periwig,[3]
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks Than our own native lunatics?[4]
But if w' out-do him here at home, What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent, Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly, Becomes new light and prophecy:
So when your speculations tend, Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies, And favour strongly of the Ganzas.[5]
Tell me but what's the natural cause, Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half, Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;[6]
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?

[1] Screen-fans are made of pasteboard, straw, feathers, or some such light materials, and are often hung up by chimneys, to be used occasionally for defending the face or eyes from the fire.

[2] Warburton is of opinion, that the plays here mentioned are those which were after satirized by the Rehearsal. This may be true with regard to some: but Dryden, the principal person satirized in that play, stands clear; for his first play, the Wild Gallant, was first published in 1668 or 1669, and these lines under consideration were published in the year 1664.

[3] A banter, probably upon the French: for in 1629 is reckoned the epocha of long perukes; at which time they began to appear at Paris, whence they spread by degrees throughout the rest of Europe.

[4] A sneer probably upon the then lunatic house of commons, who were literally taken for madmen by a country bumkin: He, desiring to see Bedlam, was carried to the house of commons: and peeping in at the lobby by his friend's direction, and seeing the members in a hurry, attended with great noise, as was usual in those times, he scoured off at the sight, with an outcry all the way as he went, That the madmen were broke loose.

[5] Gonzago (or Domingo Gonzales) wrote a voyage to the moon, and pretended to be carried thither by geese, in Spanish Ganzas.

[6] A mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances.

"Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write, As with a Jacob's staff to take her height."
Cleveland's Hecatomb to his Mistress.

See a remarkable account of an astrologer at the King of Spain's court, who without the help of this instrument, with the naked eye, could nearly take heights.

——— "Et alte Per noctem resonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes."
Virg. Georg. lib. i. 485, 486.

"Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behowls the moon."
Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, act v.

"Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."
Shakespeare's, As you like it.

And I shall freely give my vote, You may know something more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture Of sapience, and began to bluster :[1]
For having three times shook his head, To stir his wit up, this he said :
Art has no mortal enemies Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;[2]
Those consecrated geese in orders, That to the capitol were warders ;[3]
And being then upon patrol, With noise alone beat off the Gaul :
Or those Athenian sceptic owls[4] That will not credit their own souls !
Or any science understand, Beyond the reach of eye or hand ;
But meas'ring all things, by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known :
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-Houses, cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground In nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you, Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets Cutting from malefactors-snippets?[5]

[1] Much like this contrast was that between Sir Samson Legend and old Foresight (Congreve's Love for Love), when they were treating of a match between Ben, the Son of Sir Samson, and Miss Prue, old Foresight's daughter. Sir Samson talking in a romantic strain, and calling Foresight Brother Capricorn, "Capricorn in your teeth (says Foresight), thou modern Mandeville. Ferdinando Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance : send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of science and defamer of virtue.

[2] "Et quod vulgo aiunt artem non habere inimicum nisi ignorantem. Plane teste Livio, miraculum literarum res nova, imo plerumque exosa est inter rudes artium homines." Nic. Reusner, Symbolor. Imperator. class. i. symbol. lxiv. p. 136.

"Thou hit'st the nail in all things right, but O the boore!
That caitiff kerne, so stout, so stern, ill thrive he evermore :
That capt thee for a bunch of grapes, ten thousand tivels supplant him,
I see well science hath no foeman, nisi ignorantem."
Rob. Riccomontanus's Panegyr. Verses upon T. Coryat.

3 The capitol was saved by the cackling of the geese, when besieged by Brennus the Gaul; Livii Histor. lib. v. cap. xlvii. The Romans, in memory of this, ever after fed geese in that place at the public charge, by whose image they represented safe custody.

See an account of Socrates swearing by a goose; Menagii Observat. in Diogen Laertimum, segm. 40. and a humorous poem, entitled, Upon a late Order for shooting the Geese in the Parks about St. James's, Miscell. Poems, published by D. Lewis, 1730.

4 The owl was sacred to Minerva, and called the bird of Athens.

"Fast by the crow the bird of Pallas sat, In silent wonder, both suspend their hate."
Fenton's notes upon Waller.

Gay's fable of Two Owls and a Sparrow.

The owl was in high esteem with the Tartars. The reason was this : One of their Kings, named Chungius Chan (a great favourite), being pursued by his enemies, hid himself in a bush, whither they came to seek him ; an owl flying out of it, they desisted from further search. Hence, in gratitude, they wear in their helmets owls feathers.

5 In the ingredients of the witches charm (Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth), are the following.

"Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips, Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab, Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."

And "1st *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow, grease that sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw Into the flame."

"Hair from the skulls of dying strumpets shorn, And felons bones from rifled gibbets torn,
Like those which some old hag at midnight steals
For witchcraft, amulets, and charms and spells,
Are pass'd for sacred to the cheap'ning rout, And worn on fingers, breasts, and ears about."
Oldham's 4th Satire against the Jesuits.

Or from the pillory tips of ears Of rebel-saint and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on, But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there, That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn In any inferior concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still In their own practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth Does not derive its house from earth:
And therefore probably must know What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig? Make Berenice's periwig?[1]
Whose livery does the coachman wear?[2]
Or who made Cassiopiea's chair?[3]
And therefore, as they came from hence, With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be Govern'd without geometry,[4]
(For money being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight:)
Then much less can it be without Divine astrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth, As far as heaven's above the earth.
These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use Upon this subject to produce
And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.

1 "When Ptolemy Euergetes went on his expedition into Syria, Berenice, his Queen, out of the tender love she had for him, being much concerned because of the danger which she feared he might be exposed to in this war, made a vow of consecrating her hair (in the fineness of which, it seems, the chief of her beauty consisted), in case he returned again safe and unhurt: and therefore, upon his coming back again with safety and full success, for the fulfilling of her vow, she cut off her hair, and offered it up in the temple, which Ptolemy Philadelphus had built to his beloved wife Arsinoe, on the promontory of Zephyrium, in Cyprus. But there, a little after, the consecrated hair being lost, or perchance contemptuously flung away by the priests, and Ptolemy being much offended at it, Conon of Samos, a flattering mathematician, then at Alexandria, to salve up the matter, and ingratiate himself with the King, gave out, that this hair was catched up into heaven; and he there shewed seven stars, near the tail of the Lion, not till then taken into any constellation, which he said were the Queen's consecrated hair; which conceit of his other flattering astronomers followed, with the same view, or perchance not daring to say otherwise." Hence Coma Berenices, the hair of Berenice, became one of the constellations, and is so to this day.

Periwig put here probably for the sake of the rhyme: Some of the ancient Poets allude to the custom of wearing periwigs, or false hair.

"Fœmina procedit densissima crinibus emptis, Proque suis alios efficit ære suos."
Ovid. de Arte Amandi, lib. iii.

"Jurat capillos esse, quos emit suos Fabulla, nunquid illa paule pejerat?"
Martialis Epigrammat. lib. vi. 12.

"Dentibus atque comis, nec te pudet, uteris emptis, Quid facies oculo, Lælia? non emitur."
Epigram. lib. xii. 23.

2 Alluding to Charles's wain, seven stars in the constellation Ursa Major, of which Bootes is called the driver.

3 One of the constellations of the northern hemisphere. Harris has explained this. (Astronomical Diaiogues). "That about the year 1572, there appeared a new star in this constellation, which appeared as big as Jupiter now appears to be, and was fixed to one place, like the rest of the fixed stars; but lessened by degrees, and at last, at the end of eighteen months, went quite out, and appeared no more."

4 It commonly passes for Plato's saying, Ὁ θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ. To this I suppose the author alludes, and by governed, he may mean continued, or preserved in its regular order or motions.

Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the west, As many times set in the east:[1]
But whether that be true, or no The devil any of you know,
Some hold the heavens, like a top,[2] Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,[3] And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon[4] Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat Above the sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd[5] 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,[6]
That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam, And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad, Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd:
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great states depend Upon the tip o' th' bear's tail's end;[7]
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.[8]

[1] Here the author alludes to a strange story in Herodotus (Euterpe, lib. ii. cap. cxlii.) that, the sun in the space of 11,340 years, during the reigns of their ancient kings, had altered his course twice, rising where he then set, and setting where he rose. Dr. Long, of Cambridge, says, "that this seems to be only an idle amusing story, invented by the Egyptians, to support their vain pretensions to antiquity, but fit to pass only among persons ignorant of astronomy."

In the Chinese history (Martinii Historia Sinica, lib. i. p. 37.) it is observed, that in the reign of their seventh Emperor Yao, the sun did not set for ten days successively: and that the inhabitants were afraid of a general conflagration, there being very great fires at that time.

[2] "Causa quare cœlum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus." Comment. in lib. ii. Aristot. de Cœlo.

[3] A philosopher of Agrigentum, an epic poet. Vide Suidæ Lexicon.

[4] "Plato solem et lunam cæteris planetis inferiores esse putavit." G. Gunnin in Cosmog. lib. i. p. 11.

[5] "Copernicus in libris revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam stadius, mathematici nobiles perspicuis demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis apsida terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolemæi ætate duodecim partibus, *i. e.* uno et triginta terræ semidiametris." Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

[6] After this line, in the first editions of 1664, stand these four, instead of the eight following ones, six of which were added in 1674.

About the sun's and earth's approach, And swore that he, that dar'd to broach
Such paultry fopperies abroad, Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd.

[7] "Putat Cardanus ab extremâ caudâ Majoris Ursæ, omne magnum imperium pendere." Jo. Bodini Met. Hist.

Dr. Young observes, (Sidrophel Vapulans) that Cardan lost his life to save his credit: for having predicted the time of his own death, he starved himself to verify it; or else being sure of his art, he took this to be his fatal day, and by those apprehensions made it so. Gassendus adds that he pretended exactly to describe the fates of his children in his voluminous commentaries, "yet all this while never suspected, from the rules of his great art, that his dearest son should be condemned to have his head struck off upon a scaffold by an executioner of justice, for destroying his own wife by poison, in the flower of his youth."

[8] This is not literally true, though they have very short ones. "Ursis natura caudam diminuit: quod reliquum corpus admodum pilosum." Aristot. "Caudæ parvæ vitiosis animalibus, ut ursis." Plin. Vide Conradi Gesneri Histor. Animal. lib. i. p. 1067. The Earl of Leicester, when Governor of the Low Countries, used to sign all instruments with his crest, which was the bear and the ragged staff, (the coat of the Warwick family, from which he was descended) instead of his own coat, which was the green lion with two tails: upon which the Dutch, who suspected him of ambitious designs, wrote under his crest, set up in public places,

Some say the zodiac constellations[1]
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same In Taurus now, once in the Ram:
Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd,[2] The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd,[3]
Then how can their effects still hold To be the same they were of old?
This, though the heart were true, would make,
Our modern soothsayers mistake:
And is one cause they tell more lies, In figures and nativities
Than the old Chaldean conjurers, In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating, For want of accidence and Latin,
Like Idus and Calendæ, English'd The quarter-days, by skilful linguist:[4]
And yet with canting, slight and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat:
Make fools believe in their foreseeing Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd;
And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd;[5]
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some for brevity
Have cast the versal world's nativity;[6]
And make the infant stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats:
Some running nags, and fighting-cocks,
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox:
Some take a measure of the lives Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,[7] Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's first aspect The tender infant did infect
In soul and body,[8] and instill All future good, and future ill:

"Ursa caret cauda, non queat esse leo."
"The bear he never can prevail To lion it for want of tail."
Fuller's Worthies of England, Warwickshire.

1 "The zodiac (says Chambers, Cyclopædia) was divided by the ancients into twelve segments, called signs: commencing from the point of intersection of the ecliptic and equinoctial: with signs they denominated from the twelve constellations, which, in Hipparchus's time possessed those segments.—But the constellations have since so changed their places by the procession of the equinox, that Aries is now got out of the sign called Aries into Taurus, Taurus into Gemini," &c.

2 Tigron, the joining together of three signs of the same nature and quality, beholding one another in a trine aspect, and counted according to the four elements.

3 The watery, I think, are Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces. The fiery, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius.

4 A banter probably upon Sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of Horace, Epod. ii. 69, 70.
"Omnibus relegit Idibus pecuniam, Quærit Calendis ponere."
"At Michaelmas calls all his monies in, And at our Lady, puts them out again."

5 See this explained, Bailey's Dictionary, folio ed. under the proverb, To sell the bear's skin before he is caught. See the story of Alnaschar in the Persian fable, who was in hopes of raising his fortunes by his crockery-ware, Spectator, No. 535. And the fable of the milk-maid and milking-pail, L'Estrange's Fables.

6 "Lucius Tarutius, Firmanus, familiaris noster, in primis, Chaldaicis rationibus eruditus, urbis etiam nostræ, natalem diem repetebat ab iis parilibus, quibus eam a Romulo conditam accepimus, Romamque in jugo cum esset luna, natam esse dicebat." Cic. de Divinatione, lib. ii.

7 Trine aspect of two planets is, when they are distant from each other 120 degrees, or a third part of the zodiac. Quartile aspect of planets is, when they are distant 90 degrees, or three signs from each other. Opposition is when two planets being distant 180 degrees, behold one another diametrically opposite.

8 This foolish opinion of judicial astrologers is well bantered by Shakespeare, King Henry IV. act iii.

Which in their dark fatalities lurking, At destin'd periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden seeds Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife, And all th' emergencies of life:
No sooner does he peep into The world, but he has done his do.[1]
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic That cures or kills a man that is sick;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,[2] Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives,
There's but the twinkling of a star Between a man of peace and war,
A thief and justice, fool and knave, A huffing officer and a slave,
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket, A great philosopher and a block-head,
A formal preacher and a player, A learn'd physician and manslayer:
As if men from the stars did suck Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice, Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,

Glendour. ——— "At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; know, that at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hotspur. So it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born."

And in King Lear, act i. *Edmund.* "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by inforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil by a divine thrusting on."

And this planetary influence is bantered by Torquemeda (see Spanish Mandeville, 4th disc.), "If we say that Mars predominates in men that are strong and valiant, we see many born under this planet that are timorous and of all small courage; all those born under Venus are not luxurious, nor all under Jupiter kings and princes, nor all under Mercury cautelous and crafty, neither are all born under the sign of Pisces fishermen." Remarkable is the death of William Earl of Pembroke, who died, at the age of fifty, upon the day that his tutor Sandford had prognosticated his nativity. Clarendon's Rebellion.

[1] Warburton observes, that it was the opinion of judicial astrologers, that whatsoever good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with, either from nature or traditionally from its parents, yet if at the hour of its birth its delivery was by any casual accident so accelerated or retarded that it fell in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all contrary ill qualities: This was so wretched and monstrous an opinion, that it well deserved and was well fitted for the lash of satire.

[2] I suppose, he means the number assigned him by his heavenly influence at his nativity. If it came up to the number four, he might, in the usual phrase, be said to be *shod round*; though that number seems too great to be approved in the Italian proverb, which says, "Prima donna matrimonia; la seconda, compagna; la terza, kesia:" The first wife is matrimony; the second, company; the third heresy. Select Proverbs, &c. p. 9.

And yet there are many instances, both ancient and modern, of a great exceeding in this respect. Gaufr, the son of Ebrank Mempricias, sixth king of Britain, about the time of Solomon, had twenty wives, of whom he begot twenty sons and thirty daughters.

St. Jerome has still a more remarkable account of a couple that married, the man having had twenty wives, and the woman two and twenty husbands. The reader, I hope, will excuse me, if I give the story in his own words: "Rem dicturus sum incredibilem, sed multorum testimoniis approbatam.——Vidi duo inter se paria, vilissimorum è plebe hominum comparata, unum, qui viginti sepelisset uxores, alteram, quæ vicesimum secundum habuisset maritum; extremo sibi, ut ipsi putabant, matrimonio copulatis: summa omnium expectatio, virorum pariter ac fœminarum, post tantas rudes quis quem prius efferret: vicit maritus, et totius urbis populo confluente coronatus; et palmam tenens, adoreamque, per singulos sibi acclamantes, uxoris multinubæ feretrum præcedebat." Wolfius's account is still more upon the marvellous, "Paganus quidam superioribus vixit seculis, qui uxores habuit septuaginta septem, ex quibus liberos suscepit plures quinquaginta et trecentos." But the Spanish Mandeville, determining to exceed all that had been said in this respect, mentions one from Herman Lopez de Castaneda, who was 340 years old, and confessed he had had 700 wives, some of which died, and some he had forsaken (see Spanish Mandowille, fol. 26). See a remarkable instance of a person in the hundreds of Essex, who married his wives from the uplands, and by that means had ten in a few years, Heraclitus Ridens.

Battle, and murder, sudden death.[1]
Are not these fine commodities, To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble, For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrowed, In th' other world to be restor'd?[2]
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those That do our principles oppose;
I will (although I've done't before) Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you, What you, perhaps, forget before you,
By way of horary inspection, Which some account our worst erection,
With that he circles draws; and squares, With cyphers, astral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.[3]
Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At Kingston with a may-pole idol,[4]
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,
And though you overcame the bear, The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,[5]
And handled you like a fop-doodle.[6]
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive You are no conj'rer, by your leave:
That paultry story is untrue,[7] And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.[8]

[1] Alluding to a deprecation in our litany, objected to by the Dissenters.

[2] Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius, tom. ii. p. 9. Mr. Purchase informs us, "That some priests of Pekin barter with the people upon bills of exchange to be paid an hundred for one in heaven."

[3] "Let every man, says Sancho Pancha (Don Quixote), take care what he talks or how he writes of other men, and not set down at random, hab-nab, higgledy piggledy, whatever comes into his noddle."

Mr. Ray, in his note upon *higgledy piggledy*, one amongst another, (Proverbs), observes, "That we have in our language many the like conceited rhyming words, or reduplications, to signify any confusion or mixture: as *hurley-burley, hodge-podge, mingle-mangle, arsy-versy, kim-kam, hub-bub, crawley-mawley, hab-nab.*" Cervantes' account of the poet who pretended to give answers to any manner of questions, Don Quixote.

[4] It is the pretence of all Sidrophels to ascribe their knowledge of occurrences to their art and skill in astrology. Lilly might either learn this story of the Knight's quarrel in Kingston from common report, or might have been a spectator of it: for he rode every Saturday from his house in Horsham, where he lived, to Kingston, to quack amongst the market-people; and yet he would persuade the Knight that he had discovered it from schemes and figures.

Butler alludes to the sham Second Part of Hudibras, published 1663, in which are the following lines:

"Thus they pass through the market-place, And to Town-green hye apace,
Highly fam'd for Hocktide games, Yclep'd Kingston upon Thames."

[5] "They pull down rag, which story told,
And as a trophy bear't before Sir Hudibras, and one knight more,
To wit Sir Guill. So on they toot With all the pillage they had got;
Greedy of more, but were prevented By butchers stout, that fair frequented,
Who seeing squires a quoyle to keep, And men to run faster than sheep;
Quoth they (to people), What d'ye fear? There's neither bull got loose, nor bear:
And will you seem to make a cape From fencing fools, and jackanape
On horseback, clad in coat of plush: Yet looks but like a sloe on bush?
Keep, keep your ground, we'll force them back, Or may we never money lack.
Then out they snap and Towser call, Two cunning curs, that would not bawl,
But slily fly at throat or tail, And in their course would seldom fail:
The butchers hoot, the dogs fall on, The horses kick and wince anon;
Down comes spruce valour to the ground, And both Sir Knights laid in a swound."
Sham Second Part of Hudibras.

[6] A silly, vain, empty person.

[7] There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a Second Part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other mens hands, as his

Not true? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify't t' your face, And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;[1]
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,[2]
Chous'd and Caldes'd ye like a blockhead,[3]
And what you lost I can produce, If you deny it, here i' th' house.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe That argument's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us A constable to seize the wretches:[4]
For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty by their own confessions Of felony, and at the sessions
Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum[5]
Shall make all taylors yards of one Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of, But now shall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art, And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer, By such a braggadocio huffer.
Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.

fellow Whachum no doubt deserved, in whose abominable doggerel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair is as properly described.

[2] *Gull*, from *guiller*, to deceive.

[1] "So on they amble to the place,
Begar me kill you all, and den
Wi dis me do all de gran cure,
Me make de man strong pour de wench,
Look you me now, do you not see
Four boon, dey leap, dey dance, dey sing,
Begar good medicine do all dis."
Where Monsieur spake with a boon grace,
Presan make you alive agen;
De pock, de scab, de calenture;
(Then riseth capon from the bench)
Dead yesterday, now live dey be,
Ma foy, and do de t' oder ting:
Sham Second Part.

[2] Still alluding to the sham Second Part.
"At last, as if 't had been allotted,
And sleep they must, then down on mat
But subtle quack and crafty crew
In the meanwhile quack was not idle
The damsel (one that would be thriving)
The squires ('twas said) were shrewdly potted;
They threw themselves, like cloak and hat;
Slept not, they'd something else to do:——
(Cunning as horse, had bit o' th' bridle);
In the squire's pockets fell to diving.
Their cloaks were pack'd up 'mong the luggage,
Thus men are serv'd, when they are sluggish),
The gates but newly open'd were, All things were hush'd, and coast was clear;
And so unseen they huddle out Into the street, then wheel about."——

[3] A word of his own coining, and signifies putting the fortune-teller upon you, called Chaldeans or Egyptians.

[4] This was not like the mock quarrel between Subtle and Face, in Ben Jonson's Alchemist. *Face* to *Subtle*. "Away this Brach; I'll bring thee, rogue, within the statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio of Harry VIII. aye, and perhaps thy neck into a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing it."

[5] The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the sun or any star) how long the vibration would last in proportion to the length of the string and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of sattin or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant, and all mankind learn a new way to measure things, no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute. See experiments concerning the vibrations of pendulums, by Dr. Derham.

Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay, Lest he and Whachum run away
But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone, And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass, To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd, And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust, And in right manfully he rush'd;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung, And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by, And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch As quick as light'ning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,[1]
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermine:
Could they not tell you so, as well As what I came to know fortel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.[2]
Your lives are now at my dispose, To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile, To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,

[1] Of this opinion was Shamont, when the Duke of Genoa struck him (see Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman, act ii. Beaumont and Fletcher's): but Lapet the coward was of a different one (see act iii.)

Lap. "I have been ruminating with myself, What honour a man loses by a kick:
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot, Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
Upon the hinder quarter of a man; Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confess so much: Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer
Where honour never comes? I'd fain know that.
This being well forc'd and urg'd, may have the power
To move most gallants to take kicks in time, And spurn the duelloes out o' th' kingdom:
For they that stand upon their honour must, When they conceive there is no honour lost;
As by a table that I have invented For that purpose alone shall appear plainly:
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took on all sides,
Numb'ring but twice o'er the letters Patience, From P. to E. I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all bloodshed; If the reformed kick do but once get up."

[2] Dr. Young observes (Sidrophel Vapulans), "That their ignorance in their own affairs, misfortunes, and fates, before they happen, proves them unable to foretel that of other men. Astrologers, says Agrippa, whilst they gaze on the stars for direction, &c. fall into ditches, wells, and gaols, and, like Thales, become the sport of silly women and slaves.

Astra tibi ætherea pandunt sese omnia vati, Omnibus et quæ sunt fata futura monent;
Omnibus, ast uxor quod se tua publicat, id te Astra (licet videant omnia) nulla monent:

was an epigram made by Sir Thomas Moore; and I fancy our Hudibras was as witty upon Sidrophel and Whachum in English, alluding to these two in the four foregoing lines." He then produces abundant proofs in support of his assertion. Gassendus's Vanity of Judiciary Astrology.

Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine the law of arms allows.
This said in haste, in haste he fell To rummaging of Sidrophel:
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t'erect A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacs Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,[1]
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;[2]
A moon dial, with Napier's bones, And several constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours, That over mortals had strange powers,
To make 'em thrive in law or trade, And stab or poison to evade,
In wit or wisdom to improve, And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt, To pay for curing of his rump,
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks As rota-men of politics,[3]
Straight cast about to over-reach Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at least) to quit His victory, and fly the pit;
Before the secular prince of darkness[4] Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit,[5] Chac'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among Dead vermin on a gallows hung,[6]
And while the dogs run underneath, Escap'd (by counterfeiting death),[7]

[1] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls Sarah Shelhorn, a great speculatrix: He owns he was very familiar with her (quod nota), so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

[2] To *nim*, to take by stealth, to filch.

[3] These rota-men were a set of politicians, the chief of which were James Harrington, Henry Nevil, Charles Wolseley, John Wildman, and Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty, who in the year 1659 (when the government was continually shifting hands from one to another), met at the Turk's head in New-palace-yard in Westminster, where they were contriving a form of commonwealth the most proper to be erected in England, as they supposed. The model of it was, That a third part of the senate, or Parliament, should rote out by ballot every year, and new ones to be chosen in their room; no magistrate to cohtinue above three years, and all to be chosen by ballot. But the King's restoration put an end to this club and all their politics.

[4] "As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night with as great authority as his colleague, but far more imperiously."

[5] This simile will bear as strict a scrutiny as that of the owl and the mouse, for it is equally just and natural. Necromancers are as cunning and pernicious as foxes: and if this fox has been hotly pursued by his enemies, so has Sidrophel been as closely attacked by the Knight; and, to save themselves from the impending danger, they both make use of the stratagem of feigning themselves dead.

[6] This story is told by Sir Kenelm Digby.

A story is told, by Plutarch and a certain French author, of a dog in the court of the Emperor Vespasian, who could act to the life all the agonies and symptoms of death, at the command of a mountebank, who had taught him many such comical tricks to divert the grandees of Rome.

If these stories are to be credited, we need not, I think, boggle at the story of Bomelius's dog at Memphis in Egypt, who played so many tricks upon a stage: at Bank's horse, which played so many remarkable pranks, (Digby, of Bodies); or the countryman's mare, which shewed so many tricks; the baboon that played on the guittar, (Digby's Treatise of Bodies); or the ape that played so artfully at chess with his master in the presence of the King of Portugal, and beat him; or the divining ape at the Great Mogul's court (Purchase's Pilgrims); or the elephant which Bishop Burnet, in his Travels, affirms he had seen play at ball; or the showman's hare at Bristol, which bowed to the company with a good grace, and beat several marches upon a drum; or the Spectator's rope dancer, caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul (No. 28.)

[7] It was well that Sir Hudibras escaped upon this occasion the fate of Amurath III.

Not out of cunning, but a train[1] Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out; So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to's wonted trade again, To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I,
Alive, or dead; or which way came I[2]
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself in th' moon;
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose, And plunder'd all we had to lose:
Look, there he is, I see him now, And feel the place I am run through;
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:
Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a groan, And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath,
And to the life out-acted death;[3]
That Hudibras, to all appearing, Believ'd him to be dead as herring.[4]
He held it now no longer safe, To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch: Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk To carry on the public work;

Emperor of the Turks; who, after he had won the battle of Cassova, against the Christian princes, viewing the field of battle, and the dead, and telling his grand visier how he had dreamed the night before, that he was slain by the hand of an enemy: a Christian soldier, that concealed himself amongst the dead, perceiving that it was the Sultan that was talking, with thought of revenging his country, suddenly started up, and plunged a dagger into the Emperor's belly. This happened about the year 1381.

Falstaff's counterfeiting death, to prevent it in reality, when he fought with young Douglas, was merry enough. Prince Henry seeing him lie upon the field of battle, speaks as follows: "Death had not struck so fat a deer to-day; Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by. Falstaff rises.
Falst. Embowell'd—If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to morrow. 'Sblood it was time to counterfeit, or that termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who had not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life." Henry IV., act v.

[1] A ridicule on Sir Kenelm Digby, who relates this story, but for the maintenance of the hypothesis, pretends there was no thought or cunning in it, but, as our author saith, a train of atoms.

[2] "Than gan I wex in were, *(to be in doubt)* And said, I wote well I am here,
Whether in body or in goost, *(ghost or spirit)* I not ywis, but God thou woost."
Second Book of Fame, Chaucer's Works.

Maria (in the Night-walker, or Little Thief, act. ii.) waking from a swoon in a church-yard, cries out, "Mercy defend me: Ha, I remember I was betrayed and swooned, my heart achs, I am wondrous hungry too; dead bodies eat not sure: I was meant for burial; I am frozen; death like a cake of ice dwells round about me; darkness spreads over the world too."

[3] See the humourous account of the person who counterfeited death, to bring a hypochondriacal person to his senses, who imagined himself dead, laid in a coffin, and would neither eat nor drink until he was decoyed into it by this arch blade. L'Estrange's Fables. See an account of Basil's stratagem to gain his mistress Quiteria, the day she was to have been married to the rich Camacho, (Don Quixote), and of the player at Vitry in France, who was to act the part of a dead man, in 1644, and over-acted it; for when the necromancer touched him with his talisman, as the rules of the play required, the inanimate trunk could not obey, the man being really dead.

[4] Mr. Bailey observes (see folio Dictionary) that this saying is taken from the suddenness of the fish's dying after it is out the water.

Despis'd our synod-men, like dirt, And made their discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places;
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd[1] Their rev'rend parsons to my beard.
For all which scandals, to be quit At once, this juncture falls out fit,
I'll make him henceforth to beware, And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand, By twelve free-holders to be scann'd;
Who by their skill in palmestry, Will quickly read his destiny;
And make him glad to read his lesson, Or take a turn for't at the session:
Unless his light and gifts prove truer Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now, 'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense:
I'll make him now by force abide What he by gentle means deny'd
To give my honour satisfaction, And right the brethren in the action
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct, he approach'd his steed,
And, with activity unwont, Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free:[2]
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.[3]

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS——

WELL! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,

[1] The Independents called the covenant an almanac out of date. Walker's History of Independency.

[2] The Knight's conduct on this occasion may be called in question: for the reasons upon which he founds it do not seem to be justifiable or conformable to the practice and benevolence of Knights-errant: Does ever Don Quixote determine to leave Sancho in the lurch; or exposed to danger, though as often thwarted by him as Don Hudibras by Ralph? Had the Knight made Sidrophel's imagined death the sole motive of his escape, he had been very much in the right to be expeditious: But as he makes that his least concern, and seems to be anxious to involve his trusty Squire in ruin, out of a mean spirit of revenge, this action cannot but appear detestable in the eye of every reader: Nothing can be said in favour of the Knight, but that he fancied he might justly retort upon Ralpho (in practice) that doctrine which he elaborately inculcated in theory, That an innocent person might in justice be brought to suffer for the guilty.

By what has been said let it not be inferred, that the poet's judgment is impeached: No: he has hereby maintained an exact uniformity in the character of his hero, and made him speak and act correspondent to his principles.

[3] This epistle was published ten years after the third Canto of this second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674, and is said, in a key to a burlesque poem of Butler's published 1706, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which occasioned this epistle: and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in

Without trepanning of your skull[1] As often as the moon's at full:
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are given o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you whose ears Are of the tribe of Issachar's,[2]
And might (with equal reason) either For merit, or extent of leather,[3]
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud, And openly in every cloud,
As loud as one that sings his part T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip cart.
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound).
And 'cause your folly's now no news, But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years, The more extravagant appears.
For who but you could be possess'd With so much ignorance and boast,
That neither all mens scorn, and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,[4]
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture:
But (like a reprobate) what course Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood, That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs to a bitch to nurse,[5] To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,

the moon, which upon examination proved to be no other than a mouse, which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. For a further account of him, see the Examen of the Complete History, by Roger North, Esq.

[1] A surgeon's instrument to cut away any part of a bone, particularly in fractures of the scull, called *trepanum*.

[2] Explained Gen. xlix. 14.

[3] His ears did not extend so far as that witty knave's who bargained with a seller of lace in London, for so much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. See Sir Fra. Bacon's Apopthegms, or the ears of Mr. Oldham's Ugly Parson, of which he observes, "That they resemble a country justice's black jack —He's as well hung as any hound in the country: His single self might have shown with Smec, and all the club of divines: You may pare enough from the sides of his head to have furnished a whole regiment of Roundheads: He wears more there than all the pillories in England ever have done. Mandevill tells us of a people somewhere, that used their ears for cushions; he has reduced the legend to a probability: A servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that, going to bed, he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted night-caps."

[4] Bray a fool in a mortar, &c. is one of Solomon's proverbs, xxvii. 22. It is reported that Anaxarchus was pounded in a mortar at the instance of Nicocreon the tyrant of Cyprus. "Aut ut Anaxarchus pilâ minuaris in altâ, Jactaque pro solitis frugibus ossa sonent."
Ovidii Ibis, 571, 572.
"Ad quem locum vetus Scholiastes: Anaxarchus in mortario positus fuit, ut sicut sinapi contritus." See an account of his courageous behaviour upon that occasion, Montaigne's Essays, book ii. chap. ii.
It is a punishment, I believe, no where practised but in Turkey, and there but in one instance: "When the Mufti (or chief priest) is convicted of treason, he is put in a mortar in the seven towers, and there pounded to death."

[5] A remarkable instance of this kind is made mention of by Giraldus Cambrensis, of a hunting sow that had sucked a bitch. "Contigit autem in his nostris diebus——quod et notabile censui, suillam silvestrem, quæ canem forte lactaverat, odoris equis naribus

Put you into a way, at least, To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues, Of trying sound from rotten eggs,
Your several new-found remedies Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
Your arts of fluxing them for claps, And purging their infected saps,
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law:
As if the art you have so long Profess'd of making old dogs young,[1]
In you had virtue to renew Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books, By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face, As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows With solid bending of your brows:
All arts and sciences advance, With screwing of your countenance;
And with a penetrating eye, Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no art, true or false, To help your own bad naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear, Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wise
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute, Y' assume a power as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control, As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
And saucily pretend to know More than your dividend comes to.
You'll find the thing will not be done With ignorance and face alone;
No, though y' have purchas'd to your name, In history, so great a fame,[2]
That now your talent's so well known, For having all belief out-grown,
That every strange prodigious tale Is measur'd by your German scale,

sagacem: cujus mamillis apposita fuerat: adultam in ferarum persecutione ad miraculum usque fuisse pervalidam; adeo quidem ut molossis hac natura juvante, tam institutis, quam instructis, odorum sagacitate longe præstantior inveniretur. Argumentum, tam hominem, quam animal quod libet, ab illâ cujus lacte nutritur, naturam contrahere.".

[1] Alluding to the transfusion of blood from one animal to another.

The following instances I meet with in the Philosoph. Transact.

"I was present when Mr. Gayant shewed the transfusion of the blood, putting that of a young dog into the veins of an old, who, two hours after, did leap and frisk." Extract of a letter written from Paris, containing the account of some effects of the transfusion of blood. See further accounts of the methods of transfusing blood out of one animal into another. See the effects of transfusing the blood of four wedders into a horse of twenty-six years old, which gave him much strength, and a more than ordinary stomach, of a Spanish bitch of twelve years old, which, upon the tranfusion of kid's blood, grew vigorous and active, and even proud in less than eight days, of the cure of an inveterate frenzy by the transfusion of blood. See the antiquity of this practice, Philosophical Transactions.

[2] These two lines I think plainly discover, that Lilly (and not Sir Paul Neal) was there lashed under the name of Sidrophel: for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years agent for the parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous over all Europe: I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal worth about £50 for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacs; which, he says, was translated into the language spoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the streets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

By which the virtuosi try The magnitude of every lye,
Cast up to what it does amount, And place the biggest to your account.
That all those stories that are laid Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'er charg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence, To all things has a fair pretence;
And put, among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place To your impenetrable face,
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass, You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone.
And all the best that can befal An artificial natural[1]
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon.
And proof against her influence, Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

PART III.[2]

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower, The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her:
She treats them with a masquerade, By furies and hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight, And steals him from himself by night.

'TIS true, no lover has that power T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow, And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute, Disdains to render in his suit,

[1] There were many such in those times. See Abel's character in Sir Robert Howard's Committee; and Sir John Birkenhead's Bibliotheca Parliamenti, done into English for the Assembly of Divines, 1653, No. 40, where he speaks of the artificial changeling. [illegible] in his Apology, observes of Miles Corbet, a man famed in those times, "That he personated a fool or a devil, without the change either of habit or vizor." Gayton in his notes upon Don Quixote mentions a mimic upon the stage, who so lively personated a changeling, that he could never after compose his face to the figure it had before he undertook that part.

[2] We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than the First or the Second; and yet can the severest critic say, that Butler grows [illegible] invention, or falters in his judgment? No: He still continues to shine in both these excellencies; and to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and satire. I dare say, the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the poem: and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is as equally diffused through the whole poem, that burns everywhere clearly and everywhere irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue The simple downright way and true
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars; And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won, Than by Caligula the moon,[1]
Cry out upon the stars for doing Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they're hind'red,[2]
For trusting those they made her kindred;
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, becomme the fonder.
For what mad lover ever dy'd, To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted In purling streams, or hemp departed?[3]
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news;
With all mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course, To make the most of his amours;
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, As follows in due time and place.
No sooner was the bloody fight, Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over, But he relaps'd again to' a lover;
As he was always wont to do, When h' had discomfited a foe;[4]
And us'd the only antique philters,[5] Derived from old heroic tiiters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,

[1] Caligula was one of the Emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the statues of Castor and Pollux to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the moon.

[2] The meaning of this fine passage is, That when men have flattered their mistresses so extravagantly as to make them goddesses, they are not to be surprised if their mistresses treat them with all that distance and severity which beings of a superior order think their right towards inferior creatures, nor have they reason to complain of what is but the effect of their own indiscretion.

See this exemplified in the character of Flavia, in the Tatler (No. 139), who observes, That at that time there were three goddesses in the New Exchange, and two shepherdesses that sold gloves in Westminster-hall; and in Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida, act iii.

[3] See an account of the lover's leap from the promontory of Arcanania, called Leucate (Spectator, No. 223, 227.); and of the several persons who took that leap, their reasons for so doing, and their good or bad success, (No. 233).

[4] The Knight had been seized with a love fit immediately after his imaginary victory at the bear-baiting; and the conquest he had gained in his late desperate engagement with Sidrophel has now the same effect upon him. This humour will appear very natural and polite, if the opinion he had of women be right, which he declares in a vain-glorious soliloquy upon his first victory, for which I beg leave to refer the reader to Part I. Canto iii.

As a consequent of this principle, the Knight whenever he obtained a victory (or fancied so, which to him and Don Quixote was as good), he wildly thought himself possessed of all those endowments, and from thence strongly imagined his amours would be irresistible. It is true, he gained but a few victories; and therefore it is no wonder his heart was elated with hopes of gaining the widow, and his imagination raised to an enthusiastic claim of glory, when he was favoured by fortune. Thus, upon his first victory, he was cock-a-hoop, and thought

"——— h' had done enough to purchase Thanksgiving day among the churches,
Wherein his metal and brave worth Might be explain'd by holder-forth."

And he is now posting away with full speed to his mistress, upon his second victory, boldly to demand her person and possessions.

[5] Philters were love potions reported to be much in request in former ages; but our true Knight-errant Hero made use of no other but what his noble achievements by his sword produced.

He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle With petty constable or beadle
Or fly for refuge to the host
Of th' inns of court and chan ce ;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause To the ordeal trial of the laws;[1]
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red hot irons have past barehanded ;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.[2]
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the jail,
To answer, with his vessel, all That might disastrously befall ;
And thought it now the fittest juncture To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
Describe the manner of the fray,

[1] There were four sorts of ordeal: The first by camp, fight or combat: the second by iron made hot; the third by hot water: and the fourth by cold. To the second sort it was that Emma, mother to King Edward the Confessor, submitted, when suspected of incontinency with Alwin Bishop of Winchester; who, when she had passed nine hot plowshares blindfolded without hurt, for so many manors to the cathedral of Winchester. King Edward repenting the wrong he had done his mother, gave to the same church the isle of Portland and other possessions. Echard's England.

[2] By this is meant the benefit of clergy, which is a thing often mentioned, and as little understood; for which reason it may not be amiss to explain the rise and meaning of it. In the dark times few persons were bred to learning, or could read, but those who were actually in orders, or educated for that purpose: so that if such a person was arraigned before a temporal judge for any crime (the punishment whereof was death), he might pray his clergy, that was to say, a Latin Bible in a black Gothic character delivered to him: and if he could read (not always, the poet says) in a place where the judge appointed, which was generally in the Psalms, the ordinary thereupon certified, "Quod legit," and the criminal was saved, as being a man of learning, and might therefore be useful to the public: otherwise he was sure to be hanged. This privilege was granted in all offences but high treason and sacrilege, "Ex quibusdam regnis ex accerrimo genere non existentibus, mortis judicium effugiant rei literariæ experti; negentes clericos se esse profiteantur; clericali ordini ita olim indultum est, fœminis interea prudentiis, uti ordinis illius minime capacibus." Spelmanni Glossar. sub voc. *Felo, Felonia*, et *Fullonia*, p. 214, till after the year 1350; and was so great, that if a criminal was condemned at one assize because he could not read, and was reprieved to the subsequent assize, he might again demand this benefit, either then, or even under the gallows; and if he could then read, he was of course to be pardoned; of which there is an instance in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was at first extended, not only to the clergy, but to any other person who could read, who must however declare that he vowed or was resolved to enter into orders: But as learning increased, this benefit of the clergy was restrained by several acts of parliament, and now is wholly taken away, the benefit being allowed in all clergyable felonies.

In Hudibras' days they used to sing a psalm at the gallows: and therefore he that, by not being able to read a verse in the Psalms, was condemned to be hanged, must sing or at least hear a verse sung under the gallows before he was turned off. Cotton alludes to this in the following lines:

"Ready when Dido gave the word,
To be advanc'd into the halter, Without the benefit of the psalter,
Then 'cause she would, to part the sweeter, A portion have of Hopkins' metre
As people use at execution, For the decorum of conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says."
Virgil Travestie, book iv. p. 145.

It is reported of one of the chaplains to the famous Montrose, that, being condemned in Scotland to die for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits, and being upon the ladder, and ordered to set out a psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the 119th Psalm, with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scots Presbyterians being great psalm-singers; and it was well for him he did so, for they had sung it half through before the reprieve came; any other psalm would have hanged him.

And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate, The number of the blows and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed:
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear:
But; rather than produce his back, To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his surging Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part, Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person up to his embraces
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies hearts in fights;
And cut whole giants into fritters, To put them into amorous twitters;[1]
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,[2]
Until their gallants were half kill'd:
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies hearts began to melt,[3] Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes with their lances,[4]
At once wound bulls, and ladies fancies,
And he acquires the noblest spouse,
That widows greatest herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do, Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?
Mean while, the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber;
When he, who had so lately sack'd The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook, or crook, had gather'd,
And for his own inventions fatner'd:
And when they should, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,

[1] In what high esteem with their mistresses, upon this principle, must the Knight of the Burning Sword have been, who, with a single back stroke, cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants; or Don Felixmarte of Hircania, who, with one single back stroke, cut five swinging giants off by the middle, like so many bean-stalks: or Usso, whose monumental inscription we meet with (Turkish Spy) in the following words: "I Usso, fighting for my country, with my own hand killed thirty-two giants, and at last, being killed by the giant Rolvo, my body lies here; or Hycophrix (commonly called Hycothrift), who, with an axle-tree for a sword, and a cart-wheel for a buckler, is said to have killed two giants, and to have done great service for the common people in the fenny part of England. Hearne's Glossary.

[2] See an account of Phelis's sending Guy Earl of Warwick out upon adventures, Famous History of Guy Earl of Warwick, canto ii. and canto vii.

[3] See a banter upon knights-errant, and their hard-hearted mistresses, Spectator, No. 99. Don Quixote observes, "That a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."

[4] The young Spaniards signalized their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull feasts, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the combatant: and he that kills most carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the lady's favour."

Both might have evidence enough, To render neither halter-proof;
He thought it desperate to tarry, And venture to be accessary:[1]
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day:
To make him curry his own hide, Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion, But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore, much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;[2]
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about, When Sidrophel and he fell out:
His firm and stedfast resolution, To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,[3]
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,[4]

[1] Accessary (by statute), a person who encourages, advises, and conceals an offender, who is guilty of felony by statute.

[2] I fear the poet has rendered himself obnoxious to censure in this place, where he has made the conduct of Ralph unnatural and improbable. For no sooner had the Knight learnt, that Whachum was the thief, and Sidrophel, the receiver of his cloak, &c. but he dispatches Ralpho for a constable, which was a prudent and a lawful action; and we are told, that the Squire immediately obeyed him. But why he should in the way apprehend any danger, or decline performing so dutiful and necessary a piece of service, is strange and unaccountable. The encounter between the Knight and Sidrophel happened after Ralpho's departure: so that if the Knight's proceedings were illegal, he could not fear any thing from thence, because he was not only innocent, but ignorant of them: And as for Sidrophel and his Zany, he was certain they were notorious offenders, from Sidrophel's own confession. Besides, he was sensible, that he had left the Knight in a critical situation, guarding his two prisoners, who, he might be sure, would leave no means untried to annoy their enemy, and make their escape. It thence became Ralpho to be dutiful and expeditious in relieving his master out of such imminent danger; his conduct to the contrary is therefore unnatural. What the poet says in the lines before us can be no excuse for Ralpho; and, let me observe, they are inconsistently urged in his favour; because the Knight's private determination for the intended ruin of him must be entirely unknown to one that was absent, which was Ralpho's case. As it therefore does not appear that he had, or could possibly have any intelligence of the Knight's designs, what reason can be given to justify his deserting his master at this juncture, and revealing his intrigues to his mistress? It is true, indeed, it was necessary she should be informed of them, that the hypocrisy and odiousness of such a character might be openly detected by a lady; and with a good-natured reader, this necessity may palliate the marvellous method of supplying it; and perhaps it may be said, that Ralpho's service was voluntary and free, or that he was rather a companion than servant to Sir Hudibras: but this will not excuse him; for, as soon as he entered himself as a Squire to a Knight-errant, the laws of chivalry (which the poet should have adhered to) obliged him not to quit his arms nor his service, without the knowledge and approbation of his Knight, to whose behests he ought to have been obedient and trusty. And accordingly we find Sancho very often soliciting Don Quixote for his permission to return to La Mancha; and no one will say, that the rules of knighthood are not there exactly delineated. Nothing that I know of can be urged in defence of the poet, but that he has professedly drawn the character of his heroes odd and preposterous, and consequently that he might represent them so in their actions, to conserve a poetical uniformity in both; and in particular he attributes to Ralpho, in this scene, that wonderful sagacity, foresight, foreknowledge, and revelation, which his sect arrogantly pretended to: so that, if we will dispense with these supernatural qualifications in Ralpho, they, and they only, will solve the present difficulties.

[3] His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger; but by inward ears is here meant his conscience.

[4] This is to set forth the wicked tricks of all parties of those pretended saints, who were as ready to supplant and betray one another, as they were to supplant their professed enemies.

Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant Each other cousin-german saint.
But e'er the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his errand
And told her all his tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his report, The Knight alighted in the court;
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale, And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her;[1]
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight, And when to entertain the Knight:
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid, He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:[2]
Madam, I do, as is my duty, Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye:
And now I am come to bring your ear A present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so; The thing's done, Or may I never see the sun;
For which I humbly now demand Performance at your gentle hand,
And that you'd please to do your part, As I have done mine, to my smart.
With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back, As if he felt his shoulders ache.
But she who well enough knew what (Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend The mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wish'd him to expound His dark expressions less profound.

"The saints in masquerade would have us Sit quietly, whilst they enslave us;
And what is worse, by lies and cants, Would trick us to believe them saints:
And though by fines and sequestration, They've pillag'd and destroy'd the nation,
Yet still they bawl for reformation."
Butler's Mem. of the years 1649-50. Remains.

[1] So Petruchio, in Shakespeare's Taming the Shrew, act i.
"*Pet.* Hortensio, peace. Thou knowest not gold's effect,
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack."
See Hamlet Prince of Denmark, act ii.

[2] The Knight is very nice in regulating his dress, before he goes into the presence of his mistress: It behov'd him to be so on this important occasion. It more particularly concerned him to accost her at this visit in a proper attitude, since at the last interview he was placed in the most unbecoming situation. The poet will not let slip the Knight's action with his beard, probably, because to stroke the beard before a person spoke (as a preparative to win favour and attention) was the fashion near three thousand years ago. This we learn from Homer, by a passage in the tenth book of the Iliad, where Dolon is about to supplicate Diomed for mercy, who had threatened, and then stood ready to kill him.
"Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishments, to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two." Pope.
Thus Patroclus is introduced by Shakespeare (Troilus and Cressida, act i.) acting Nestor, at the instance of Achilles.
"Now play me Nestor.—Hum, and stroke thy beard, as he being dressed to some oration." That stroking the beard was preparatory to the supplication of favours, appears from the following authority: "Usitatius tamen erat in supplicationibus et precibus, quam venerationibus, barbam vel mentum tangere." Testis Ovidius,
"Tange manû mentum, tangunt quo more precantes,
Optabis merito cum parvula multa viro."
Facet. Facetiar. de Osculis.
The conversation of this visit is carried on in an extraordinary manner: A most notorious hypocrisy in the Knight, and an artful dissimulation in the Widow, are beautifully represented

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win, I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for those meritorious lashes, To claim your favour and good graces.
Quoth she, I do remember once I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to good behaviour,
And for my sake and service vow'd, To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess, Y' are honester than I could guess,
Quoth he, If you suspect my troth, I cannot prove it but by oath:
And if you make a question on't, I'll pawn my soul that I have don't;
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security.
Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure
Against distress and forefeiture,
Is free from action and exempt, From execution and contempt:
And to be summon'd to appear In th' other world's illegal here;[1]
And therefore few make any account Int' what incumbrances they run't:
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either, They freely deal in altogether.
And equally abhor to quit This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles,[2]
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational, They may be accountable in all;
For when there is that intercourse Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted For fines, or ears, and executed:
It follows, nothing binds so fast As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
For oaths are th' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there's no other way to try The doubts of law and justice by.

[1] And yet there are such summonses upon record. Remarkable is the account of Peter and John de Carvajal, who were condemned for murder upon circumstantial evidence, and that very frivolous, to be thrown from the summit of a rock. Ferdinand IV. the then King of Spain, could by no means be prevailed upon to grant their pardon. As they were leading to execution, they invoked God to witness their innocency, and appealed to his tribunal, to which they summoned the King to appear in thirty days time. He laughed at the summons; nevertheless, some days after, he fell sick, and went to a place called Alcaudet to divert himself, and recover his health, and shake off the remembrance of the summons, if he could. Accordingly, the thirtieth day being come, he found himself much better, and, after showing a great deal of mirth and chearfulness on that occasion with his courtiers, and ridiculing the illusion, retired to his rest, but was found dead in his bed the next morning. This happened in the year 1312.

[2] Mr. Anstis, Garter King at Arms, has, in his Register of the Garter, given an account of the obligations such prisoners are under:

"In the seventh of Henry V. our Sir Simon (de Felbrig) was a witness of the promise made by Arthur of Bretagne, upon his releasement, to return under the penalty of the reversal of his arms, which in that age was the mark of perpetual infamy. Now the clause commonly inserted in agreements made with prisoners upon their ransom was, That, in case they did not perform the conditions, they consented "reputari pro felone et infami, ac arma sua reversari."

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For 'till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true, nor false.
Quoth he, When I resolved t' obey What you commanded t' other day,
And to perform my exercise, (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
T' avoid all scruples in the case, I went to do't upon the place:
But as the castle is enchanted By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know, Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd had hardly time to lay My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise, Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,[1]
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip, I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin, To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
Thou hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou had'st so great a prize at stake:
Which now the fates have order'd me For penance and revenge to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than the other dismal apprehension Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore snatching up the rod, I laid upon my back a load:
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good:
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows, still ply'd as fast, As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing, And chaste contemplative bardashing:
When facing hastily about, To stand upon my guard and scout,[2]
I found th' infernal cunning man, And th' under witch, his Caliban,[3]
With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd:
In haste I snatch'd my weapons up, And gave their hellish rage a stop;

[1] Stentor, a famous crier in the Grecian army, who had a voice as loud as fifty men put together.

Στεντορι εισαμενη μεγαλητορι χαλκεοφωνω.
Homeri Iliad. lib. v.

"Heaven's Empress mixes with the mortal croud,
And shouts in Stentor's sounding voice aloud." Pope.
"Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis." Juvenal, sat. xiii.
"You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
As Stentor bellowing to the Grecian croud." Dryden.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. (Tatler No. 37.) observes of Tom Bellfrey, that he carried a note four furlongs three rood and six poles farther than any man in England: and Dr. Derham (Physico-Theology, b. iv. chap. iii. p. 134,) makes mention of a Dutchman who brake rummer-glasses with the strength of his voice.

Mr. Butler probably alludes to the speaking trumpet, which was much improved by Sir Samuel Moreland in the year 1671 (seven years before the publication of this Third Part).

[2] A sneer probably upon Sir Samuel Luke's office as a scout-master.

[3] See an account of the monster Caliban, son to the witch Sycorax, under subjection to Prospero Duke of Milan (a famous magician), who thus describes him:
"Then was this island——— save for the son, that she did litter here, a freckled whelp, hag-born, not honoured with a human shape." Shakespeare's Tempest. Spectator, No. 279.

Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell Courageously on Sidrophel:
Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,[1] Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on, My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water, in a pond, To hide himself from being found.[2]
In vain I sought him; but as soon As I perceived him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage, His under-sorcerer t' engage.
But bravely scorning to defile My sword with feeble blood and vile,[3]
I judg'd it better from a quick- Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on, Till in a harsh and doleful tone,
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir; I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch But conjur'd into a worse caprich;
Who sends me out on many a jaunt, Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pass;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,[4]
And choak with fumes of Guinea-pepper:
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry;[5]

[1] Alluding to the fable of Proteus's changes. Ovidii Metamorph. lib. viii.

"As thou, blue Proteus, ranger of the seas, Who now a youth confess'd, a lion now,
And now a boar with tusky head, dost shew;
Now like a hateful gliding snake art seen,
A bull with horned head, a stone, or spreading green;
Or in a flood dost flow a wat'ry way,
Dissembling streams, or in bright fire dost play. Ovid.

[2] Alluding to the account of Proteus,

"Aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit."
Virgilii Georgic. lib. iv.

[3] Thus the Boiards of Novogorod used their slaves, who had seized their towns, lands, houses, and wives, in their absence; and when they met their masters in a warlike manner—they determined to set upon them with no other weapons but their horse-whips, to put them in mind of their servile condition, and to terrify them: and so marching and lashing all together with their whips, they gave the onset, which seemed so terrible in the ears of their villains, that they fled all together like sheep before the drivers. Dr. Giles Fletcher's Account of Russia.

[4] *Cowage*, commonly called *cow-itch*, is a great sort of kidney-bean, a native of the East Indies; the pod which is brought over to us is thick covered with short hairs, which, applied to the skin, occasions a troublesome itching for a little time, and is often used to play tricks with. Hook's Micrographia.

[5] *Dutroy*, *dewtroa*, now called *datura*, is a plant which grows in the East Indies. Its flower and seed have a peculiar intoxicating quality; for, taken in a small quantity, they transport a man from the objects about him, and place before him imaginary scenes, with which his attention is wholly taken up, so that anything may be done with him or before him, without his regarding it then or remembering it afterwards. Thieves are said to give it to those they have a mind to rob; and women to their husbands, in order to use them as here represented by our poet. Some are said to be so expert in the use of the drug, that they can proportion its dose so as to take away the senses for any certain number of hours. Purchase observes, that if the feet of the person under these circumstances are washed with cold water, he presently recovers his senses.

The Nepenthe in Homer (Odyssey, book iv.), by the description seems to have been much like it.

"Mean time, with genial joy to warm the soul, Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to assuage The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care, And dry the tearful sluices of despair;
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind All sense of woe delivers to the wind,
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay, Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian-force, Fell breathless at his feet a mangled corse.
From morn to eve, impassive and serene, The man entranc'd, would view the deathful scene:
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life, Bright Helen learned from Thone's imperial wife,
Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil."
Pope.

Commit phantastical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic men to run[1] Stark staring mad with manicon;[2]
Believe mechanic virtuosi Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;[3]
And sillier than the antic fools,[4] Take treasure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with signatures, To quack of universal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass;[5]
And mighty heaps of coin increase,[6] Reflected from a single piece;
To draw in fools whose natural itches. Incline perpetually to witches;
And keep me in continual fears, And danger of my neck and ears;
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,[7]
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,[8]
Which others for cravats have worn About their necks, and took a turn,

[1] Hermes Tresmegistus, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived anno mundi 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the Creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of enthusiasts, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

[2] *Manicon*, an herb so called from its making people mad; called also *dorychnion*, a kind of *night-shade*.

Some herb of this kind probably made some part of Marc Antony's army run mad, in his retreat from his Parthian expedition, in which the pursuing Parthians were repulsed eighteen times. See a remarkable account of a fruit, which whosoever tastes will die laughing, Turkish Spy, vol. viii. book iv. letter xv.

[3] A banter upon such as have pretended to find out the philosopher's stone, or powder for the transmutation of metals; of which Helmont gives the following account: "I have often seen it, and with my hands handled the same, &c. I projected a quarter of one grain, wrapped up in paper, upon eight ounces of argent vive (quicksilver) hot in a crucible, and immediately the whole hydrarygyry with some little noise ceased to flow, and remained congealed like yellow wax; after fusion thereof, by blowing the bellows, there were found eight ounces of gold, wanting eleven grains. Therefore one grain of this powder transmutes 19,186 equal parts of argent vive into the best gold." See a tract, entitled, the Golden Calf, in which is handled the more rare and incomparable wonder of nature in transmuting metals, written, in Latin, by J. F. Helvetius, &c. Lond. 1670.

[4] *Antic fools* in all the editions to 1710 inclusive, Ανθρακες ἡ θησαυρος πεφυκεν, i.e. Carbones thesaurus erant. See the meaning, Erasmi Adag. chil. i. cent. ix. Prov. xxx. col. 346. "The Governor Aratron converteth treasure into coals, and coals into treasure." Arbatel of Magic, aphor. xvii.

The poet here designs probably to sneer Martin Frobisher, and others, who in Queen Elizabeth's time were adventurers to Cathaia, and brought home ore which they took for gold, which yet proved little better than coals.

Cathaia lies nearer the arctic circle, *arctic fools* would be an emendation.

[5] Alluding to the Camera Obscura.

See a contrivance to make the picture of any thing appear on a wall, picture, or cupboard, or within a picture-frame, &c. in the midst of a light room, in the day-time; or in the night, in any room that is enlightened with a considerable number of candles, devised and communicated by the ingenious Mr. Hook, Philosophical Transactions, No. 38, August 17, 1668.

[6] Something of this kind of juggling or slight of hand, is ascribed by Dr. Heywood (Hierarchy of Angels) to Dr. Faustus and Cornelius Agrippa.

"Of Faustus and Agrippa it is told That, in their travels, they bear seeming gold,
Which could abide the touch, and by the way, In all their hostries, they would freely pay:
But parting thence, mine host thinking to find Those glorious pieces they had left behind
Safe in the bag, sees nothing save together Round scutes of horn and pieces of old leather."

[7] Lupton's Thousand Notable Things,

"Crimes are not punish'd, 'cause they're crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little:
Mean men for mean faults in those times
Make satisfaction to a tittle,
Whilst those in office and in power, Boldly the underlings devour.
The Reformation, Collection of Loyal old Songs.

[8] Alluding to petty criminals, who are whipped and beat hemp in Bridewell and other houses of correction.

I pity'd the sad punishment The wretched caitiff underwent;
And held my drubbing of his bones Too great an honour for pultroons,
For knights are bound to feel no blows From paltry and unequal foes.[1]
Who when they slash, and cut to pieces, Do all with civillest addresses;
Their horses never give a blow, But when they make a leg and bow.[2]
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a question.
Quoth he, for many years he drove A kind of broken trade in love.[3]
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy, And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook, As things below him, to provoke.
But being a virtuoso, able To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit, For any mystical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet) Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his bus'ness best, In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
Before so meriting a person Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd,
Becomes a puisne imp itself, And is another witch's elf,
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,[4]
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,

[1] Still alluding to the rules of knight-errantry, in imitation of Don Quixote, who gave the following advice to his squire Sancho Pancha: "Friend Sancho, for the future, whenever thou perceivest us to be any ways abused by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect that I should offer to draw my sword against them, for I will not do it in the least; no, do thou then draw, and chastise them as thou thinkest fit: but if any knight come to take their part, then will I be sure to step in betweea thee and danger."

[2] Lewis (History of the Parthian Empire), observes, from Dion Cassius, "That in the Roman battalions, in form of a tortoise, their horses were taught to kneel;" and in another place, that Trajan, in his Parthian expedition, "was presented with a horse that was taught to adore, kneeling upon his fore-feet, and to bow his head to the ground, as Trajan stood before him."

[3] Lilly confirms this in one or two instances, where he says, "He grew weary of such employments, and burned his books, which instructed these curiosities." See an account of the galley-slave condemned for a pimp and a conjuror, with Don Quixote's dissertation on Pimps.

[4] The reason why Sidrophel is said to find a witch in Lancashire, rather than any other county, is, because it has always been a tradition, that they have abounded there more than in all the kingdom. Hence came the vulgar expression of a Lancashire witch: and the tradition might probably take its rise from some reputed witches, who were tried there in the reign of King James I., and, I think, cast for their lives; but it was probably by judges that ran in but too much with the court stream, and favoured the monarch's opinion in his dæmonology: and fancied, because they had their nightly meetings, they could be nothing else but witches, though in reality (as I have been informed by one who read the narrative of them, published in those times) they were neither better nor worse than sheep-stealers.

Mr. Burton complained, "that, upon his being imprisoned in Lancaster castle, he was put into a high chamber ill floored, so that he was in danger of falling through it; and that to make it more grievous to him, they put into a room under it a company of witches, who were in that prison when he came thither." See an account of the Pendle Forest witches, who were condemned at the assizes at Lancaster 1633, or 1634, but reprieved, and afterwards cleared from the aspersion by the boy who was suborned to be evidence against them, Webster's displaying of supposed Witchcraft, chap. xiv.

And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes;[1]
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards could their switches;[2]
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease, He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts, To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The lady stopp'd his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear
If half those things (said she) be true—
They're all (quoth he) I swear by you—
Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag And hackney of a Lapland hag,[3]

[1] Le Blanc seems to give in to the possibility of this kind of transformation. But Wierus sneers this opinion: and after having exposed a fabulous instance from William of Malmsbury, of pranks of this kind played by two witches at Rome, who kept an inn, and now and then metamorphosed a guest into a horse, sow, or ass, he concludes, "At hæ, et similes nugæ eandem sortiantur fidem, quam Apuleins et Luciani metamorphosis meretur." De Præstigiis Dæmonum, lib. iv. cap. x. There was a story of this kind much taken notice of in those times, and bantered by Mr. Cleveland.

"Have you not heard the abominable sport, A Lancashire grand jury will report?
A soldier with his morglay watch'd the mill, The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
Whips off great puss's leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old woman's arm."

Dr. Bulwer (Artificial Changeling) observes from Mr. Scot, and other writers, "That the wonderful experiments of natural magic, which are only done in appearance, are very many: To set a horse's or ass's head upon a man's neck and shoulders, cut off the head of a horse or an ass, (before they be dead, otherwise the virtue or strength thereof will be less effectual) and make an earthen vessel of a fit capacity to contain the same; and let it be filled with the oil and fat thereof, cover it close, and dawb it over with lome: let it boil over a soft fire three days, that the flesh boiled may run into oil, so as the bare bones may be seen; beat the hair into powder, and mingle the same with the oil, and anoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horse's or ass's heads. If the beast's heads be anointed with the like oil, made of a man's head, they shall seem to have men's faces, as divers authors soberly affirm." Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, book xiii.

[2] See Exodus vii. 11. King James's Dæmonology, book i. chap. vi.

[3] See Scheffer's account of a Lapland witch in the town of Luhlah, who flew through the ceiling of a chamber. History of Lapland, octavo, chap. xi. and Glanville, in the cases of Richard Jones, of Shipton Mallet, and of Elisabeth Styles, Saduscimus Triumphatus, part ii. Scot (Discovery of Witchcraft) gives the following account: "He (the devil) teacheth them to make ointments of the bowels and members of children, whereby they ride in the air, and accomplish all their desires.——After burial they steal them out of their graves, and seethe them in a caldron until their flesh be made potable; of which they make ointment, by which they ride in the air."

"Strigibus per unguentum prædictum diabolicum possibile est accidisse, aut accidere somnium vehementissimum, et somniare se ad loca deportatas longinqua, in catos convertivel, quæcunque alia facere, etiam vel pati, quæ postmodum se putant in veritate fecisse, vel passas esse." Fra. Bartholi de Spinâ Quæst. de Strigibus, tom. iv.

Wierus exposes the folly of this opinion, and proves it to be diabolical illusion, and to be acted only in dreams. Oldham likewise sneers at.

"As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,
Fledg'd by a dream, believe they mount and fly;
So witches some enchanted wand bestride,
And think they through the airy regions ride."

In quest of you came hither post, Within an hour (I'm sure) at most;
Who told me all you swear and say Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know If you should carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.[1]
But he, disdaining to embrace So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing, And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he had time to mount his guard;
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanic louse,[2]
And all his new-found old inventions, With flat felonious intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid
His flea, his morpion, and punaise, H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made, By th' ablest artist of the trade
Which (he could prove it) since he lost, He has been eaten up almost;
And altogether might amount To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got sufficient warrant To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail, But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches,[3]
Which, modern virtuoso's say, Incline to hanging every way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true, That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray Yourselves and me, you fled this way;

[1] "Proserpine (says the author of the Spectator, No. 365.) was out a maying, when she met with the fatal adventure." To which Milton alludes, when he mentions,

"——— That fair field Of Enna, where Proserpine, gath'ring flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis Was gather'd."——

[2] There is a great deal of humour in this expression. The superstition of a talisman is this, that in order to free any place from vermin, or noxious animals of any kind, the figure of the animal is made of consecrated metal, in a planetary hour, and is called the talisman. The joke then of this thought is this, that Sidrophel had made a talismanic louse to preserve himself from that Vermin. He alludes again with great humour to this superstition, Canto ii.

Each in a tatter'd talisman, Like vermin in effigy slain.

The author of the Turkish Spy mentions a story of Pancrates, a famous magician of Egypt, from Lucian, who by talismans was able to transform inanimate things into the appearance at least of living creatures. He likewise gives an account of some remarkable talismans at Paris, vol. iii. But Gassendus (Vanity of Judiciary Astrology) seems to sneer the doctrine of talismans, in the following words: "I say nothing of the election of times, which they prescribe to be observed in the making seals, images, figures, gamatives, and the like representations, which they call talismans: because it is obvious, that no distracted fancy could ever have imagined anything more vain, more foolish:" And Naudæus in banter of talismans, observes, (History of Magic, chap. xxi.) "That Scaliger did justly laugh at a fly-driver, who having made a little plate, graved with figures and characters under a certain constellation, had no sooner placed it in a window to try the experiment, but a confident fly hanselled it with its ordure."

[3] Dr. Hooke, geometry professor of Gresham college, was the first inventor of circular pendulum watches, just before or immediately after the restoration of King Charles II. Mr. Chambers (Cyclopædia) observes that it is between Dr. Hooke and Mr. Huygens, that the glory of this invention lies; but to which of them it properly belongs is greatly disputed, the English ascribing it to the former, the French, Dutch, &c., to the latter. Mr. Derham in his Artificial Clock-maker, says roundly, that Dr. Hooke was the inventor.

And that he was upon pursuit, To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence Of all that pass'd before and since;
And found, that ere you came to him, Y'had been engaging life and limb,
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace, Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done;
For which, most basely to requite The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
But that he stood upon his guard, And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes so white,[1]
(As men of inward light are wont To turn their optics in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know What h' had done, and meant to do,
Held up his affidavit-hand,[2] As if h' had been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look, In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
Madam, If but one word be true Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance In all th' apochryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down This vessel, that is all your own;[3]

[1] A thing much practised by the fanatics of those times, and is well bantered in the Tale of a Tub, p. 207, under the character of Jeck, (namely Calvin, or the Presbyterian). He says, "That he hired a tailor to stitch up his collar so close that it was ready to choke him; and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, that one could see nothing but the white." And Dr. Echard, that they often shewed the heavenly part of the eye. Nay, this practice of the Puritans is bantered in a song of Ben Jonson's. See masque of the transformed Gipsies.

"Cock-Laurel would needs have the devil his guest,
And had him once into the Peak to dinner,
Where never the fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet, at the charge of a sinner;
His stomach was queasy, for coming there coach'd,
The jogging had caused some crudities rise;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes."

The late ingenious Mr. Fenton (poems, 8vo, 1717) has satirized those precisions in the following lines:

"An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd, Disco|our'd with a pious monarch's blood:
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw, She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game, Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same;
She first reformed the muscles of her face, And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone, By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eye she disciplin'd precisely right, Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next Assum'd the cloak, and quibbled o'er a text;
But when by miracle of mercy shewn, Much suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne,
When peace and plenty overflowed the land, She strait pull'd off her satin cap and band."
General Historical Dictionary, vol. vi.

[2] The holding up the right hand was deemed a mark of truth. "Quia vero fidei propria sedes in dextera manu credebatur: ideo interdum duabus junctis manibus fingebatur.— — Quamobrem apud veteres manus dextera tanquam res sacra putabatur." Chartarii Imagin. Deorum, qui ab antiquis colebantur, edit. Lugduni, 1581.

[3] This prevarication of our Knight is not quite so clean as that of Sancho Pancha, who being bribed by Don Quixote to give himself three thousand three hundred lashes for the disenchantment of his mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso, by taking the advantage of the night, he bestowed them upon a tree, in the hearing of his master. This was contrary to the laws of chivalry, as Don Quixote observes, in the case of his own penance.

But Don Hudibras might probably think to screen himself by the authority of Catullus, as well as some modern poets.

"Nil metuunt jurare, nihil pomittere parcunt.
Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant." Catulli carm. lxiv. 146

Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover.
You have provided well, quoth she, (I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits Jump punctual with the Jesuits ;[1]
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven, and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (quoth he), may hell surprise—
That trick (said she) will not pass twice :
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve :
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove than downright swearing ;
For if you have perform'd the feat, The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to swear for satisfaction Of nicest scruples in the action ;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witches drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account, As if your natural self had don't ;
Provided that they pass th' opinion Of able juries of old women,

Cælia observes (Shakespeare's As you like it, act iii.) "That the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings." And Mirabel (see Wild Goose Chace, Beaumont and Fletcher) thus speaks to Oriana :

"I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it or venture it in such leak-barks as women ; I put them off, because I loved them not,—and not for thy sake, nor the contract's sake, nor vows nor oaths ; I have made a thousand of them ; they are things indifferent, whether kept or broken, mere venial slips, that come not near the conscience, nothing concerning those tender parts ; they are trifles." The Beguins of the Franciscan order were of opinion, that whatever lies a man told a woman to gain her consent to his desires was not heresy, so that he believed in his heart the carnal act was sin. Baker's History of the Inquisition.

Jusjurandum Amatorium.

"Juliæ sum pollicitus futurum Me sibi sidum, calidusque amore
Jurejurando simul obligavi Me quoque scripto.
Hisce nec vinclis tenet obligatum (Dum placent nymphæ, retinent amantes) ;
Vectus inscriptum folio ratumque Cum folio aufert.

The Lover's Oath.

I. "I promis'd Julia to be true, Nay, out of zeal, I swore it too,
And, that she might believe me more, Gave her in writing what I swore.
II. "Nor vows, nor oaths, can lovers bind, So long as pleas'd, so long they're kind ;
'Twas writ on a leaf, the wind it blew, Away both leaf and promise flew."

[1] There was but too much truth in this observation ; for there were several Jesuits and Popish priests got into livings in those times. Bishop Kennet's Register and Chronicle.

It is the observation of Mr. Long "That the Jesuits and Dissenters have so long communicated politics, that it is hard to determine whether there be now more fanaticism in the Jesuits, or more Jesuitism among the fanatics." And Petyt (Visions of the Reformation), comparing the Papists and Presbyterians, says, "You will find, that though they have two faces that look different ways, yet they have both the same lineaments, the same principles, and the same practices, and both impudently deny it, like the two men that stole the piece of flesh from the butcher in the fable : he that took it, swore he had it not ; and he that had it, swore he did not take it. Who took it, or who has it, I don't know (quoth the butcher), but by Jove you are a couple of knaves. As in their Pharisaical disposition they symbolize with the Jew, so in some of their positions they jump pat with the Jesuit : for though they are both in the extremes, and as contrary one to the other as the scales of a diameter, yet their opinions and practices are concentric to depress regal power ; both of them would bind their king in chains, and their nobles in links of iron." The True Informer, who—discovereth—the chief causes of the sad distempers in Great Brittany and Ireland, Oxford, 1643.

"The Roman Catholics advance the cause, Allow a lie, and call it pia fraus.
The Puritan approves, and does the same, Dislikes nought in it, but the Latin name ;
He flows with his devices, and dare lie In very deed, in truth, and verity ;
He whines, and sighs, and lies with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth."

Puritan and Papist, by Cowley.

Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts For bellies, may do so for backs.
Madam (quoth he), Your love's a million :
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power, T' obey what you command and more.
But for performing what you bid, I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care, To keep my wounds from taking air ;
For wounds in those that are all heart, Are dangerous in any part.
I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;
For still the longer we contend, We are but farther off the end,
But granting now we should agree, What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word You pass'd in heaven on record,[1]
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold, Are everlastingly enroll'd :
And if 'tis counted treason here To rase records, 'tis much more there.[2]
Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n ;
And that's the reason, as some guess, There is no heav'n in marriages;[3]
Two things that naturally press Too narrowly to be at ease :
Their bus'ness there is only love, Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous to abide To be against it's nature ty'd :
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;
And like the soul, its harbourer, Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay, But struggles out, and flies away ;
And therefore never can comply T' endure the matrimonial tie
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,[4]

[1] The author of a book, entitled, The Devil upon two Sticks, makes mention of a couple of young ladies talking upon the subject of matrimony after their father's death.—"He is dead at last, (said the eldest), our unnatural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage; he will now no more cross our designs. For my part (said the youngest), I am for a rich husband, and Don Bourvelas shall be my man. Hold, sister (replied the eldest), don't let us be hasty in the choice of husbands; let us marry those the powers above have decreed for us, for our marriages are registered in heaven's books. So much the worse, dear sister (returned the younger), for I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf."

[2] I cannot learn that it is treason to rase records by any law in being in Butler's time: It was made felony by 8 of Richard II. and 8 Hen. VI. 12. See Statute-book. "Merito capitale est inconsultâ curiâ delere, vel immutare." Vide Spelmanni Glossar. sub voce *Recordum, Recordatio*, p. 480. That infamous Solicitor-General St. John, in his Argument against the Earl of Strafford, says, "It is treason to embezzle judicial records."

[3] Marriage is ridiculed in an extraordinary manner in this whole speech of the widow. She begins very wittily and satirically, The comparison of marriage to a double horse, and of love to an ague, are finely imagined, and exceedingly well suited to the nature of this poem, which is burlesqued in perfection. We are ready to pardon these reflections upon that happy state of life, because they proceed out of a lady's mouth. If we consider her present case, she could not avoid making such frightful representations of that state, not from any disaffection she had to it, but to deter the Knight from it, and consequently by this method to get quit of his addresses, which were very disagreeable to her.

This passage alludes to our Saviour's answer to the Sadducees, That in heaven there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage.

To which Owen, in one of his admired Epigrams, alludes.

"Plurimus in cœlis amor est, connubia nulla; Conjugia in terris plurima, nullus amor."

There is another, in English, with the same turn of thought, which is given to Dean Swift, but how justly I cannot say.

"Cries Colin to a reverend Dean, What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing, That there is none in heaven?
There are no women there, he cried. She quick returns the jest,
Women there are, but I'm afraid They cannot find a priest."

[4] The custom was for the prisoner to have a chain on his right hand, with the other end chained to the left hand of the soldier that kept him. To this Lipsius alludes, "Custodis

Of which the true and faithfull'st lover Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say, That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain at a venture made Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away and sold?)[1]
That, as it makes but one of two, Reduces all things else as low;
And at the best is but a mart Between the one and t' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid, Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse, Both are but losers out of purse.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,[2]
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n, Or wager laid at six and seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot To guardians, ere they are begot,
Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own.
Though got b' implicit generation, And general club of all the nation;
For which she's fortify'd no less Than all the island, with four seas;[3]
Exacts the tribute of her dower, In ready insolence and power;
And makes him pass away, to have And hold, to her, himself, her slave.
More wretched than an ancient villein,[4]
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled.
A law that most unjustly yokes All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,[5]

militaris frequentissima, et in Romæ, et in provinciis: ejusque modus, ut is, qui in noxâ esset, catenam manui dextræ alligatam haberet; quæ eadem militis sinistram vinciret, custodiæ ejus præfecti." To this Juvenal alludes, sat. vi.

"Inde fides artis, sonuit, si dextera ferro, Lævaque si longo castrorum in carcere mansit."

[1] The Salisbury Missal of 1554 might have given satisfaction to the widow's scruple in this respect, had she lived at that time, where the woman promises to have and to hold but for one day: "I N. take thee N. for my wedded husband, to have and to hold for this day." Missal. ad Us. Eccl. Sacrisburiens. Rothomagi. 1554.

[2] Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.; (223d Tatler) seems to be no great friend to settlements and entails; and, for a motto, has borrowed these and the four following lines out of our poet.

[3] By the common law of England, if the husband is within the four seas (the jurisdiction of the King of England), so that by intendment of law he may come to his wife, and his wife hath issue, no proof is to be admitted to prove the child a bastard, unless there is an apparent impossibility that the husband should be the father of it. If the husband is but eight years old, then such issue is a bastard, though born without marriage: But if the issue is born within a day after marriage, between parties of full age, when the husband is under no apparent impossibility, the child is legitimate, and supposed to be the child of the husband. Dr. Wood's Institutes of the Laws of England.

[4] "*Villanage* (says the author of the printed notes) is an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords." Drayton.

[5] Two fictitious names, only made use of by young lawyers in stating cases. These imaginary persons have been so long set at variance by the gentlemen of the long robe, that at length they grew weary of being involuntary opponents, and agreed to join in this humorous petition for relief to the Spectator.

"The humble Petition of John of Nokes and John of Stiles.
Sheweth,

Without distinction of degree, Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation, Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces;
While nothing else, but *rem in re*, Can set the proudest wretches free;[1]
A slavery, beyond enduring, But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As spiders never seek the fly. But leave him, of himself, t' apply;[2]
So men are by themselves employ'd, To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,

That your petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster-hall above five hundred years; and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue: That your petitioners have not been involved in these law-suits by any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons: That the young lawyers in our inns of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee: That many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two: That, when they have nothing else to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us: That they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputation and good names in the world. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray, that you will put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation, it being our resolution to live hereafter as becometh men of peaceable dispositions." Spectator, No. 577, No. 563.

"Like him that wore the dialogue of cloaks,
This shoulder John of Stiles, that John of Nokes."
Cleveland's Works.

[1] We have an instance to the contrary in the poor Cavalier corporal (see Tatler, No. 164), who, being condemned to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand the day after his execution.

"Dear Wife,

Hoping you are in good health as I am at this present writing, this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children. Your's, till death, W. B."

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, which would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the Corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced on occasion."

The Emperor Leo allowed a separation in another case, viz., that of an incurable madness.

"Per conjugium inquiunt, in corpus coierunt, oportetque membrum alterum alterius morbos perpeti: et divinum præceptum est, quos Deus junxerit, ne separentur. Præclara quidem hæc et divina, utpote quæ a Deo pronunciata sint: verum non recte, neque secundum divinum propositum hic in medium adferuntur: si enim matrimonium talem statum conservaret, qualem ejus in principio pronuba exhibuisset; quisquis separaret, improbus profecto esset, neque reprehensionem effugeret. Jam vero cum præ furore ne vocem quidem humanam a muliere audias, ne dum aliud quidquam eorum, quæ ad oblectamentum et hilaritatem matrimonium largitur, ab illa obtineat: quis adeo acerbum horrendumque matrimonium dirimere nolit? Ea propter sancimus, &c. Ut si quando post initum matrimonium, mulier in furorem incidat, ad tres annos infortunium maritus ferat, mœstitiamque toleret: et nisi inter ea temporis ab isto malo illa liberetur, neque ad mentem redeat: tum e matrimonium divellatur, maritusque ad intolerabili illa calamitate exoneretur." Imp. **Leonis Novella CXI.**

"Per Novellam sequentem: si maritus per matrimonii tempus in furorem incidat intra quinquennium, matrimonium solvi nequeat: eo autem elapso, si furor eum adhuc occupet, solvi possit."

[2] This is a mistake, if what Mouset says be true, Insector. Theatr. "Arnearum quædam genera muscas venantur, iis denique vescuntur;" which is confirmed by Dr. Lister. "Hunc araneo dum in reticuli vestibulo prædæ capiendæ invigilabat: manducatam muscam conjeci, quam celeritur quidem arripuit, atque unico morsu, quantum notare potui, occidit. Inter cæteras muscas omnigeni culices maximè ei arridere: ejus autem venationis modum elegantissimis, verissimisque verbis enarravit Cl. Evelenius noster, apud doctissimum Hookium." Micrographiæ, observe xlviii.

And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom death would not depart,[1]
Have done the feat themselves, by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed In flaming curtains, to the dead;[2]
And men as often dangled for't, And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul[3] Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one, So love does, and has ever done:
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's revers'd, Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;[4]
Melts in the furnace of desire, Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over, Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oaths go, but, while They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again till th' have made over;

[1] Alluding to the several reviews of the common prayer before the last, where it stands *Till death us depart*; and then altered, *Till death us do part*.

[2] The women in England, who murder their husbands, as guilty of petty treason, are burnt. The Indian custom is mentioned by several travellers. The cruel scene is as follows: There was a large pile of wood got ready, and kindled as soon as the corpse was laid thereon: The widow was worked up by spirituous liquors, as well as by the enthusiastic speeches of the Brachmans, till she was mad enough to do anything; however, if she refused to throw herself in voluntarily, they then made her dead drunk, and threw her in, contrary to her natural inclinations. This was anciently practised in some places, according to Diodorus Siculus; who makes mention of a people conquered by Alexander the Great, where the wife was burnt with her dead husband: and gives the following reason for it: "Transiit ad Catharos, quæ gens lege illud scitum habet, et observat; uti uxor cum marito mortuo incendatur; idque ob fœminæ cujusdam veneficium cum marito patratum, a barbaris institutum ferunt. Acosta's History of the Indies, tells of a Portuguese, with one eye, whom the Barbarians would have sacrificed to accompany a nobleman that was dead; who said unto them, "That those in the other world would make small account of the dead, if they gave him a blind man for his companion; and that they had better give him an attendant with both his eyes." The reason being found good by the Barbarians, they let him go.

[3] Cornelius Agrippa has put together the several opinions of the ancient heathen poets and philosophers upon this subject.

Mr. Bulstrode has wrote an essay on transmigrations, in defence of Pythagoras, an abstract of which is published by Stackhouse, in the appendix to his translation of Chinese Tales. And Addison has merrily exposed this opinion, in Pug's letter to his mistress, Spectator, No. 343.

[4] Those persons who have been so unfortunate as to winter in Greenland, and survived it, tell us, that the cold is so extreme, that, if they touch a piece of iron, it will stick to their fingers, and even bring off the skin. Some sailors left there in King Charles II.'s time, confirm the truth of this, as may be seen at large in Harris's Collection of Voyages.

Iron and other metals burn upon the touch in Russia, as appears from the story of a liquorish servant, who taking a pewter dish of some sweet sauce from his master's table into the next room, licked it, and paid the skin of his tongue for that sweet sauce.

And Purchase observes elsewhere, that Robert Harris, going to blow his nose with his fingers, in the Streights of Magellan, happened to cast it into the fire.

Or if they do, before they marry, The foxes weigh the geese they carry,[1]
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them:
Whence witti'st ladies always chuse To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown so wary
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
The cross and pile for bett'r or worse;
A mode that is held honourable, As well as French and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best, Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body to unite, To make up one Hermaphrodite;[2]
Still amorous, and fond, and billing, Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.[3]
Th' have more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances, Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes espouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames:[4]
For then their late attracts decline, And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their catterwauling tricks, In earnest to as jealous piques;
Which th' ancients wisely signify'd By th' yellow mantuas of the bride;[5]
For jealousy is but a kind Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love, As other flames and aches prove
But all the mischief is, the doubt On whose account they first broke out,
For though Chineses go to bed, And lie in, in their ladies stead,[6]
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another;
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one, Which both engag'd before to own,

[1] This story is mentioned by Sir K. Digby, Treatise of Bodies, to which I refer the reader, and his reflexions upon it.

[2] See an account of hermaphrodites, and the original of the name, Diodor. Sicul. p. 25.

[3] "Thus did nature's vintage vary, Coining thee a Philip and a Mary.
Cleveland upon an Hermaphrodite.

In Philip and Mary shillings (one of which I have by me, coined in the year 1555), the faces are placed opposite to each other, and pretty close.

[4] Mr. Ray (in his English Proverbs) produces some coarse proverbial sayings upon this subject. "When a couple (says he) are newly married, the first month is honey-moon, or smick-smack; the second is hither and thither; the third is thwick-thwack; the fourth, the devil take them that brought thee and I together."

Nay, the author of the Tatler observes, "That he had known a fond couple quarrel in the very honeymoon."

[5] Juvenal thus describes Messalina, when she was going to be married to Silius, alluding to the colour of her mantle, sat. x.

—— ——"Dudum sedet illa parato Flammeolo"—— ——
"Adorned in bridal pomp, she sits in state." Dryden.

Lutei video honorem antiquissimum in nuptialibus flammeis totum in fœminis concessum. Plinii Nat. Hist.

[6] The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services. This is the custom of the Brazilians, if we may believe Masseus, who observes, "That women in travail are delivered without great difficulty, and presently go about their household business: the husband in her stead keepeth his bed, is visited by his neighbours, hath his broths made him, and junkets sent to comfort him."

And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they're found,[1]
Both give and take their equal shares Of all they suffer by false wares:
A fate no lover can divert With all his caution, wit, and art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess At woman by appearances;[2]
That paint and patch their imperfections Of intellectual complexions;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes As artificial as their faces;
Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast, to dream of breaking loose:
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-cloaths undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her The government, from th' easy owner:
Until the wretch is glad to wave His lawful right and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding, Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;[3]
The conjugal petard, that tears Down all portcullices of ears.[4]
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise, and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;[5]
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade, Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake and the wife,[6]

[1] Alluding to the words to be spoke by the man in the office of matrimony: "With my body I thee worship," *i.e.* with my body I thee honour; for so the word *worship* signifies in this place. Vide Buceri Script. Anglican. Seldeni Uxor. Ebraic. lib. ii.

[2] Do we think the widow speaks her own sentiments, or is sincere in her satire? If she is, I am afraid she will lie under a heavy censure from the ladies for inveighing so freely against her own sex, and revealing their secrets. But, after all, what have the ladies to fear from this female satirist? Nothing: for as long as love continues to be (as it has hitherto) a blind, universal, and irresistible passion, they need not fear any diminution of their conquests from such satirical railleries.

[3] At Pekin, in China, there are houses or hospitals for the dumb, supported by the fines imposed upon regraters and scolding women. See the method of curing scolds at Newcastle and Walsal in Staffordshire, by an iron collar about the neck, and a plate of iron put in the mouth to keep the tongue down. Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, chap. ix.

[4] *Petard*, an hollow engine made of metal, in the form of a high-crowned hat, charged with fine powder, and fixed to a thick plank, called the *madrier*, in order to break down gates, portcullices, &c. *Port Cullis*, a falling gate or door, like a harrow, hung over the gates of fortified places, let down to keep an enemy out of a city.

Petruchio, in the Taming of the Shrew, seems to question the truth of this assertion.

"Think you (says he) a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field? And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard, Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear.
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire? Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

[5] The Syrens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish; their names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transformed them into some sort of brute animal,

"Monstra maris Sirenes erant; quæ voce canorâ Quam libet admissas detinuere rates."
Ovid de Arte Amandi, lib. iii

[6] Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
Quoth he, These reasons are but strains[1]
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers, in their wit or drink, Do rather wheedle with than think.
Man was not man in paradise, Until he was created twice,[2]
And had his better-half, his bride, Carv'd from th' original, his side,[3]
T' amend his natural defects, And perfect his recruiting sex,
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares; As by his dry'd up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame, Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact, In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art, That nothing else but death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye, And scorch all other ladies tawny,
Those ravishing and charming graces, Are all made up of two half faces,
That in a mathematic line, Like those in other heavens, join,
Of which, if either grew alone, 'Twould fright as much to look upon;
And so would that sweet bud, your lip, Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs, Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind, To wait upon the soul design'd;
But those that serve the body alone, Are single, and confin'd to one.

Sir Thomas Browne has confuted this vulgar notion, Vulgar Errors, book ii. cap. vi.
It is reported, that the mandrake grows commonly under the gallows. To this Glareanus Vadianus alludes, in his Panegyric upon T. Coryat and his Crudities.

" A mandrake grown under some heavy tree. *(Gallows near Exeter.)*
There, where St. Nicholas Knights, not long before,
Had dropp'd their fat axungia to the lee."

[1] The Knight seems here to have too much courage and good sense to be baffled by the artful widow; for he defends matrimony with more wit, and a greater justness, than she had discovered in the ridiculing of it. This must certainly yield a sublime satisfaction to the married readers; though it must be confessed, that, in her reply to this defence, she hits upon a topic which very sensibly affected our Knight, and in him all those unhappy wretches whose pretended love is actuated by riches and possessions.

[2] Du Bartas speaks something like this, Divine Weeks.

" You that have seen within this ample table, Among so many models admirable,
The admir'd beauties of the king of creatures,
Come, come, and see the woman's ravishing features,
Without whom here man were but half a man, But a wild wolf, but a barbarian—
God, therefore, not to seem less liberal To man than else to every animal,
For perfect pattern of a holy love, To Adam's half another half he gave;
Ta'en from his side, to bind through ev'ry age With kinder bonds the sacred marriage."

[3] " Adam, till his rib was lost, Had the sexes thus ingross'd,
When Providence our sire did cleave, And out of Adam carved Eve;
Then did man about wedlock treat, To make his body up complete."
Cleveland's Works.

" Extraxit Deus unam costam de latere ejus, et ex illâ formavit mulierem, quam Evam nominavit. Et non formavit eam de capite, ne viro dominaretur: nec de pede, ne a viro contemneretur, sed de latere formavit eam, ut amoris mutui vinculo jungerentur." Gobelini Personæ Cosmodromii, æt. i. Meibomii Rer. Germanic. tom. i. p. 73.
Plato recites a fable how man at first was created double, and for his arrogance dissected into male and female. In the Romish Missal, the Papists seem to think that women was taken from the left side, and therefore man is to take the right hand whilst the marriage-ceremony is performing.
" Vir autem stet a dextris mulieris; mulier autem a sinistris viri: causa est, quia formata est ex costâ sinistri lateris Adamæ.
Some have imagined, that man has one rib less than women; which is ridiculed by Sir Thomas Browne, Vulgar Errors, book vii. chap. ii.

The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf, Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses, In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what secures the civil life But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hostages, at stake, To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary, As to be born and breathe, to marry.
So universal, all mankind, In nothing else, is of one mind.
For in what stupid age or nation Was ever marriage out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,[1] Or cloister'd friars and vestal nuns;
Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.[2]
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths:
For simple wearing of their horns Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit, Unless the marriage deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents, But for our parents settlements?
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers, Could be preserv'd but by their heirs;
And what security maintains Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary, If greatest monarchs did not marry?
And with their consorts consummate Their weightiest interest of state?
For all the amours of princes are But guarantees of peace or war;
Or what but marriage has a charm, The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease, And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide Less for the int'rest of the bride;
Who else had not the least pretence T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd, And feme-couvertes t' all mankind.

[1] The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic and great achievements. They suffered no man to live among them, but once every year used to have conversation with men of the neighbouring countries: by which if they had a male child, they presently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

[2] Of this opinion was Plato in his politics; for which Primeauday animadverts upon him, French Academy, 1602. Diodorus Siculus makes mention of certain islanders who put this opinion in practice: "Mulieres minime nubunt, sed omnibus sunt communes—Et talem morem apud Calecutios adhuc esse, scribit Munster, Cosmograph. lib. v. Sic et apud Tyrrhenos communia conjugia fuere, referente Theopompo, &c. Et quorum liberi ex communi fisco nutriebantur." This was the custom amongst the ancient Britons, Cæsaris Comment. "Uxores habent deni, duodenique inter se communes. Sed si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt."

All women would be of one piece, The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,[1]
The same with those in Lewkners lane;[2]
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes:[3]
Besides the joys of place and birth, The sexes paradise on earth;[4]
A privilege so sacred held, That none will to their mothers yield;
But, rather than not go before, Abandon heaven at the door.
And if th' indulgent law allows A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter Of all mankind, by careful Nature.
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a straight, may freely Demand the clergy of her belly,[5]
And make it save her the same way It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter Into the liturgy indenture.[6]

[1] Diana's nymphs, all of whom vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

[2] Some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

[3] Meaning the stews, and alluding to the old romance of Sir Launcelot and the Lady of the Lake.

[4] The passion for precedency among the ladies is too violent and visible to be disputed. Pope has satirized it in his Rape of the Lock:

"First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore, Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place."

Timothy Treatall was indicted in the Tatler's Court of Honour, (No. 262) by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance, for a very rude affront offered them at an entertainment to which he had invited them: when he, the said Mr. Treatall, upon serving up the supper, desired the ladies to take place according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way at his table to pay respect to years. This indictment sets forth, that this behaviour produced an unspeakable confusion in the company. The Devil upon two sticks observes, "That the wife of the treasurer-general of the council of the Indies run mad with vexation at being obliged to turn her coach in a narrow street, to make way for that of the Duchess of Medina Cœli."

[5] This was and is allowed to criminals with child. Wood's Institute of the Laws of England. It was a privilege allowed by the Egyptians and other nations, who thought it a hardship to destroy the innocent child with the guilty mother. Diodori Siculi.

[6] The generality of the Presbyterians were then married in the manner enjoined by the Directory, and not by the Liturgy, though there were some few instances to the contrary; and, among these, Stephen Marshall (who was a zealot, and had a chief hand in compiling the Directory) did marry his own daughter by the form prescribed in the Common Prayer, being unwilling to have his daughter returned to him as a whore, for want of a legal marriage, the statute establishing the Liturgy not being repealed: and having so done he paid down five pounds immediately to the churchwardens of the parish, as the fine or forfeiture for using any other form of marriage but that in the Directory.

By an ordinance of Aug. 1653, chap. vi. it was enacted, "That all persons intending to be married shall come before some justice of the peace within and of the said county, city or town corporate, where publication shall be made as aforesaid, and shall bring a certificate of the said publication (in the church or chapel; or if the parties so to be married shall desire it, in the market-place next to the said church or chapel, on three market-days, on three several weeks ensuing), and shall make sufficient proof of the consent of their parents and guardians, if either of the said parties is under the age of one and twenty years; and the said justice shall examine by witnesses upon oath, or otherwise, as he shall see cause, concerning the due performance of the premises; and if there appear no reasonable cause to the contrary, the marriage shall proceed in this manner: The man to be married, taking the woman to be married by the hand, shall plainly and distinctly pronounce these words: "I A. B. do, in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, take thee C. D. for my wedded wife, and do also, in the presence of God, and before these witnesses, promise to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband."

The woman promises, in the same form, to be a loving, faithful, and obedient wife.

"And it is further enacted, That the man and woman having made sufficient proof of the consent of their parents or guardians, and expressed their consent unto marriage, in the manner and by the words foresaid, before such justice of the peace, in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, the said justice of the peace may and shall declare the said man and woman to be thenceforth husband and wife; and the marriage shall be good and effectual in law: and no other marriage whatsoever, within the common-wealth of England, after the

And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best;
That is no more than every lover Does from his hackney-lady suffer:
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
For, as in running, every pace Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost To get before, and win the post;
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness, By turns give one another ease:
So all those false alarms of strife, Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove To be but new recruits of love;[1]
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more,
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour:
Like music, that proves bad, or good, According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns, With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen:
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs, And curses are a kind of prayers;
Too slight alloys, for all those grand Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has power to settle Th' interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed, that make one heart Become another's counter-part,
And passes fines on faith and love, Enroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose.
And what security's too strong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass Itself away, and all it has:
And like an Anchoret gives over[2] This world for th' heaven of a lover?
I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true:
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit, they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequents Depend upon more blind events,
Than gamesters, when they play a set With greatest cunning at piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in They know not what, unsight unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast In one another's arms embrac'd,

20th of September 1653, shall be held or accounted a marriage according to the laws of England."

[1] "Amantium iræ amoris integratio est." Terentii Andr. iii. iii.
"In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ, suspiciones,
Inimicitiæ, inducie, bellum, pax rursum." Terentii Eunuch.
"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling." Prior.

[2] Anchorets were ancient monks, who retired from society, and lived in private cells; such were Paul, Anthony and Hilarion, the first founders of the monastic life in Egypt and Palestine. Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church.

But strive to plunder, and convey Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves, As sucking children are by elves?[1]
And if they use their persons so, What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,[2] And *all my worldly goods* but spoke,
(The formal livery and seisin That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam, that's superseded.
To that their faith is still made good, And all the oaths to us they vow'd:
For, when we once resign our powers,
W' have nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the miss Of all your lives and services;
And we forsaken and postpon'd, But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, (As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet, By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady sh' is of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs, And for her own destruction fines:
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace, To be their cully for a space,[3]

[1] Some are of opinion, that fairies (called elves by Chaucer, Spenser, and other writers) change children in their cradles, and lay others in their stead. To which Spenser alludes, Fairy Queen, b. i. canto x. stan. xxxv.

"For well I wote thou spring'st from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mighty hand
And many bloody battles fought in place,
High rear'd their royal throne in Britain—land,
And vanquish'd them, unable to withstand:
From thence a fairy thee unweeting reft,
There, as thou slept, in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left;
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairy theft."

Thus Henry IV. speaking of Prince Henry his son, to the Earl of Northumberland, whose son was hopeful, Henry IV. act. i.

"——— Oh could it be prov'd ——— That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle cloaths our children where they lay, And call'd mine Piercy, his Plantagenet,——
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine."

Nay some have thought, that the devil takes children out of the cradle, and lays children of his own in their place. Luther was of this opinion: For in his Mensalia, or Table Talk; "Such changelings supponit Satan in locum verorum filiorum:—One of these more fouleth itself than ten other children; so that their parents are much disquieteth therewith, and their mothers are ablt to give suck no more." This is hinted at by the author of Amadis de Gaul, in his romantic account of Andriagus, slain by Amadis, who was a monster of the devil's begetting, and sucked out the heart's blood of three nurses in a few days.

The author of the Devil upon two Sticks merrily banters this opinion, in the characters of Asmodeo and Senior Divito, Twin-brothers. Mr. Glanvil seems to give into the opinion of the devil's begetting children, from Dr. Horneck's account of some witches condemned in Sweden 1669. But Wierus has exposed this opinion.

[2] Alluding to the ministers and clerks fees, which are ordered by the Rubric to be laid upon the book (though now rarely practised) with the wedding ring. Before the time of Pope Innocent III. "there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the man came to the house where the woman inhabited, and led her home to his own house, which was all the ceremony then used."

[3] L'Estrange (Fables, a wicked Man and the Devil) makes mention of a notorious wicked malefactor, who had committed I know not how many villanies, and had run through the discipline of so many gaols, who made a friend of the devil to help him out in all his distresses. This friend of his brought him off many and many a time, and still as he was taken up again and again, he had his recourse over and over again to the same devil for succour; but, upon

That, when the time's expired, the drazels[1]
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey, And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies, To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition, Of dowry, jointure, and tuition,
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship;
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes, And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these, at *beste* and *l'vombre* woo, And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man At right gallanting of a fan;[2]
And who the most genteelly bred At sucking of a vizard-bead;
How best t' accost us, in all quarters,
T' our question and command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon, All sorts of dresses, pro and con.
For there's no mystery nor trade, But in the art of love is made.
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day,
And no way possible to do't But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores Of all your cully'd past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
For which the surgeon is unpaid, And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have, That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,[3] And null decree and exigent![4]
What magical attracts, and graces, That can redeem from *scire facias*![5]
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellencies Of all your true or false pretences:
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,[6]

his last summons the devil came to him with a great bag of old shoes at his back, and told him plainly, "Friend (says he), I am at the end of my line, and can help you no longer; I have beat the hoof, till I have worn out all these shoes in your service, and not one penny left me to buy more; so that you must even excuse me if I drop you here."

[1] A word used by Warner, in his Albion's England, book ix. chap. xlvii. p. 201.

"Now dwells each drossel in her glass, when I was young I wot
On Hollydays (for seldom else) such idle times we got."

[2] See the exercise of the fan humorously described, Tatler No. 102. At Bologna in Italy, where it is extremely hot, it is a custom for the men to use fans, as well as the women.

[3] A writ of commission from the sheriff, for valuing lands and tenements.

[4] *Exigent*, a writ, calling one to shew why the defendant, in an action personal, cannot be found, or anything in the county whereby he may be attached or distrained.

[5] A writ, calling one to shew, why judgment passed, at least a year, should not be executed.

[6] L'Estrange, (fable of a Cavalier and Court Lady) in banter of such flights, observes,

Grown fat and pursy by retail Of pots of beer and bottled ale;
And find her fitter for your turn, For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in the socket, Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a knocking at the gate,[1]
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras as if th' had been Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light, Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search, And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout; But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd, To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em, But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat and laid about, To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality t' a stranger,[2] But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel, To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail To make the stoutest men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their backs Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute As Ironside or Hardiknute;[3]
His fortitude began to rally, And out he cry'd aloud to sally.
But she besought him to convey, His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor, Or fortify'd behind a door;
That, if the enemy should enter, He might relieve her in the adventure.
Meanwhile they knock'd against the door
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight, Relapse again t' his former fright.

"That a Cavalier had a fine woman in his eye, and could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous pretty. Sir, says the lady, I thank you for your good opinion; and I wish, with all my heart, I could say as much of you too. Why so you might, madam (says the gentleman) if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do." See Chaucer's poem, entitled, A Praise of Women.

[1] Two days were but yet passed since the beginning of these adventures. We are now entering on into the night wherein happened the most remarkable action in the whole poem. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night adventures. But who are the persons that knock at the gate? Probably two of the Lady's own servants: For as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villanies; so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: The servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instruction given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great, that we find him falling into a swoon.

[2] See the great regard some of the ancients paid to the laws of hospitality, Diodori Siculi. Peter the Great, late Czar of Muscovy, behaved gallantly in this respect. He being desired by the Turks, in order to a peace, to deliver up Prince Cantemir, who was then under his protection, his answer was, "That he would resign all the country as far as Curska to the Turk, since there was hope of recovering it again, but would by no means violate his faith to a prince, who had abandoned his principality for his sake; because it was impossible to repair honour once forfeited."

[3] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

He thought it desperate to stay Till th' enemy had forc'd his way.
But rather post himself, to serve The Lady, for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute, But what sh' had order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon, Though in the dark, and all alone:
Till fear, that braver feats performs, Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass, To stand upon his guard, and face.
This he courageously invaded, And having enter'd barricado'd;
Ensconc'd himself as formidable As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambush close, T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue, To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout, As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd, He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd;
And, after ent'ring Sidrophel Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his senses, To bring him in intelligences;
Which vulgars, out of ignorance, Mistake, for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy, Affirm to be the strength of fancy,
In which the Lapland Magi deal,[1] And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress:
And as another of the same Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thrust His head a span beyond his post,
B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;[2]
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,[3]

[1] *The Lapland Magi.* The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far north; and it is very credibly reported by authors, and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called magic. Scheffer observes of them that they often fall into trances, in which they continue for some time, and then pretend to tell things very surprising.

[2] This was Erasmus P. of P———n Castle in Pembrokeshire, who was so served by Colonel Egerton. Walter Moyle alludes to it in works, published by himself 1695, where, in a letter probably to Mr. Anthony Hammond, he wishes that Sir Erasmus's son Sir J. P. a great reformer in King Charles II.'s time, might be served in the same manner: "Can you contrive no way in the earth to rid the house of his ghostly authority? Cannot you serve him as his father was served by a General of the Cavaliers: If you never heard the story, Hudibras will tell it you.

And as another of the same Degree and party———, &c.

Betty Mackrell, or some other discreet bawd, should demand a conference with him in the lobby, lug him out by the ears, and send him upon a mission to the West Indies; to preach his morals to Father Hennepin's nations, who are not civilized into lewdness, nor wise enough to be wicked: On this side the globe he will make no converts, but such as his namesake in the Acts made eunuchs. The manner of doing it was as follows: The officer of the Cavaliers sent against the castle summoned Sir Erasmus to surrender it; he refused, but offered to parley from a window which was not very high from the ground: He was a little man, and the commanding officer of the cavaliers lusty and tall: The officer observing this came just under the window; and, pretending he was deaf, desired Sir Erasmus to lean as forward as he could out of the window: Upon his doing so, the officer who was on horseback, raised himself upon his stirrups, seized him by the shoulders, and pulled him out; upon which the castle was surrendered.

[3] In Butler's poem called Dunstable Downs, or the Enchanted Cave (Remains), there is as humorous and drolling a scene of the Knight, in one of his unfortunate exploits, as this we are now entering upon.—But, alas! the poor Squire is also involved in that; and they are both severely handled and frighted, and the Squire opens and fully discovers the iniquitous actions and proceedings of the Knight in these and all his other adventures. One of which, as we learn from the said poem, was his procuring or pretending to have a grant from the

They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter, By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid, Until his scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by the ears or nose, Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed, To burning with hot irons proceed.[1]
No sooner was he come t' himself, But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd in a trice, his cloven hoof,[2] And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us, B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries, Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege (against The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcase sent, For just revenge and punishment:
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession;
For, if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?——
That which contracts all matches, money,
It was the enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your croney witches;
That in return would pay th' expence, The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,[3]

then usurping powers to inclose Dunstable Downs (where the neighbourhood had a right of commoning), on pretence the same had been given to superstitious uses. The whole poem is worthy of perusal, and gives a near insight into our Hero's character and principles. See the usage of Don Quixote and Donna Rodriguez in the dark by the Duchess and some of her women; and the examination of Justice Allgripe, by Lurcher and his companions personating furies, Night Walker, act iv.

[1] An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

[2] "The beast at one end branded, you may trace The devil's footsteps in his cloven face."
Cleveland's Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

Nurse, in the Night Walker, or Litfle Thief, act ii. thus expresses herself:
"Mercy upon me!
The ghost of one of his guards sure; 'tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone, sure he starts fire: what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, nurse——
Let us call the butler up, for he speaks Latin; and that will daunt the devil: I am blasted, my belly is grown to nothing."—

"A conceit there is, (says Sir Thomas Browne, Vulgar Errors, book v. chap. 21.), that the devil commonly appeareth with a cloven hoof; wherein, although it seem excessively ridiculous, there may be somewhat of truth, and the ground thereof at first might be his frequent appearing in the shape of a goat, which answers the description." "Saving the reputation of St. Hierome and Dr. Browne it is but a supposition unproved, that ever the devil appeared in the shape of a goat: The rise of the opinion was only because the devil was worshipped in an idol made in the shape of a goat."

[3] Alimony is that allowance which may be sued for by a married woman upon any occasional separation from her husband, when she is not charged with adultery or elopement. Hudibras's usage of his mistress, in this case, would not have been quite so bad as Stakeley's usage of his wife, who being reprimanded by Queen Elizabeth for using her ill, he told her Majesty, "That he had already turned her into her petticoat, and if any man could make

And laid her dowry out in law, To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out
T' employ their sorceries about?
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?
I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough, As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won But when they are impos'd upon,
For love approves of all they do That stand for candidates and woo.
Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise?
That is no more than authors give The rabble credit to believe:
A trick of following their leaders, To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true, Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence, The fatal enemy of sense.
Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin, Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in:
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't, Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
A gift that is not only able To domineer among the rabble,
And by the laws empower'd to root,
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else among the saints Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all your doating politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation:
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, if you will give me leave To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse If y' were but at a meeting-house.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

more of her, they might take her for him;" and not worse than the Christian liberty of the saints of those times, mentioned by Sir John Birkenhead, "of shifting their wives, and, if not for their turn, of turning them off, and taking new ones."

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wond'rous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell Were angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be again, Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,[1]
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?—Great gains.
What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more Than th' epidemical'st plague sore.[2]
What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What's orthodox and true believing[3]
Against a conscience?—A good living.
What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?—Administrings.
What makes all doctrine plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.
What laws and freedom, persecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.[4]

[1] This is a ridicule on the numerous pamphlets published in those times under the name and form of catechisms. Cheynel's Profane Catechism, Heylin's Rebel's Catechism, Watson's Cavalier's Catechism, Ram's Soldier's Catechism. Parker's Political Catechism, &c.

[2] Alluding either to the terrible plague in the reign of King Charles I., or that in 1665, in which there died in London 68,586.

[3] L'Estrange's Reflection on the Fable of the Hermit and Soldier.

[4] To prove by what arts and shifts this was done, give me leave to quote part of a smart satire, printed 1659, entitled, Peter's Pattern, or the Perfect Path to Worldly Happiness, as delivered at the funeral oration of Mr. Hugh Peters (though then living). "The gifts of ignorance, lying, impudence, informing, cozening, and hypocrisy belong to such as seek preferment, whether civil or military; but all of them are required to make up a minister of the word (in those times). First, that a preaching professor may make use of his time, it is acquired that he be stored with impudence. The uses of it are two: first, to encourage you to the most desperate enterprizes; and secondly, to make you scorn the reproaches of those who reprove ye. As for example, my beloved, if you see one of your enemies seated in a warm living, and that your hearts pant and thirst after the same, you ought then to put on your night-cap of devotion, and your garment of hypocrisy, and go to your superiors, and say, Yonder is a man, who is not of the congregation of professors, who is planted in a rich living, he is a scandalous and disaffected person, and I am more worthy than he, pray put me into his place. If men therefore rebuke you, and call you accuser, and devil, then ought you to make use of your gift of impudence, and laugh at them all. Thus did holy Nye throw out unrighteous Juxon out of his parsonage at Fulham: thus did our brother Marshall become possessed of his fat living in the land of Essex: this emboldened our departed brother to hold forth in the pulpit of Whitehall, where so many learned (as the Heathens call them) had been before him. What cared they for the reproaches of men! for their hearts were seared with hot iron of impudence, finding themselves at ease, and filled with joy." Phœnix Britannicus.

What makes morality a crime, The most notorious of the time?
Morality, which both the saints And wicked too cry out against:
'Cause grace and virtue are within Prohibited degrees of kin:
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience, That with morality dispense:
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted, In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked should do so, We neither know, nor care to do.[1]
What's liberty of conscience, I' th' natural and genuine sense?
'Tis to restore, with more security, Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce To th' elder practice of the Jews.[2]
For a large conscience is all one And signifies the same with none.[3]
It is enough (quoth he) for once And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave name to our Old Nick.)[4]
But was, below the least of these, That pass i' th' world for holiness.
This said, the furies and the light In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.[5]

[1] A fine wipe upon the immorality of the Cavaliers. And I beg leave to add, that as fine as a wipe was given by a Cavalier upon the Round-heads to one of General Fairfax's officers, who was vaunting of the sanctity of their army, and the negligence of the Cavaliers. "Faith (says he), you say true; for in our army we have the sins of men (drinking and wenching); but in yours, you have those of devils, spiritual pride and rebellion." (Sir Philip Warrick's Memoirs.) And it is observed by Cowley, in his preface to The Cutter of Coleman-street, "That the vices and extravagances imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers were really committed by aliens, who only usurped that name, and endeavoured to cover the report of their indigency, and infamy of their actions, with so honourable a title."

[2] Alluding to the frequent rebellions of the ancient Jews against the Lord and his vicegerents: whereas the modern ones are quiet under all governments: which practice they found upon the prophet Jeremiah's exhortation to the captives of Babylon, (chap. xxix).

[3] It is reported of Judge Jefferies, that, taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, he told him, "That, if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one." To which the countryman replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."

[4] Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that this is a blunder of the editors, to suppose the devil was called Old Nick, from Nick Machiavel the Florentine (but it was certainly the mistake of the author, who continued it in every edition during his life), who lived in the sixteenth century: whereas they could not but know, that our English writers, before Machiavel's time, used the word Old Nick very commonly to signify the devil: that it came from our Saxon ancestors, who called him Old Nicka (the Goths, I will add, called the devil Nidhog, and the Danes the god of the sea Nocca, and some Nicken, Sheringham de Gentis Anglorum Origine, cap. xiv. p. 324, 331.); and thinks that

He gave aim to our Old Nick,

which has a great deal of humour and satire in it, as supposing Machiavel to be so consummate a politician as to read lectures to the devil himself, would be an emendation.

Another poet of those times expresses himself in the following manner:

"In this prodigal trick, They have outdone Old Nick;
For what he did, he did show;
Their title is the same, And so is their aim,
For aught any man doth know."

A City Ballad, Collection of Old Songs.

It is observed by a Spy at Oxford, to Pym, &c. 1643, "That they have overmatched old Nicholas Machiavel the Florentine: the renowned Guido will be forgot; for their overreaching stratagemical state-brain will be matter enough to prove them dull-pated shallow-brained coxcombs: their fame and name shall bury their glory in oblivion. For all the world knows, that all the devils in hell could never have brought so much mischief upon this kingdom, unless they had helped them, and been the inventors of it." Sancho Pancha pays such a compliment to his master Don Quixote, "that Old Nick, or the devil, could not overreach him."

[5] R. Ga writeth, in his pamphlet, entitled, The Execution of the Windsor Witches, "That

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,[1]
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tide, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west, To go to bed, and take her rest:[2]
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor:
And though he shut his eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears to heark If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan, And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words, Unhappy wretch,[3]
What hast thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade, Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?[4]
By sauntring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur;[5]
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the sabbath of mankind, To rest the body and the mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
The Knight who heard the words explain'd,
As meant to him, this reprimand,
Because the character did hit, Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night,

he came to the God-speed, and with his sword and buckler killed the devil, or at least wounded him so sore, that he made him stink of brimstone."

[1] The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distempered in mind are called lunatics. This is the generally received opinion. La Blanc observes, "That at Cambaye town, it is to be noted, that the tides are weakest at full moon; which is wonderful and contrary to ours, and the reason not yet found out by any naturalist. The same in Pegu."

[2] Our poet stands alone in his description of the morning's approach: none that I know of besides himself has painted it by the moon's declension. He scorned to follow the old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's rising, which he had done once before. But he here finds out a new way, and altogether just.

[3] This was the Squire, who, upon the Knight's visit, was conveyed out of sight by the Widow. He had been in ambush, and within hearing, during the late correction of his master. No doubt his examination, confession, and punishment had afforded the Squire abundance of diversion; and no sooner had the furies left the distressed Knight, but he takes him to task, rallies him, and makes him amply discover the secret principles of his sect. All this the Squire accomplishes, by artfully counterfeiting a ghost, and telling the terrified Knight of all his late actions and designs. This gave credit to the imposture, and made it pass. See Canto iii.

[4] In allusion to a society in Spain so called. La Santa Hermandad, somewhat like our constables. See Don Quixote.

[5] The Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of horses, and the neighbouring inhabitants, never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men, and half horses. See an account of the original of Centaurs, Diod. Siculi. The Spaniards were taken for such, upon Cortez's conquest of the Mexicans, who had never before seen an horse; and took the horses and their riders to be fierce monsters, half men, and half beasts

And one of those h' had seen and felt,
The drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short pause and groan, The doleful spirit thus went on:
This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears,
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks, To lie in limbo in the stocks;
And from the pinnacle of glory Fall headlong into purgatory.
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice, That on my late disasters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it, By being mere heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse, With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself,[1]
That impudently dares to own What I have suffer'd for and do)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence, His oracles, are ceas'd long since;[2]
And he knows nothing of the saint,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand, And juggles at the second hand:
And now would pass for spirit Po,[3]
And all mens dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't; These rallying devils do no hurt,[4]
With that he rous'd his drooping heart, And hastily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

[1] Alluding probably to those lines in Horace, Carm. lib. iv. ode xiii. 18, 19, 20, ad Lycen Vetulum.

"——— Quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat amores Quæ me surpuerat mihi?"

Ben Jonson (Tale of a Tub, act iii. sc. v.) makes Bull Pu py express himself in the same manner: "A lady, &c. have plotted in the King's highway to steal me from myself."

[2] The devil's oracles ceased at the coming of our Saviour. "Mansit tamen ejusmodi vatum præcipua auctoritas et observatio, usque ad Christum æterni Dei filium, quo nato—cessarunt passim in orbe terrarum oracula: et quæcunque impiarum divinationum genera." Testibus Athanasio; Justino, Eusebio, Lactantio, Plutarcho, Plinio, conticueruntque dæmones, et tanquam Ranæ Seriphiæ obmutuerunt.

[3] Tom Po, an expression commonly used for an apparition: and it was usual to say, to one that seemed fearful of going into another room, in the dark, you are afraid you shall meet Tom Po. The rise of this might be from the Nayros, or soldiers of Malabar in the Indies, of whom Linschoten gives the following account: As these Nayros go in the street, they used to cry Po, Po, which is to say, take heed, look to yourselves, or I come, stand out of the way: For that the other sort of people called Polyas, that are no Nayros, may not touch or trouble one of them: And therefore they always cry, because they should make them room, and know that they come: for if any of the Polyas should chance to touch their bodies, he may freely thrust him through, and no man ask him why he did it.

[4] I have heard of a gentleman's servant, in other respects very stout and courageous; who was so fully possessed with the vulgar notion of spirits and hobgoblins, that he was almost afraid to lie alone. A fellow-servant, in order to scare him, got under the bed one night, and when he was almost asleep, raised up the bed with his back, which put the poor man into a terrible panic:

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight:
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paultry black-guard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house, Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes
Without the raising of which sum, You dare not be so troublesome;
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,[1] For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,[2]
And your diversion, dull dry bobbing;
T' entice fanatics in the dirt, And wash 'em clean in ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are so proud, At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me, But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir (quoth the voice), Y' are no such Sophi[3]
As you would have the world judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our talents,
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know Us ghosts, as well as we do you:
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest, With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire, In all adventures, as your Squire.
Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token To your low-country Hogen-mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope He'll swing, like skippers in a rope.
And if y' have been more just to me (As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true, What th' ill affected say of you,
Y' have 'spous'd the covenant and cause, By holding up your cloven paws.[4]

[1] "*When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,*
I pinch the maids both black and blue,
And from the bed the bed-cloaths I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view." Old Ballad of Robin Goodfellow.
"*She bid him then go to those caves,* Where conjurers keep fairy slaves,
Such sort of creatures as will baste ye A kitchen wench, for being nasty:
But, if she neatly scour her pewter, Give her the money that is due t' her."
Orpheus and Eurydice by Dr. King, Miscellanies. Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

[2] "*From hag-bred Merlin's time have I*
Thus nightly revel'd to and fro;
And, for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow." Old Ballad of Robin Goodfellow.

[3] Alluding to the title commonly given to the Kings of Persia. Prince Cantemir, observes "That Ishmael Shah, contemporary with Bajazet, was founder of the present royal family of Persia; from him who had the name of Sophi, or wise, they have retained the name of the Great Sophi to this day."
Sir John Chardin, who lived some time in Persia, in his account of the coronation of Soleiman III. King of Persia, annexed to his travels into Persia, explaining the word *safie*, says, "It will be more to the purpose to observe the mistakes of our writers upon the word *safie*: for they would have all the Kings of Persia to be called Sophies. I cannot but laugh, says he, when I find in their writings the Grand Sophy, the Sophy of Persia, and the Sovereign Sophy; for the Kings of Persia are neither called Sophies in general, nor in particular: could the Kings of Persia read our European characters, and should see, in the letters that are written to them from some parts of Europe, the title which is given them of Sophy, questionless they would spit upon them, and take it as an affront."

[4] The manner of taking the covenant was by lifting up their hands to heaven, for the main-

Sir, quoth the voice, 'Tis true I grant,
We made and took the covenant :[1]
But that no more concerns the cause, Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't.[2]
And that's the reason cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That are but natural effects Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
Those spider saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir, quoth the voice, That may as true
And properly be said of you ;
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do Is only what you forc'd 'em to.
You, who are not content alone With tricks to put the devil down,
But must have armies rais'd to back The gospel work you undertake ;
As if artillery, and edge-tools, Were th' only engines to save souls.
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r By force to run down and devour ;
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance ;[3]
Is ty'd up only to design, T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :
In which you all his arts out-do, And prove yourself his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil[4] Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
Because, unless they help the elf, He can do little of himself :
And therefore where he's best possess'd, Acts most against his interest ;
Surprises none but those wh' have priests

tenance and observation of the ends and principles expressed in it. The Independents were at length for setting aside the covenant, though some of them, jointly with the Presbyterians, had been concerned in making it, and had actually taken it, as this Independent Ghost acknowledges, which is the reason why our Presbyterian Knight urges the obligation of it to him ; for this was their practice. See the history above quoted, which will give the reader a full light into this whole dialogue.

[1] Mercurius Publicus tells us of a wizard, who, upon his examination at Edinburgh, confessed, that the devil had bound him to renounce his Creed, and his Christendom, (Christianity) but gave him leave to keep his covenant. Butler here gives the reason of it, that the devil had a principal hand in the making of it : and in canto ii. are the following lines :

Until th' had prov'd the devil author O' th' covenant, and cause his daughter.

[2] Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders to pin the band, wore by persons nice in dressing ; but his wooden one is a pillory.

[3] That is, doing penance, in the Scotch way, upon the stool of repentance, or commuting the penance for a sum of money. The Scots ordain, "That common and ordinary swearing, open profaning of the Lord's day, wronging of his minister, and other acts of that kind, shall not only be punished with loss of pay and imprisonment, but the transgressors shall make their public repentance in the middle of the congregation."

The author of a tract, entitled, A Long-winded Lay Lecture, banters the Scottish penancers in the following lines :

"Brethren, forgive me, now I do confess,
Yet to confession I'll not play the fool, To bring mine arse upon the Scottish stool:
No, I'll not subject be to such an order, Which will e'er long invade our English border.
Then they that will be slav'd, after the sentence, Must sit upon the stool of their repentance ;
But no such Scottish Presbyterian trick Shall make my freeborn heart with sorrow sick.
Let those that have a mind, the most commend on't,
On that and all the rest I'm independent."

[4] Criminals in their indictments, are charged with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil.

To turn him out, and exorcists,[1]
Supply'd with spiritual provision, And magazines of ammunition:
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes:
The tools of working out salvation By mere mechanic operation,
With holy water, like a sluice, To overflow all avenues.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd, T'oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprize, Although his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge, And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures Entrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes And dungeons where you clap up souls:
Like under-keepers, turn the keys, T' your mittimus anathemas:
And never boggle to restore The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer justice Than all your covenanting trustees:[2]
Unless, to punish them the worse, You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice:[3]
When to a legal utlegation You turn your excommunication,[4]
And, for a groat unpaid that's due, Distrain on soul and body too.[5]
Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough, When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours;
That, as you trust us, in our way, To raise your members and to lay,

[1] Exorcists made an order of the clergy in the third century, Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church. But Butler designs to sneer the Popish exorcists, who pretend to lay or cast out evil spirits.

[2] See 13th Carol. II, chap. xxv. entitled, "An act for restoring all such advowsons, rectories impropriate, glebe lands, and tythes, to his Majesty's loyal subjects, as were taken from them, and certain changes imposed upon them upon their compositions for delinquency by the said usurpers," s. 1, 2, 3.

[3] There was in those days a remarkable case of this kind, that of Mr. Sherfield, the recorder and famous breaker of glass windows in a church at Sarum; of whom Mr. Garrard, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, gives the following account: Sherfield died some thousands in debt, and most wickedly cheated those that dealt with him for that little laiſl he had, a manor near Marlborough. When, as your Lordship knows, he was fined 500*l.* in the Star-chamber, he then mortgaged his manor to Mr. Ayres, a bencher in Lincoln's-Inn, who lent him upon it 2500*l.* Upon his death, he challenging it, Audely, of the court of wards, shews a former mortgage to him; Sir Thomas Jarvis, one more ancient than that; his wife before him challengeth it as her jointure; his eldest brother shews a conveyance before all these: In conclusion, upon his death-bed, he commanded a servant to carry a letter with a key sealed up in it to Mr. Noy, where was assigned in what box of his study at Lincoln's-Inn lay the conveyance of his estate; when it was found, that, by deed bearing date before all those formerly mentioned, he had given all his estate to pious uses." Sic finita est fabula of Mr. Sherfield.

[4] These saints proceeded in a more formal and more vigorous manner in their outlawries than Mr. Selden did in the following instance: "The King of Spain (Table-talk) was outlawed in Westminster-hall, I being of council against him: A merchant had recovered costs against him in a suit, which because he could not get, we advised him to have him outlawed for not appearing, and so he was. As soon as Gondimer heard that he presently sent the money; by reason, if his master had been outlawed, he could not have had the benefit of the law, which would have been very prejudicial, there being many suits then depending between the King of Spain and our English merchants." See the manner of the outlawry, Spelmanni Glossar. sub voce *Excommunicatio*.

[5] A sneer upon the abuse of Excommunications by the Presbyterians, which were as rigorous as those in the Romish church, of which I meet with the following account: "Denique ob pecuniæ lucrive tantulum, aut alioqui res minimi pretii ad interneciones usque animæ, corporis, honoris, atque rei familiaris, contra divina humanaque jura perducuntur."

Baker says (History of the Inquisition) that the ceremony of a Popish excommunication is thus: "When the Bishop pronounces the anathema, twelve priests must stand round him, and hold lighted candles in their hands, which they must throw down to the ground and tread under their feet at the conclusion of the anathema or excommunication."

We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory, To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder:
For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
We onl'have made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power, We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind Of all dissenters of mankind.
Right, quoth the voice, and, as I scorn To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices, I'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on[1]
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day, You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the spirit grop'd about To find the enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up;
But found his forlorn hope his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;[2]
But fear, that soonest cures those sores, In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid, And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.

[1] Alluding probably to the Ghost in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

'But even then the morning cock grew loud, And at the sound it sunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.—— But soft, methinks I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be."—— Ghost in Hamlet.

Virgil represents the Ghost of Anchises thus concluding his instructions to Æneas:

"Jamque vale; torquet medios nox humida cursus,
Et me sævus equis oriens afflavit anhelis.
Dixerat, et tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras." Æn. l. v.

"The dewy night rolls on her middle course,
And with his panting steeds the rising sun
Severe hath breath'd upon me. Thus he said,
And flew like smoke into the fleeting air." Dr. Trapp.

It is feigned, that Alectryon, which signifies a cock, was a youth beloved by Mars; and conscious of his adultery with Venus, he was accustomed to watch at the door, and give notice of any that approached: but falling at one time asleep, they were discovered by the Sun, and caught in a net by Vulcan: for which angry Mars converted him into a fowl with a crest on his crown, representing his helmet, who, mindful of his former neglect, continually crows before the rising of the sun, lest he should take any one tardy. Dr. Meric Casaubon, in his preface to Dee's Book of Spirits says, "One tells us, that, when the cock croweth, the solemn meetings of witches are dissolved; and he thinks a reason may be, because of the crowing of the cock, in the gospel, when St. Peter denied Christ." To this opinion Prior, in his poem, entitled, De la Fontaine's Hans, Carvel imitated, alludes:

"All's well—But prithee, honest Hans, Says Satan, leave your complaisance.
The truth is this, I cannot stay, Flaring in sunshine all the day:
For, entre nous, we hellish sprites Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oft'ner our receipts convey In dreams than any other way."
Turkish Spy, vol. vi. book ii. letter xiv.

See the vulgar notion of spirits appearing only in the night bantered, Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, act iv. Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. act iv. Spectator, No. 110.

[2] "March 4, 1662-3. A scheme of a cart with legs that moved, instead of wheels, was brought before the Royal Society, and referred to the consideration of Mr. Hooke, who made a report of it at their next meeting; and, upon the 18th of the same month, that report, with some alterations, was ordered to be sent to the author of that invention, Mr. Potter; and Mr. Hooke was ordered to draw up a full description of this cart; which, together with the scheme, and the animadversions upon it, were to be entered in their books." The first Philosophical Transaction bears date March 6, 1664-5.

No sooner was he fit to trudge, But both made ready to dislodge;
The spirit hors'd him like a sack. Upon the vehicle, his back:[1]
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout To find their fellow cattle out:
Nor was it in half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow, Conveyed away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay, And let the night to steal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright.
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap, On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein, He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain,
While Hudibras, with equal haste, On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as jockies use to break, Or padders to secure a neck,
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

CANTO II.—ARGUMENT.[2]

The saints engage in fierce contests About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys According to their rites of grace,
Their various frenzies to reform, When Cromwell left them in a storm:
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble Burn all the grandees of the cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,[3]

[1] Those lines in Churchyard's Chips, might be applied to our heroes under these circumstances.

"Then could I call nea oestler knave,"
Nor face him down my gear was gone,
And pick'd away by hangers-on:
That follows geasts to every inn, By shift some pairs of boets to win.
Such filchers have so great a lack, They steal the saddle from the back.
But I, that brought a saddle out, Might ride now like a gentil lout:
There was no thief to shrewd my shaem, But plain poor Tom to bear the blame."

Sancho Pancha's adventure was more humorous, who had his ass stolen from under him, when asleep, the thief clapping four stakes under the four corners of his pack-saddle. Don Quixote.

[2] This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: Neither of our heroes make their appearance: Other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and

That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed Of vermin did at first proceed,
So, ere the storm of war broke out, Religion spawn'd a various rout[1]
Of petulant capricious sects, The maggots of corrupted texts,[2]

to stigmatise vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity of action, time, or place; though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorums; But now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors: He purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Restoration. He sets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declension of their tyrannical power and government. All these occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the several facts are warranted by history.

3 Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original. He alludes probably to the method of repairing the bee kind mentioned by Virgil, Georg. iv. 283, &c.

"Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri Pandere"——
"'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art Th' Arcadian master did of old impart;
And how he stock'd his empty hives again, Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain——
First, in a place by nature close, they build A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this four windows are contriv'd, that strike To the four winds oppos'd their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread;
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down he dies, his bowels, bruis'd within Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus on his obscene abode,
They leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are strew'd,
Beneath his body broken boughs and thyme, And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done ere Spring makes equal day, When western winds on curling waters play,
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops, Or swallows twitter on the chimney tops,
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent, Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise, A moving mass at first, and short of thighs:
Till, shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees, with pointed stings;
And, more and more affecting air, they try Their tender pinions, and begin to fly:
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
They burst at once, and pour impetuous floods;
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, When from afar they gall embattl'd foes;
With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
And such a form the winged squadrons bear." Dryden.

See an account of blasts, Lord Bacon's Natural History, cent. vii. § 696, p. 143.

1 The author of a Tale of a Tub, probably alludes to this, where, speaking of Jack, he observes, "That he was a person of great design and improvement in devotion; having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers, by some called Babel, by some Chaos, who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury Plain." See account of the great variety of sects during those times, Tatler, No. 256.

"Take —— and his club, and Smec and his tub, Or any sect old or new;
The devil's in the pack if choice you can lack, We are fourscore religions strong."
The Rebellion Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

2 The Independents were literally so, having corrupted that text, Acts vi. 3. to give the people a right to chuse their own pastors: "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, whom ye (instead of *τυε, ους καταστησωμεν*) may appoint over this business." Mr. Field has this forgery in several of his editions of the Bible; and amongst the rest, in his beautiful folio edition of 1659-60, and octavo edition 1661. And I have been informed that he was the first printer of this forgery, and had £1500 for it. Wotton's Visitation Sermon at Newport Pagnel, Bucks, Sept. 7, 1706.

"They a bold pow'r o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make."
Cowley's Puritan and Papist.

And they are described by Dryden (Religio Laici) in the following lines:

"Study and pains were now no more their care,
Texts were explained by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought, Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought;

That first run all religion down,
For, as the Persian Magi once[1]
That were incapable t' enjoy
So Presbyter begot the other
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same.
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;[4]
As by their truest characters;
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
The cause and covenant to lessen,
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the churches,[5]

And after every swarm its own.
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That empire any other way;
Get quarter for each other's beard.[3]
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
And providence to be out of season;

While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm:
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
A thousand daily sects rise up and die,
So all the use we make of heaven's discover'd will
The danger's much the same, on several shelves,
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves."

And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand more the perish'd race supply;
Is not to have it, but to use it ill.

[1] The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, entrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observations of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom amongst them to preserve and continue their families, by incestuous copulation with their mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wise men that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were some of these.

[2] The author of the dialogue between Mr. Guthry and Mr. Gifton, 1661, sets forth their relation in the following manner:

Giff. "They say, they are of nearer relation to you,
Your younger brothers, and the wiser too."

Gu. I confess, they did follow our pattern a long time, but it was with a design to spoil our copy, and they supplanted us by the same artifice we used, a greater seeming austerity of life and conversation.

The Presbyterians and Independents were as near a kin in a spiritual sense, as Archer (who pretended to be an Irishman) and Foigard, an Irish Popish priest, were in a natural one.

Archer. "Upon my soulvation dere ish, joy.——But my cushin Mackshane, will you not put a remembrance upon me? *Foigard.* Mackshane! By Saint Patrick, that ish my name sure enough (aside). The devil hang you, joy.—By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

Archer. O, de devil hang yourself, joy, you know we were little boys togeder upon the school and your foster moder's son was married upon my nurse's chister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens." Farquhar's Beaux Stratagam, act iv.

[3] The Presbyterians, when uppermost, were very unwilling to grant a toleration to the Independents, and other sectaries, as is observed in the preface. Mr. Calamy upon demand, what they would do with Anabaptists, Antinomians, &c. said, "They would not meddle with their consciences, but with their bodies and estates." For further proof, I beg leave to refer the reader to Sir Roger L'Estrange's Dissenters Sayings, First and Second Parts, under the article Toleration; and to a tract, entitled, A Century of eminent Presbyterian Preachers, published in 1723, Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America, &c. p. 9.

[4] The Jews tell of two dogs that were very fierce the one against the other; one of them is assaulted by a wolf, and thereupon the other dog resolves to help him against the wolf that made the assault. Adagia Hebraica, Ray's Proverbs.

[5] An ordinance was passed in 1649 for removing of obstructions in the sale of the King's, Queen's, and Princes' lands, and several manors and lands were appointed the soldiers for their arrears, whose debentures were now stated by a committee of the army; the common soldiers purchasing in the manner of a corporation by regiments. The frequency of these debentures (which the old officers and reformadoes sold at half a crown in the pound) drew in several citizens to bargain with the trustees named in the ordinance for the sale of such lands and hereditaments. Ordinance, for removing obstructions in the sale of the lands of bishops, deans and chapters. There had been nineteen ordinances to the same purpose in the years

But all divided, shar'd, and gone, That us'd to urge the brethren on.
Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie, Secur'd against the hue and cry,
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions On carnal orders and injunctions;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *scire facias*,
At Michael's term had many a trial,[1]
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For, when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest saint, and best, Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead Of every brother, pass the deed;
He straight converted all his gifts To pious frauds and holy shifts;
And settled all the other shares Upon his outward man and heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands, Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience, By pre-entail of providence;
Impeach'd the rest for reprobates, That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attaints Degraded from the right of saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on:
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick;[2]
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold As men with sand-bags did of old;[3]
That brought the lawyers in more fees Than all unsanctified trustees;
Till he who had no more to show I' th' case, received the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst, They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,[4]

1646, 1647, 1648. And yet, notwithstanding. Whitehall and Somerset-house were not disposed of, May 16, 1659: For all that time it was resolved by the council of state, that these, with their appurtenances, should be exposed to sale, for paying the great arrears due to the army. Mercurius Politicus, No. 567. And Wed. 6th July, 1659, they ordered the sale of Hampton Court, with the meadows, parks, and deer. No. 577.

[1] St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistle, verse 9.

[2] William Prynne, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., born at Swanswick, who styled himself Utter Barrister, a very warm person and voluminous writer, and, after the Restoration, keeper of the Records in the Tower.

[3] When the combat was demanded in a legal way by knights and gentlemen, it was fought with sword and lance; and, when by yeomen, with the sand bags fastened to the end of a truncheon. To this custom Ben Jonson alludes, in his Underwood, in the King's entertainment, 1633.

"Go, Captain Stub, lead on, and shew What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir Quintin, and the cuff You 'scape o' th' sand-bag's counter-buff."

See the proposal of the Squire of the Wood to Sancho Pancha to fight with a couple of linen bags, with half a dozen smooth stones in each bag, Don Quixote.

[4] The Independents and other sectaries spawned from them, being supported by Oliver Cromwell and the army, soon deprived the Presbyterians of all the power the Lords and Commons had begun to give them.

Mr. Fry, a member of Parliament, says, "That rigid Sir John Presbyter was desperately sick

Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd ;[1]
Turn'd out, and excommunicate From all affairs of church and state ;
Reform'd t' a reformado saint, And glad to turn itinerant,[2]
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,[3]
And make those uses serve again, Against the new enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic, As pat as Popish and Prelatic ;
And, with as little variation, To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The good old cause, which some believe[4]
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse ;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station[5]
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once ;
And in the saddle of one steed The Saracen and Christian rid ;[6]

—and that he would as soon put a sword into the hands of a madman as into the hands of a highflying Presbyterian."

And in the Last Will and Testament of Sir John Presbyter, printed in the year of jubilee, 1647, are the following lines :

" Here lies Jack Presbyter, void of all pity, Who ruin'd the country, and fooled the city,
He turn'd preaching to prating and telling of lies, Caus'd jarrs and dissensions in all families :
He invented new oaths rebellion to raise, Deceiving the Commons, whilst on them he preys :
He made a new creed, despis'd the old ; King, state, and religion, by him bought and sold.
He four years consulted, and yet could not tell
The parliament the way Christ went into hell :
Resolved therein he never would be, Therefore in great haste he's gone thither to see."

[1] Alluding to the seclusion of the Presbyterian members from the house, in order to the King's trial.

[2] " April 12, 1649, it was referred to a committee to consider of a way how to raise pensions and allowances out of dean and chapters lands, to maintain supernumerary ministers, who should be authorised to go up and down, compassing the earth, and adulterating other men's pulpits and congregations." History of Independency.

Hugh Peters (in a tract, entitled, A word to the Army, and two Words to the Kingdom, 1647, advises, " That two or three itinerary preachers may be sent by the state into every county ; and a committee of godly men, to send out men of honesty, holiness, and parts, to all counties, recommended from their test." For a further account of these itinerants, see Vavasor Powell, Wood's Athenæ Oxon.

[3] The Independents urged the very same doctrines against the Presbyterians which the Presbyterians had before used against the bishops, such as the no necessity of ordination by the hands of the Presbytery, and that church-government was committed to the community of the faithful : which doctrines, and others of the like nature, the Presbyterians had preached up, in order to pull down the bishops ; but, when the Independents used those arguments against the government they would have set up, they preached them down again.

[4] The Covenant and Protestation, for which they first pretended to take up arms.

[5] See the best account of that sect, in the History of Independency, by Clement Walker, Esq. ; a zealous Presbyterian and secluded member. The first part of his book was published in the year 1648 ; the second part, entitled, Anarchia Anglicana, 1649, by Theodorus Verax. Mr. Walker, being discovered to be the author by Cromwell, was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, Nov. 13, 1649, where he wrote the third part, entitled, The High Court of Justice, or Cromwell's Bloody Slaughter-house, published in the year 1651. After the Restoration, a fourth part was added, by T. M. Esq. ; and all four published together in a thick quarto, 1660-1. and Bastwick's Routing of the Independent Army, 4to.

[6] See an account of the rise of the Independents in the year 1643, where Independency is compared to Mahometanism, Echard's History of England, vol. ii. p. 435.

Were free of every spiritual order,[1]
To preach, and fight,[2] and pray, and murder :)[3]
No sooner got the start to lurch Both disciplines, of war and church,
And providence enough to run The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against The common enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far, To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more T' attack themselves as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome, Except their worst, themselves at home:
Wh' had compass'd all th' pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the nation, church and state,
And all things but their laws and hate.[4]
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent, Religion and the government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd To pull down all the war had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish Subvert, extirpate, and demolish;
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,

Walker (History of Independency), says, "Tho Independents are a composition of Jew, Christian, and Turk."

[1] The Romish orders here alluded to are the Jesuits, the Knights of Malta, the Fathers of the Oratory, and the Dominicans, who are at the head of the Inquisition.

It was so in Butler's time; but Baker observes (History of the Inquisition), "That this office is not, as formerly, committed to the Predicants or Dominican friars: They began to employ in it the secular clergy, who were skilful in the decrees and laws, till at last the whole power gradually devolved on them; so that now the Dominican friars have no part in it, though the Inquisitors oftentimes use their assistance in judging of propositions, and they are employed as counsellors in the holy office."

[2] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached, and prayed, as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled, Cromwell's learned, devout, and conscientious Exercise held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, upon Romans xiii. 1. [penes me] in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one: the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin."

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether by the *higher powers* are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: For may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers*? Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, Let every soul be subject to the *higher power*, if he had meant but one man: but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us be subject to the *higher powers*, that is, the council of state, the house of commons and the army."

When in the Humble Petition there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly, "because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article." Heath's Chronicle.

[3] L'Estrange observes, upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step in the whole train of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days: which was no other than to make God the author of sin and to impute the blackest practices of hell, to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done: And, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the General, that this was a full return of prayer: and, God having so manifested his pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it.

"So the late saints, of blessed memory, Cut throats, in godly pure sincerity;
So they, with lifted hands and eyes devout, Said grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd monarch out."
Oldham's Second Satire upon the Jesuits.

[4] That is, The laws of the land, and the hatred of the people.

As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,[1]
Both parties join'd to do their best, To damn the public interest;
And herded only in consults, To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers, At all their dialects of jabberers,[2]
And tug at both ends of the saw, To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game, Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state, And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won, The public business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing, Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This, when the Royalists perceiv'd,[3]
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown,)
Th' united constanter, and sided The more, the more their foes divided.
For though outnumber'd, overthrown, And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated:
For loyalty is still the same Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,[4] Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these brethren in evil, Their adversaries and the devil,
Began once more, to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods, And unfrequented solitudes:
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacity unmatch'd, For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted, But up another party started,
And as if nature too in haste, To furnish our supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production,
No sooner those were overcome, But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increas'd
The more, the more they were suppress'd:

[1] It is reported of the Dutch women, that, making so great use of stoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster which is called a sooterkin. Cleveland's Character of a London Diurnal.

[2] Dubartas thus describes the confusion at Babel, (Divine Weeks, and Works):

"This said, as soon confusedly did bound,
Through all the work, I wot not what strange sound,
A jangling noise, not much unlike the rumours
Of Bacchus swains amidst their drunken humours:
Some speak between their teeth, some in their nose,
Some in the throat their words do ill dispose;
Some howl, some hollow, some to strut and strain,
Each hath his gibberish, and all strive in vain
To find again their known beloved tongue,
That with their milk they suck'd in cradle young."

[3] What a lasting monument of fame has our poet raised to the Royalists! What merited praise does he bestow on their unshaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud their constancy and sufferings! If anything can be a compensation to those of that party who met with unworthy disregard and neglect after the Restoration, it must be this never-dying eulogy: Butler, alas! was one of that unfortunate number.

[4] The writer of the preface to The Wicked Plots of the pretended Saints, &c. compares Foulis, the author, to Little Loyal John, in the epitaph:

"For the king, church, and blood royal,
He went as true as any sun-dial."

Whom neither chains, nor transportation,[1]
Proscription, sale, nor confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,[2]
Nor death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right;
From staking life and fortune down 'Gainst all together, for the crown:
But kept the title of their cause From forfeiture, like claims in laws:
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation Can ever settle on the nation:
Until in spite of force and treason, They put their loyalty in possession;
And by their constancy and faith, Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toss'd in a furious hurricane, Did Oliver give up his reign;[3]
And was believ'd as well by saints, As mortal men and miscreants.
To founder in the Stygian ferry,[4] Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,[5]
Who in a false erroneous dream Mistook the new Jerusalem,
Profanely for th' apocryphal False heaven at the end o' th' hall;[6]

[1] All the methods here mentioned were made use of to dispirit the cavaliers, but to no purpose.

[2] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record: As that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654, of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, Vive le Roy; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded: of the brave Sir Robert Spotswood; of Mr. Courtney and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called seditious books and pamphlets; of Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewit, Mercurius Politicus, No. 419.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence: who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation; or the common soldier mentioned in the Oxford Diurnal. Butler, or Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive but their undaunted zeal."

[3] At Oliver's death was a most serious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed in a tract, "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase with other regicides.

[4] "Old Oliver's gone to the dogs, Oh! no, I do mistake,
He's gone in a wherry Over the ferry
Is call'd the Stygian lake. But Cerberus, that great porter,
Did read him such a lecture, That made him to roar
When he was come on shore, For being Lord Protector."
Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

[5] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled: "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God, when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him, that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work, which could not be done in a less time; but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said divine publicly in his prayers expostulated with God the defeat of his prophecy, in these words: Thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people, that he had just before received an express from Jesus, upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

[6] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of

Whither it was decreed by fate — His precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before[1] — B' as orthodox a senator;
From whose divine illumination — He stole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;[2]
Who first laid by the parliament, — The only crutch on which he leant:
And then sunk underneath the state
That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the saints began their reign,[3]
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings — To see an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe — Of justice, government and law,[4]
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons,
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hanse-towns,[5]

Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

[1] A Roman senator, whose name was Proculus, and much beloved by Romulus, made oath before the senate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promised to be protector of it: and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the name of Quirinus; and he had his temple on mount Quirinal.

[2] Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the privy council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen: and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborow, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign. Butler expresses himself to the same purpose, in his tale of the Cobler and Vicar of Bray, Remains:

"What's worse, old Noll is marching off, — And Dick, his heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the government, — A very lame vicegerent:
He'll reign but little time, poor tool, — But sink beneath the state,
That will not fail to ride the fool — *'Bove common horseman's weight.*"

And another poet speaks of him and his brother Henry in the following manner:

"But young Dick and Harry, not his heirs, but his brats,
As if they had less wit and grace than gib-cats,
Slunk from their commands like a brace of drown'd rats."
The Rump Carbonado'd, Loyal Songs

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit incog. to the Prince of Conti, and Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and after a few words, (not knowing who he was) "the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. Well, said the Prince, Oliver though he was a traitor, and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command. But for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive: What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot? He answered, That he was betrayed by those he most trusted and had been most obliged to his father. So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon.

[3] A sneer upon the committee of safety; among whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years." Baxter's Life mentions a sect, called from him, Vanists.

[4] Young observes (Sidrophel Vapulans) "That two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, ann. 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that, in their scurrilous prognostications, they predicted the downfal of both; and in 1654 they foretold, that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the great charter, and all our liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times; and the crab-tree of the law shall be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them."

[5] The Germans bordering on the sea, being anciently infested by Barbarians, for their better defence, entered into a mutual league, and gave themselves the name of Hans-towns, either from the sea, on which they bordered, or from their faith, which they had plighted to one an-

To edify upon the ruins Of John of Leyden's outgoings;
Who, for a weather-cock hung up, Upon their mother church's top:[1].
Was made a type by providence, Of all their revelations since;
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures;
For, when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their lights and gifts more wide,
From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd:
While every individual brother Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
Were found the busiest to transact;
For though most hands dispatch apace,
And make light work (the proverb says),
Yet many different intellects Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king, But all the rest for no such thing,[2]
Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd[3]
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;[4]

other with their own hand (*Hansæ*), or from the same word, which in their language signified a league, society, or association.

1 "Then John of Leyden, Noll, and all Their gobling ghostly train,
Brave rebel saints, triumphant shall Begin the second reign."
Sir John Birkenhead revived.

2 "Some for a king, and some for none: And some have hankerings
To mend the Commonwealth, and make An empire of all kings."
Tale of the Cobler and Vicar of Bray, Butler.

Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate, Whether a king, or no king? said, "That, if they must have a king, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England; he found no fault in his person, but office."

3 Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy Men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

"Cæsar, not Christ, the ancient Jews Paid tribute of their treasure
Our Jews no king, but Christ, will chuse And rob and cry down Cæsar."
Mercurius Pragmaticus, No. 6. May 9, 1648.

"But seven years of a thousand 'tis Our saints must rulers be:
For they shall lose in years of bliss Nine hundred ninety-three."
Mercurius Pragmaticus, No. 8. Birkenhead revived.

"But Overton most with wonder doth seize us,
By securing of Hull for no less than Christ Jesus;
Hoping (as it by the story appears)
To be there his lieutenant for one thousand years."
Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

The Fifth Monarchy Men published their tenets before Cromwell arrived at his pitch of grandeur, as appears from the two following tracts (penes me).

The Sounding of the last Trumpet; or several Visions, declaring, The universal overturning and rooting up of all earthly Powers in England, with many other Things foretold, which shall come to pass in this year 1650; lately shewed unto George Forster, who was commanded to print them.

Sion's approaching Glory; or the great and glorious day of the Lord King Jesus his appearing, before whom all the Kings of the Nations must fall, and never rise again; accurately described according to the Prophets, Christ, and his Apostles, in three and forty Sections. James Freze, Merchant. London, 1652.

In 1654, John Spittlehouse published a Vindication of the Fifth Monarchy Men, in answer to a speech of O. Cromwell's in the Painted Chamber, Sept. 4. 1654. Bridges, in his Dedication prefixed to a Thanksgiving Sermon before the Commons, May 17. 1648, exhorts them "to do what in them lies to bring the blessed King Jesus into his throne of inheritance." See a further account of their principles, from their printed books, entitled, The Standard; Ludlow's Memoirs, Ross's View of all Religions in the World.

4 Fleetwood was a Lieutenant-general: he married Ireton's widow, O. Cromwell's eldest

Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,
For agitators,[1] and the safety;

daughter; was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house; his salary supposed to be £6600 a-year.

Desborough, a yeoman of £60 or £70 per annum (some say a plowman). In a tract, entitled, A brief Account of the Meeting, Proceedings, and Exit of the Committee of Safety, London, 1659, p. 9. (penes me), Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says,—"When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon——Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others."

"Janizary Desbrow then look'd pale; For, said he, if this rump prevail,
'Twill blow me back to my old plow-tail,
Which nobody can deny."
The Rump, a Song Collect. of Loyal Songs.

Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a Colonel,—was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the protectorship: upon which he was made one of his council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west, and was one of Oliver's upper house. The writer of the First Narrative of the Parliament, so-called, observes, that his annual income was £3236 13s. 4d.

Butler, in his parable of the Lion and Fox (Remains), girds him severely in the following lines:

"Says Desborough, for that his name was, Who afterwards grew very famous,
And, as his neighbours all can tell, I' th' civil wars was Colonel;
Nay, some there be that will not stick To say he was so politic,
Or, if you will, so great a rogue, That, when rebellion was in vogue,
That he among the rest was one That doom'd the King to martyrdom."

See his name in the list of regicides, Walker's History of Independency.

Lambard in the first edit. 1678, altered 1684. He was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk, in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the Narrative of the late Parliament so called, 1657, p. 9. observes, That Major-Gen. Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had £1000 per ann. which, with his other places, in all amounted to £6512 3s. 4d.

[1] In 1647 the army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the General Council of Officers; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and sergeants, who were called by the name of Agitators, and were to be a House of Commons to the Council of Officers: These drew up a declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.

Butler, in a ludicrous speech which he makes for the Earl of Pembroke, has the following words: "I perceive your lordships think better of me, and would acquit me, if I was not charged by the agitators.——'Sdeath, what's that! whoever heard the word before! I understand classical, provincial, congregational, national, but for agitator, it may be, for aught I know, a knave not worth threepence: If agitators cut noblemen's throats, you will find the devil has been an agitator."

Some of the positions of the agitators here follow: "That all Inns of Court and Chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snares, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

"That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free schools, cities, corporations, ministers, glebe lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the crown belonging to the king or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers, and the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services."

See Hampton-Court Conspiracy, with the Downfal of the Agitators and Levellers, who would admit no distinction of Birth or Title, and, out of the Lands of the whole Kingdom in general, would proportion an equal estate to every Man in particular.

The author defines an "agitator to be an arch tub traitor of this age, whom the devil lately tossed out of the bottomless pit, to drive on his designs, prick principalities, and torment the times."

Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time: Their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted) yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction. Echard.

So here's a committee of Safety compounded
Of knave, and of fool, of Papist and Roundhead;
Of basis of treason, and tyranny grounded.
The Committee of Safety, Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

Some for the gospel, and massacres Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence, Oaths of supremacy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of synods and provincial classes,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling prophecies, And th' extirpation of th' excise;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
Of holidays, and paying poundage:[1]
Some for the cutting down of groves,[2] And rectifying baker's loaves;
And some for finding out expedients Against the slavery of obedience.
Some were for gospel ministers, And some for red-coat seculars,[3]
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And weild the one and t'other sword.
Some were for carrying on the work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk;
Some for engaging to suppress[4] The camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night Of Popery, than gospel light.
Others were for abolishing That tool of matrimony, a ring.[5]

They are bantered by the author of a tract, entitled, "A Parley between the Ghosts of the Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell," p. 10. "Phanatic Committee of Safety; (saith the Protector) there's a word that requires another Calvin's industry to make a comment on it: And, then, naming them again, he fell into such a laughter, that he waked the great devil, who was lying upon a bench hard by, something drunkish. What's the matter, cries Beelzebub? What's the matter, cries the Protector? Can you lie sleeping there, and hear us talk of a Phanatic Committee of Safety? Cudshobs, quoth the Devil, this England is a plaguy country; Africa itself never bred such monsters: and upon that he began to call for his guard: But the King of Sweden soon prevented his fear, by the relation he made of their being turned out of commission."

[1] There was an ordinance to abolish festivals, die Martis, 8 Junii 1647, throughout England and Wales; and every second Tuesday in the month to be allowed to scholars, apprentices, and other servants, for their recreation: This was confirmed by another ordinance of lords and commons, die Veneris, 11 Junii 1647, and die Lunæ, 28 Junii 1647. An additional ordinance was made concerning days of recreation allowed unto scholars, apprentices, and other servants, occasioned by the apprentice's petition, and propositions presented unto the honourable House of Commons, June 22, 1647.

[2] That is, demolishing the churches. Alluding to the old superstition of consecrating groves to idols.

[3] See an account of the six militant preachers at Whitehall with Oliver Cromwell, Walker's Independency, and of Major-General Vernon's preaching.

[4] Their antipathy to the surplice is thus expressed by a writer of those times; "Have not they so long persecuted the poor surplice in most churches, that they have scarce left any man a shirt in the whole parish?" Warburton observes, "That, when the soldiers, in a night expedition, put their shirts over their armour, in order to be distinguished, it is called a camisade. These sectaries were for suppressing the episcopal meetings, then held secretly, which the author with high humour calls a camisade."

The word is taken from the Latin word *camisia*, or the Greek καμισιον, which signifies a priest's white garment, or what we now call a surplice.

[5] "Because the wedding-ring's a fashion old,
The purity required in th' married pair,
Which ought to be between them endless, for
And signifies by the purity of gold,
And by the rotundity the union fair.
No other reason, we that use abhor."
A Long-winded Lay-lecture, 1674.

"They will not hear of wedding-rings,
But say they're superstitious things,
They are but vain, and things profane,
So to be ty'd unto the bride,
For to be us'd in their marriage;
And do religion much disparage:
Wherefore now, no wit bespeaks them,
But do it as the spirit moves them."
A Curtain-lecture, Loyal Songs.

With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom Is marry'd only to a thumb ;[1]
(As wise as ringing of a pig, That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,[2] That nulls the after marriage still.
Some were for th' utter extirpation Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;[3]
And some against all idolising The cross in shop-books, or baptising :[4]
Others, to make all things recant The christian, or sirname of saint ;
And force all churches, streets, and towns, The holy title to renounce.[5]
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,[6]

See the objections of the dissenters, against the ring in marriage, answered, by Dr. Comber, Office of Matrimony.

[1] Thumb is put for the rhyme's sake, for the fourth finger of the left hand ; the ring being always put upon that finger by the bridegroom. The reason given by Aulus Gellius, (Noct. Attic. lib. x. cap. x.) that there is a small nerve in that finger, which communicates directly with the heart ; for which reason, both Greeks and Romans wore it upon that finger.

The original of which custom is given by another author in the following words: Alcadas X. Rex Assyriorum regnavit annis 33, et anno ejus 11. "Sparta condita est a filio Phoronei, qui invenit usum annulorum ; et in quarto digito poni annulum debere dixit, quia ab illo vena pertinget ad cor." Gobelini, Personæ. Cosmodromii ætas III. Meibomii Rer. Germanic. tom. i. p. 89.

"Pectoris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti," &c.
Juvenal. Sat. vi. 27, 28.

"They say, thy hair the curling art is taught, The wedding ring perhaps already bought ;
A sober man, like thee, to change his life ! What fury would possess thee with a wife?"
Dryden.

See a curious dissertation upon the ring finger, Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, book iv. chap. iv.

[2] The thing this quibble turns upon, is this, the first response the bride makes in the marriage ceremony is, I will.

Shakespeare alludes probably to the same thing, (Love's Labour Lost, act i.) in Boiet's words to Biron, when he enquired after Rosaline.

Biron. "Is she wedded, or no? *Boiet.* "To her will, Sir, or so."

3 Some were for Judaising, or observing some of the laws peculiar to that people, linsey-woolsey being forbidden by the law. See Deuteronomy xxii. 11.

"That we may have an incorrupt religion, without guileful mixture ; not a linsey-woolsey religion ; all new-born babes will desire word-milk, sermon-milk, without guile, without adulterating." Thomas Hall's Fast Sermon, July 27, 1642.

4 Some were for using a sponge to the public debts. "Shriveners were commanded to shew their shop-books, that notice might be taken who were guilty of having money in their purses, that the fattest and fullest might be sequestered for delinquents." See their unreasonable antipathy to all sorts of crosses exposed, from a tract entitled, A Dialogue between the Cross in Cheap and Charing-Cross.

Sir John Birkenhead likewise banters those Precisians: "An Act for removing the Alphabet-Cross from the Children's Primer, and the Cross from off the Speaker's Mace, and for adding St. Andrew's Cross to St. George's in the States Arms."

"Resolved, &c. That all crosses are due to the state, and therefore all coin that is stamped with that superstitious kind of idolatry is confiscated by modern laws to the devil's melting-pan." Paul's Churchyard, cent. iii. class 11.

5 Churches, parishes, and even the apostles were unsainted in the mayoralty of the famous Alderman Pennington, and continued so to the year 1660. The malice and rage of both Roundheads and Cavaliers ran high upon this particular ; of which we have a merry instance in the case of Sir Roger de Coverley which I cannot forbear transcribing : "That worthy knight being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire the way to St. Ann's Lane, upon which the person, whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who made Ann a saint? The boy being in some confusion enquired of the next he met, which was the way to Ann's Lane? but was called a prick-ear'd cur for his pains ; and instead of being shown the way, was told, that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon which (says Sir Roger) I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but, going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane: by which ingenious artifice, he found out the place he enquired after, without giving offence to any party." Spectator, No. 125.

The mayor of Colchester banished one of that town for a Malignant and a Cavalier (in the year 1643), whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name. Mercurius Rusticus, No. 16.

6 I suppose he means the place which in the New Testament is called ᾅδης, and is there plainly distinguished from Gehenna, though both are translated by the English word Hell. Some persons in Butler's time began to write of this place as different both from heaven and

And bringing down the price of coals :[1]
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in ;
To abrogate them roots and branches :[2]
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then The flesh of kings and mighty men ;

hell ; and as the receptacle of all souls, good and bad, until the resurrection. Bishop Bull has two sermons printed on this middle state. See likewise Sir Peter King's Critical History of the Apostles Creed, upon the article of Christ's Descent into Hell.

[1] Though Butler says, in another place,

Those that write in rhyme still make The one verse for the other's sake ;
The one for sense and one for rhyme, I think sufficient at a time,

I cannot but think, that this is either designed as a sneer upon Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, who, when Governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, without any public authority, presumed to lay a tax of four shillings a chaldron upon coals, which was estimated to amount to 50,000*l.* a year. L'Estrange's Apology, calls him, "The Episcopal Coal-merchant, Sir Arthur for Durham. A tax was laid upon coals by the members at Westminster, of one pound ten shillings upon a hundred pound of great English or Scotch coals. Discourse between a Newcastle Collier, a Small-Coal Man, and a Collier of Croydon, concerning the Prohibition of Trade with Newcastle ; and the fearful Complaint of the Poor of the City of London, for the enhancing the Price of Sea-coals. London, 1643.

Small-Coal.——"As your faithful companion, and one that loves you very well, without offence let me advertise you, this enhancing your price already, and the fear that you will daily rise higher and higher begets no small murmurs in the city. First and foremost your brewers cry out, they cannot make their ale and beer so strong as it was wont to be, by reason of the dearness or scarcity of fuel ; and then all the good fellows, such as myself, that used to toast our noses over a good sea-coal fire of my kindling, at an ale-house, with a pot of nappy ale, or invincible stale beer, cry out upon the smallness both of the fire and liquor, and curse your avarice, Sea-Coal, that occasions these disasters : For your bricklayers and builders with open throats exclaim at your scarcity ; the bricks, which were badly burnt before, are now scarce burnt at all, no more than if they were only baked in the sun, and are so brittle, that they will not hold the clay : Cooks, that noble fraternity of Fleet-Lane, and in general through the city raise their meat at least two-pence in a joint ; and instead of roasting it twice or thrice according to their ancient custom, sell it now blood-raw, to the detriment of the buyer : Finally ale-houses rail at your dearness abominably, and all the poor people of this populous city and its large suburbs, whose slender fortunes could not lay out so much money together as would lay their provisions in for the whole winter, cry out with many bitter execrations, that they are obliged to pay two or three pence in the bushel more than they were wont to do, and accuse your factors (Sea-Coal) as wharfeys, wood-mongers, chandlers and the like, of too apparent injustice and covetousness in engrossing the whole store into their hands, and selling them at their own prices, as if there were a dearth of your commodities in the city, when it is very well known there is provision enough of sea-coal to serve it plentifully, without supplies from Newcastle, for these twenty months and more : so that if some course be not taken, the people, especially the poorer sort, must undergo great want."

[2] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy : and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety ; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time ; Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man-midwife." Walker's Independency. Nay, it was debated at a council of war, "To massacre and put to the sword all the King's party : The question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavours "were how to diminish the number of their opposites the Royalists and Presbyterians by a massacre ; for which purpose, many dark lanthorns were provided last winter (1649), which, coming to the common rumour of the town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them : so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl (Thanksgiving Sermon before the Commons, April 23, 1644) says, "If Christ will set up his kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice; root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again." "Of all Ahab's family and persecuting house, there was not a man left to make water against the wall, not one man of all Baal's priest escaped, but all cut off."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641 or 42, has the following remarkable words : "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup : let their blood be spilled like water : let their blood be sacrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

And some for breaking of their bones[1]
With rods of iron, by secret ones:
For thrashing mountains, and with spells[2]
For hallowing carriers packs and bells;[3]
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afeard of.

The quacks of government (who sat[4] At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion. Of fatal madness, and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy, Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar,
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake, Nor what to give, but what to take:
To feel the purses of their fees, More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain, And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician,[5]
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one Than all the whores of Babylon:
So politic, as if one eye Upon the other were a spy,[6]
That, to trepan the one to think The other blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatic way As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one:
Was for 'em and against 'em all,[7] But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against

[1] A sneer upon their canting abuse of Psalm ii. 9.

[2] A sneer upon the cant of the Fifth Monarchy Men, for their misapplication of that text, Isaiah xli. 15. "Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." Of whom Thurloe observes, "That they encouraged one another with this, that though they were but worms, that yet they should be made instruments to thresh mountains."

[3] Alluding to their horrid canting abuse of Scripture phrase, especially of those two passages, Isaiah lxi. 15., Zech. xiv. 20.

"Here are perform'd the conjurings and spells,
For christ'ning saints, and hawks, and carrier's bells."
Oldham's 4th Sat. against Jesuits.

[4] These were the politicians of those times, namely, Mr. Hollis, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Grimstone, Annesley, Manchester, Roberts, and some others, who were apprehensive of a Revolution: They saw the necessity of a restoration, that matters might fall again into the right channel, after the strange convulsions and disorders that followed upon Cromwell's death. They wisely therefore held their cabals, to consult of methods how to secure themselves.

[5] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times. Mr. Wood's character of him tallies exactly with this; as does Butler's.

[6] He is thus described by the author of a poem, entitled, The Progress of Honesty; or the view of Court and City.

"Some call him Hophni, some Achitophel, Others chief advocate for hell;
Some cry, He sure a second Janus is, And all things past and future sees;
Another, rapt in satire, swears his eyes Upon himself are spies;
And silly do their optics inwards roul, To watch the subtle motions of his soul:
That they with sharp perspective sight, And help of intellectual light,
May guide the helm of state aright.
Nay, view what will hereafter be; By their all-seeing quality."

[7] Bishop Burnet was well acquainted with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and confirms this part of his character. He tells us the Earl was not ashamed to reckon up the many turns he had made; and valued himself for the doing it at the properest season, and in the best manner.

His conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,[1]
By giving aim from side to side, He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state, And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath and faith, As many ways as in a lathe.
By turning, wriggle, like a screw, Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incurr'd, Instead of hemp to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government, He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes To mount his ladder (more) of ropes;
Would strive to raise himself upon The public ruin and his own,
So little did he understand The desp'rat'st feats he took in hand,
For, when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose, To shew his play at fast and loose;
And, when, he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit, And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground:
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd[2] By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,[3]
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain Some days before a shower of rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his throat;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took;
And to the utmost do his best To save himself, and hang the rest.[4]

[1] Alluding to that famous tract of Buchanan's so called. This tract was wrote against the Laird of Liddington.

[2] Comparing him to the mole. Talpa cæcior is an old proverb: The mole has an imperfect sight. Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors. Mole's Spectacles, Spectator or Tatler. One might have imagined that Cockney to have been much blinder than the mole, who took a bush hung round with moles, for a black-pudding tree.

[3] The famous Lord Napier of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory, which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations, and are commonly called Napier's bones."

Butler likewise might have in view the case of Archibald Lord Napier, a great royalist, who died in his Majesty's service at Francastle in Athol.—"The committee resolved to raise his bones, and make a forefaulture thereupon; and, for that end, letters were ordained to be executed at the Pier of Leith against Archibald Lord Napier, his son, then in exile for his loyalty, to appear upon sixty days warning, to see the same done. And when his friends were startled at this, and enquired what was meant by it, they found it was only to draw money from the new Lord Napier, for the use of some sycophants that expected it; and so they advanced five hundred merks for that end, and thereupon the intended forefaulture was discharged."

[4] Of this principle was Ralpho, See Dunstable Downs, Remains.

"As for betraying of my master, A broken head must have a plaister;
A master, who is not a stark ass, Will hang his man to save his carcase,

To match this saint, there was another,[1]
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares, In politics and state-affairs:
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, And better gifted to rebel:
For, when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order, But try'd another, and went further:
So suddenly addicted still To's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove, No force of argument could move;
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holburn,[2]
Could render half a grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang, For th' opportunity t' harrangue,
And rather on a gibbet dangle, Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong he ne'er was non-plus'd;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And, with his everlasting clack, Set all mens ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear, But up he started to picqueer,[3]
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy;
Not by the force of carnal reason, But indefatigable teazing;
With vollies of eternal babble, And clamour more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults, Against the desp'ratest assaults;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence:
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.

And if the man is such an elf To save his master hang himself,
The matter as't appears to me, Renders the man felo de se."

Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind, who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion in the year 1558. He, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-Marshal, and a rigorous man on that occasion, would order him to be hagged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill; and if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and, enquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man: the Provost told him that he would take him at his word. "If (says he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel; and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him;" and without more ceremony he was executed. Or of Giffan's mind, who says to Guthry: "God's Bread, Sir, you'll e'en say enough for us baith; would your reverence might hang for us baith."

[1] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other. For it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins "That, if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn: which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

"Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone? Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me, Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout, For, if they both should meet, they would fall out."

Lilburn died a Quaker, August 28, 1657, a full year before Oliver Cromwell; whereas this thing happened not till a year after that Usurper's death. But this is not the only mistake in chronology that Butler is guilty of.

[2] "Alluding to this cavalcade of the Sheriff and his officers, through Holburn, upon an execution at Tyburn."

[3] "*Picker* or *skirmish*, as light horsemen do, before the main battle begins."

Yet when his profit moderated, The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his interest Could lay his devil of contest.
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit, And soul and body, worshipp'd it;[1]
But when he found the sullen traps,
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,[2] Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common:[3]
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater:
And still the skittisher and looser Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
For fools are stubborn in their way, As coins are harden'd by th' allay:[4]
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff, As when 'tis in a wrong belief:
These two, with others, being met, And close in consultation set;[5]
After a discontented pause, And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late, Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience, To give himself first audience,
After he had for a while look'd wise, At last broke silence and the ice.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last out-goings brought about,
More than to see the characters Of real jealousies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon every member's forehead:
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns, And revolutions in their corns:
And, since our workings-out are cross'd,
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant, When, taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers Took oaths to run before all others:
But in their own sense only swore To strive to run away before;

[1] Alluding to the words in the office of matrimony, "With my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

[2] After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy without the least prospect of success, they bethought them of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men; this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege: upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder: but when it was brought in, the enclosed heroes soon appeared, and surprising the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

[3] Dol Common was colleague to Subtle the alchymist and Face the house-keeper, in Ben Jonson's play called the Alchymist, and a great strumpet.

Rampant (as well as *Romps*) comes probably from *Arompo*, which is an animal, that is a man eater, in South Guinea. Churchill's Voyages.

[4] The more copper a silver coin contains, the harder it is; and, for that reason, plate-silver, which contains one part of copper to twenty-four parts of silver, is harder than the copper silver, which contains but a quarter of a part of copper to twenty-four parts of silver. The silver with so small an allay was, probably, what Alienus the Civilian interpreted the money to be which the Carthagenians agreed to pay the Romans; *Certum pondo argenti, puri puti.* Vide Aul. Gellii Noct. Attic. lib. vi. cap. v.

[5] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wish the poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand assembly: his presence would have continued an uniformity in this poem, and been very pleasing to the spectator. His natural propension to loquacity would certainly have exerted itself on so important an occasion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been less politic or entertaining, than that of the two orators here characterized.

And now would prove, with words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch, Between a right and mongrel church:
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)[1]
When providence had been suborn'd,[2] What answer was to be return'd.
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through?
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame.
Have prov'd how inconsiderable Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd; With drums, and rattles, like a child;
But never prov'd so prosperous, As when they were led on by us:
For all our scouring of religion Began with tumults and sedition:
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion:
(As carnal seamen, in a storm, Turn pious converts, and reform)[3]

[1] In those times, the word *saint* was not permitted to be given to any but the friends to the rebellion: and the churches which were called Saint Margaret's, Saint Clement's, Saint Martin's, Saint Andrew's, they called Margaret's, Clement's, Martin's, Andrew's.

Some of their forefathers amongst the disciplinarians, such as Penry, the author of Martin Mar-Prelate, instead of Saints, styled some of the apostles and the Virgin Mary, in derision, Sirs; as, Sir Peter, Sir Paul, Sir Mary.

The fast referred to might be either that appointed upon Oliver Cromwell's death, to be held Sept. 10. 1658. Or that appointed by Richard Cromwell, and his council, Sept. 24. to be held 13th of Oct. following: Or that appointed Dec. 17. for the 29.

"Let their priests prate and pray, By order, and at Margaret's keep
An humiliation day." Mercurius Pragmaticus, No. 4. April 25. 1648.

These fasts during the usurpation were not so frequent as before. It is observed, by Foulis, (History of the wicked Plots of the pretended Saints, "That at the beginning of the wars, a public monthly fast was appointed for the last Wednesday of every month: but no sooner had they got the King upon the Scaffold, and the nation fully secured to the Rump's interest, but they thought it needless to abuse and gull the people with a multitude of prayers and sermons——and so by a particular act of their worships (April 23. 1649.) nulled the proclamation for the observation of the former: all which verified the old verses,

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

George Fox, the father of the Quakers, observes upon their fasts in general, "That both in the time of the long Parliament, and of the Protector so called, and of the committee of safety, when they proclaimed fasts, they were commonly like Jezebel's, and there was some mischief to be done." Their fasting was mere outside show and mockery: and, in some respects they were like the holy maid mentioned by John Taylor the water poet. And an account likewise of the Old Wife of Venice. Beehive of the Romish Church, "that enjoined herself to abstain four days from any meat whatsoever; and, being locked up close in a room, she had nothing but her two books to feed upon: but the two books were two painted boxes, made in the form of great bibles, with clasps and bosses, the insides not having one word of God in them. ——But the one was filled with sweet-meats, and the other with wine; upon which this devout votary did fast with zealous meditation, eating up the contents of one book, and drinking as contentedly the other." Vide Miraculum Fraris Jesunnatis.

[2] Alluding to the impudence of those pretended saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called the *God-challenger*.

[3] The cowardice of sailors, in a storm, is humourously exposed by Rabelais, in the character of Panurge, "Murder! this wave will sweep us away. Alas! the mizzen-sail's split; the gallery's washed away; the masts are sprung; the main top-mast head drives into the sea; the keel is up to the sun: our shrouds are almost all broke and blown away. Alas! alas! Who shall have this wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these whales: Your lanthorn is fallen, my lads. Alas! don't let go the main tack, nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack; is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us save the hull, and let all rigging be d——d.——Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, good Sir Astrophel, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this storm? My heart 's sunk down below my midriff. ——By my troth I am in a sad fright——I am lost for ever——I conskite myself for

When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,[1]
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee:
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white-sleeves,[2]
And made the church, and state, and laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the cause:
And as we thriv'd by tumults then, So might we better now again,
If we know how, as then we did, To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults, by which the mutinous Betray themselves instead of us;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected, And close malignant are detected:
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears T' appease our jealousies and fears.
And yet for all these providences W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit like stupid blockheads, Our hands committed to our pockets;
And nothing but our tongues at large, To get the wretches a discharge.
Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;[3]
Or fools besotted with their crimes, That know not how to shift betimes;
And neither have the hearts to stay, Nor wit enough to run away:
Who, if we could resolve on either, Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solace To partners in extreme distress:
Who use to lessen their despairs By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more they were to bear, They felt the weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung The more he took his turn among,
But 'tis not come to that, as yet, If we had courage left, or wit:
Who, when our fate can be no worse, Are fitted for the bravest course;
Have time to rally, and prepare Our last and best defence, despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd, By being courageously out-brav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd:
And so they might be now again, If we were, what we should be, men;
And not so dully desperate To side against ourselves with fate.
As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.

mere madness and fear—I am drowned, I am gone, good people I am drowned." See Shakespeare's Tempest, act i. Tatler, No. 111. Of the Atheist in a storm.

[1] To fight with rusty or poisoned weapons was against the law of arms: So when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edges.

[2] Alluding to the insults of the mob upon the bishops in those times. Clarendon informs us, "That the mob laid hands upon the Archbishop of York, going to the house of peers, in that manner, that, if he had not been seasonably rescued, it was believed, they would have murdered him: So that all the bishops and many members of both houses withdrew themselves from attending, from a real apprehension of endangering their lives."

[3] Viz., soldiers condemned to be shot.

"Quos perdere vult Jupiter, hos prius dementat.

This has happened to some men from less affecting circumstances. The famous Italian poet Tasso being imprisoned by order of the Duke of Ferrara, for a challenge given in his palace, upon which a duel ensued, was, in his confinement, dejected with so deep a melancholy, that it terminated in a stupidity. See another instance of an innocent curate, by mistake taken up by the Inquisition in Italy, Baker's History of the Inquisition, p. 332.

This comes of breaking covenants, And setting up exauns of saints,[1]
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,[2] To be excus'd the efficace.
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang like Mahomet, in the air,[3] Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,[4]
By pure geometry, and hate Dependence upon church or state:
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter, And since obedience is better
(The scripture says) than sacrifice, Presume the less on't will suffice,
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints,
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false, Declar'd as such, in doctrinals:
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t' accounts or question.
Interpret all the spleen reveals, As Whittington explain'd the bells:[5]
And bid themselves turn back again Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown, They scorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones and sanctified expressions;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint, Like charity on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots[6]

[1] This is false printed: it should be written *exemts* or *exempts*, which is a French word pronounced *exauns*. *Exempt des guardes du corps*; an *exempt*, a life-guard, free from duty.

[2] Formerly, whether it be so still in London I know not, when a man fined for alderman, he commonly had the title, and was called Mr. Alderman, though he sat not on the bench. These fanatics, if they were generous to the holder-forth, and duly paid him a good fine, received grace, and became saints by that means, though their lives were very wicked.

[3] "Travellers have told us of two magnets, that are placed one of them in the roof, and the other on the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca: and by that means (say they) pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them." Spectator, No. 191. They mistake the place of his burial; for I think both Dr. Prideaux and Mr. Reland agree in this particular, that he was buried at Medina, where he died, and under the bed where he died: as appears from Abul-Feda his contemporary: "Sepultus est sub lecto in quo mortuus est: Tumulum ei effodet Abu-Talha-Al. Ansarius." "Idem. vir. Cl. Pocockius, ibid. nostrorum hominum de sepulchro Mohammedis ignorantiam, merito perstringit his verbis: Unde igitur nobis Mohammedis cista ferrea inclusis; et magnetum vi in ære pendulus? Hæc cum Mohammedistis recitantur, risu explodantur, ut nostrorum in ipsorum rebus, inscitiæ argumentum." Le Blanc's Travels, and the report of the coffin's being swallowed up by the opening of the pavement of the temple, Turkish Spy.

[4] The legend says of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he had been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

[5] Referring to the old ballad, in which are the following lines:

"So from the merchant-man Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran To purchase liberty.
But as he went along In a fair summer's morn,
London bells sweetly rung, Whittington back return:
Evermore sounding so, Turn again Whittington;
For thou in time shall grow Lord Mayor of London:
And to the city's praise, Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days, Thrice Mayor of London."

Four times, Weever's Funeral Monuments.

See a full account of him, and his great benefactions, Stowe's Survey of London, 4to, 1599. The Tatler observes, (No. 78.) "That Alderman Whittington began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which he left to his only daughter three years after his mayoralty." And the author of A Tale of a Tub merrily observes upon the story of Whittington and his cat, "That it is the work of that mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the Gemara of the Jerusalem Misna and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion."

[6] Their bigotry against the Apocrypha was so remarkable, that even the most learned amongst them, when opportunity offered, had a fling at it; and, among the rest, the learned Dr. Lightfoot (then member of the Assembly of Divines) "Thus sweetly and nearly (says he) stands the two testaments joined together, and thus divinely would they kiss each other, but hat the wretched Apocrypha does thrust in between: like the two cherubims, betwixt the

T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes ;[1]
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way ;
Where they had all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases ?[2]
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
Their dispensations had been stifled, But for our Adoniram Byfield ;[3]
And, had they not begun the war,
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :

temple oracle, they would touch each other, the end of the law with the beginning of the gospel, did not this patchery of human inventions divorce them asunder." This prejudice of theirs is humourously bantered by L'Estrange. He tells us of a lady, that had undoubtedly been choaked with a piece of an apple-tart, if her next neighbour at the table had not dexterously got it out of her throat——She was a tender conscienced creature, and the tart, it seems, was bottomed with a piece of the Apocrypha ; and her antipathy to that kind of trade would have been as much as her life was worth, if she had not been seasonably relieved.

[1] "And his way to get all this Is mere dissimulation,
No factious lecture does he miss And 'scapes no schism that's in fashion ;
But, with short hair, and shining shoes He with two pens and note-book goes,
And winks and writes at random Then with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone, and public place, Sings Wisdom's hymns, that trot and pace,
As if Goliah scann'd 'um." Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

This practice is likewise bantered by the author of A Satire against Hypocrites.

"There Will writes short-hand with a pen of brass ; O, how he's wonder'd at by many an ass !
That see him shake so fast his warty fist, As if he'd write the sermon 'fore the priest
Has spoke it.——p. 5. Stand up good middle isle folks, and give room,
See where the mothers and the daughters come :
Behind, the servants looking all like martyrs, With bibles, in plush jerkins, and blue garters ;
The silver ink-horn and the writing book, In which I wish no friend of mine to look,
Lest he be cross'd, and bless'd with all the charms,
That can procure him aid from conjurers harms.
* * * * *
But they that did not mind the doleful passion,
Follow'd their business on another fashion :
For all did write, the elders and the novice ;
Methought the church look'd like the six clerks' office."

[2] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

Sir John Birkenhead makes it a query, "Whether Calamy and Case were not able to fire the Dutch armada with the breath of their nostrils, and the assistance of Oliver's burning-glass (his nose), from the top of Paul's steeple, and save the watermen the danger of a sea fight."

It is observed of Ed. Calamy, "That he was a man newly metamorphosed, by a figure which rhetoricians call Metonymia Beneficii, from Episcopacy to Presbytery." And, "That when the bishops did bear rule, he was highly conformable in wearing the surplice and tippet, reading the service at the high altar, bowing at the name of Jesus, and so zealous an observer of times and seasons, that, being sick and weak on Christmas-day, with much difficulty he got into the pulpit, declaring himself there to this purpose : That he thought himself in conscience bound to preach that day, lest the stones of the streets should cry against him. And yet, upon a turn of the times, in a Fast Sermon upon Christmas-day, 1644, he used the following words : "This year, God, by his providence, has buried this feast in a fast, and I hope it will never rise again."

[3] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines ; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the Directory, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l.* though, when printed, the price was but three pence. It is queried by Sir John Birkenhead, "Whether the stationer, who gave 400*l.* for the Directory, was cursed with bell and candle, as well as book ?" Overton says he gave 450*l.* for it.

This Byfield was father to the late celebrated Dr. Byfield, the sal-volatile doctor. Cleveland, in his Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter, has the following lines upon him :

"If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram."

For saints in peace degenerate, And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge, Without the power of sacrilege:[1]
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins,[2]
That in a while grow out again, In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refined of saints As naturally grow miscreants:
As barnacles turn Soland geese[3] In th' islands of the Orcades.

[1] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, That in their annotations upon the bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

[2] To this Virgil alludes, Æneid ii.

"Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus, &c."

"So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
And, casting off his skin when spring returns, Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns."
Dryden.

And in another place, Georgic. lib. iii. 438, 439.

"Cum positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa Volvitur."

Lucretius speaks to the same purpose, De Rer. Nat. lib. iii. 613.

"Sed magis ire foras, vestemque relinquere, ut anguis Gauderet prælonga senex."——.

"As snakes, whene'er the circling year returns,
Rejoice to cast their skins, or deer their horns." Creech.

And so does Mr. Spenser, Fairy Queen, book iv. canto iii. stan. 29.

"Like as a snake, when weary winter's teen [sorrow]
Hath worn to naught, now feeling summer's might,
Casts off his skin, and freshly doth him dight." [dress].

[3] It is said, That, in the Orcades of Scotland, there are trees which bear these barnacles, which, drooping into the water, become Soland geese.

To this opinion Du Bartas alludes, Divine Weeks, p. 228.

"So slow Bootes underneath him sees In th' icy isles, those goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water, Are turn'd, they say, to living fowls soon after:
So rotten sides of broken ships do change To barnacles; O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a gallant hull; Lately a mushroom, then a flying gull."

Dr. Turner, an Englishman, gave in to this opinion, as Wierus observes; and, of later years, Sir Robert Moray, who, in his Relation concerning Barnacles, gives the following account:

"These shells hang at the tree by a neck longer than the shell: of a kind of filmy substance, round and hollow, and creased, not unlike the windpipe of a chicken; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter, which serves for the growth and vegetation of the shell, and the little bird within it.

"This bird, in every shell that I opened, as well the least as the biggest, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there appeared nothing wanting as to the external parts for making up a perfect sea-fowl; every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large bird seen through a concave or diminishing glass, the colour and feature being every where so clear and neat. The little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, and wings, tail and feet formed, the feathers every where perfectly shaped, and blackish coloured, and the feet like those of other water-fowl, to the best of my remembrance: all being dead and dry, I did not look after the inward parts of them; but having nipped off and broken a great many of them, I carried about twenty or twenty-four away with me. The biggest I found upon the tree was about the size of the figure here representing them; nor did I ever see any of the little birds alive, nor meet with any body that did; only some credible persons assured me, they have seen some as big as their fist."

Cleveland, from this tradition, has raised a pungent satire against the Scots.

"——A voider for the nonce, I wrong the devil, shou'd I pick their bones:
That dish is his, for, when the Scots decease, Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles.
A Scot, when from the gallow tree got loose, Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose."

Smith of Bedford, observes, that it is a fact well known in all fens that the wild geese and ducks forsake them in laying-time, going away to the uninhabited (or very little frequented) isles in Scotland, in order to propagate their several kinds with greater safety; their young ones as soon as hatched are naturally led by them into creeks and ponds, and this, he imagines, gave rise to the old vulgar error, that geese spring from barnacles. "I have formerly (says he) upon Ulls-water which is seven miles long, one mile broad, and about twenty fathoms deep, and parts Westmoreland from Cumberland) seen many thousands of them together, with their new broods, in the month of October, in a calm and serene day, resting (as it were) in their travels to the more southern parts of Great Britain. And give me leave to add, that one Mr. Drummond, in a poem of his called Polemo-Middinia, entitles the rocky island of Bass, Bassa Solgosifera. Captain Tlezer, in his fine cuts of Scotland, exhibits an exceeding beautiful

Their dispensation's but a ticket, For their conforming to the wicked,
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew than sense:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;[1]
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;[2]
And if the world has any troth, Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated sots In fever still like other goats;
For though the whore bends heretics,
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods With fierce and pertinacious feuds,
For zeal's a dreadful termagant, That teaches saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess The doctrine of dependencies;[3]
Turns meek and secret sneaking ones
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones;[4]
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked, and their morals,

prospect of said island, with the wild fowl flying over, or swimming all around. I had almost forgot to tell you, that almost all the drakes stay behind in Deping-Fen in Lincolnshire."

John Major (an ancient Scotch historian, De Reb. Gest. Scotor.) seems to confirm this in some respects: "Hæ anates, aut hi anseres, in vere, turmatim a meridie ad rupem Bas quotannis veniunt, et rupem duobus vel tribus diebus circumvolitant: quo in tempore rupem inhabitantes nullum tumultum faciunt; tunc nidificare incipiunt, et tota æstate manent, et piscibus vivunt."

[1] St. Peter is, by Popish writers, called Janitor Ecclesiæ. Lawrence Howel observes, "That an epistle ascribed to Pope Calixtus probably gave occasion to that idle fable of St. Peter's being the porter of heaven. For the author of it, exciting people to several Christian duties, promises them the reward of eternal glory by Jesus Christ, and that St. Peter should open to them the gates of glory. These (says he) are mere dreams of old women, to make St. Peter porter of heaven; as if the gates of it were not committed to all the pastors of the church, with St. Peter." See the tale of Sextus Quintus, Sir Francis Bacon's Apothegms, No. 110. Resuscitatio, p. 237.

"Funebre autem sacrum faciunt pro defunctis (Græci et Rutheni) quod ii suffragiis tolerabiliorum animabus locum impetrari sperant, ubi, facilius extremum diem judicii expectare possunt: etiam cum aliquis magnæ authoritatis vir moritur; tunc Metropolitanus, sive Episcopus epistolam ad Sanctum Petrum scribit, sigillo suo, et manus subscriptione munitam, quam super pectus defuncti ponit, dans testimonium de bonis piisque operibus ejus, utique in cœlum facilius post diem judicii admitteretur, et Christianæ religionis Catholicæ agnoscatur, subscribunt."

[2] "——— Tenetque inhians tria Cerberus ora." Virg. Georg. iv. 483.

To this fable Spenser alludes, Fairy Queen, book i. canto v. st. 34.

"Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus His three deform'd heads did lay along,
Curl'd with a thousand adders venomous, And lolled forth his bloody flaming tongue:
At them he 'gan to rear his bristles strong, And felly gnare. ——— ——— ———"

[3] I have heard of an Independent teacher, who came to subscribe at the sessions, and being asked by the gentlemen on the bench of what sect he was? he told them that he was an Independent. Why an Independent, says one of the justices? I am called an Independent (says he) because I depend upon my bible.

[4] The author of a Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, speaking of that barbarous custom among the Heathen of sacrificing their children: "It came to pass with some of them (says he) that they made nothing to bake and stew their children, without pepper and salt; and to invite such of their gods as they best liked to the entertainment. This gave rise to the natural apprehensions all our little ones have of raw heads and bloody bones. And, I must needs tell you, I should not have liked it myself; but should have took to my heels at the first sound of the stew-pan; and, besides that, have had a mortal aversion to minced meat ever after."

The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,[1] Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between The brethren and the men of sin,
But saint and saint to spill the blood Of one another's brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence. To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suffering for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause:
For, though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution:
Shall precious saints and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of brethren, Instead of kings and mighty men;
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,[2]
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowses and ropes
Before their eyes, might reconcile Their animosities a while,
At least until th' had a clear stage, And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the power Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under, In revelation only of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials Of their encroaching self denials.
That rook'd upon us with design[3] To out-reform, and undermine:

[1] Monteth of Salmonet (History of the Troubles of Great Britain) compares the Covenanters and Anti-Covenanters to the Guelfs and Gibellines. These were two opposite factions in Italy, that engaged against each other, in the thirteenth century, one in behalf of the Emperor, and the other in behalf of the Pope.

Factiones Guelforum pro Pontifice, et Gibellinorum pro Cæsare in Italia oriuntur, 1245.

Dr. Heylin observes, (Cosmography), "That some are of opinion, that the fiction of elfs and goblins, whereby we used to fright young children, was derived from Guelfs and Gibbelines."

[2] "——Quando—— Indica tigris agit cum rabida tigride pacem
Perpetuam: Sævis inter se convenit ursis." Juvenal, sat. xv. 163, 164.

"Tiger with tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues defensive and offensive join'd." Dryden.

"Bears do agree with their own kind: But he was of such a cruel mind,
He killed his brother cobler before he had din'd."

Collection of Loyal Songs, vol. ii.

[3] These pretended saints at length, by their quarrels, fairly played the game into the hands of the Cavaliers: and I cannot but compare them to those wiseacres who found an oyster, and, to end the dispute, put it to a traveller passing by to determine which had the better

Took all our interests and commands Perfidiously out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood, Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial, Like younger sons of father Belial.
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
Th' had done us, and the cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on The work still, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears, Nor hang us like the cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of gaols,
To find us pillories and cart's-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state[1]
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the stumps, Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and constant frame Of spirit, still were near the same.
And till they first began to cant,[2] And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;
But join'd our gifts perpetually Against the common enemy.
Although 'twas ours and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:
And yet for all this gospel union,
And outward shew of church-communion,

right to it? "The arbitrator very gravely takes out his knife, and opens it, the plaintiff and defendant at the same time gaping at the man to see what would come on it. He loosens the fish, gulps it down, and, as soon as ever the morsel had gone the way of all flesh, wipes his mouth, and pronounces judgment. My master (says he, with the voice of authority) the court has ordered each of you a shell without costs; and so pray go home again, and live peaceably among your neighbours." L'Estrange's Fables

[1] Thirteen pence half-penny have usually been called hangman's wages.

"For half of thirteen pence half-penny wages, I would have clear'd all the town cages,
And you should have been rid of all the sages.
I and my gallows groan.

The Hangman's Last Will and Testament, Loyal Songs, vol. ii. To this probably the author of a tract, entitled, The Marquis of Argyle's last Will and Testament, published 1661, alludes, "*Item*, to all the old Presbyterian serpents, that have slipt their skins, and are winding themselves into favour in the a-la mode cassock,—I bequeath to each a Scotch thirteen pence half-penny, for the use of Squire Dun (the hangman) who shall shew them slip for slip." Hugh Peters, in a tract entitled, A Word to the Army, and two Words to the Kingdom, 1647, "That poor thieves may not be hanged for thirteen pence half-penny, but that a galley may be provided to row in the river or channel, to which they may be committed, or employed in draining land, or banish'd."

I cannot really say, whence that sum was called hangman's wages, unless in allusion to the Halifax law, or the customary law of the forest of Hardwick, by which every felon, taken within the liberty or precincts of the said forest, with goods stolen to the value of thirteen pence half-penny, should, after three market days in the town of Halifax, after his apprehension and condemnation, be taken to a gibbet there, and have his head cut off from his body. Wright's History of Halifax, 1738.

To this John Taylor alludes, in his poem, entitled, A very merry wherry ferry Voyage,

At Halifax, the law so sharp doth deal, That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steal,
They have a gin, that wondrous quick and well,
Sends thieves all headlong into heaven or hell."

[2] From Andrew Cant, and his son Alexander, seditious preaching and praying in Scotland was called canting.

They'd ne'er admit us to our shares Of ruling church or state affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But shar'd our dividend o' the crown,
We had so painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again:[1]
For 'twas but justice to restore The wrongs we had received before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who, for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earned our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way Once more to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out Has brought this providence about;
And that our only suffering Is able to bring in the King:
What would our actions not have done, Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share, At least in carrying on the affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had done't, And easier pass'd upon account:
For, if it be but half deny'd, 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is naturally averse To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie, With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;[2]
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom anything that's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbermoles,
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
And what they 're confidently told, By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in providence.[3]

[1] Alluding either to the Presbyterian plot 1651, to restore the King, called Love's plot: for which Mr. Love, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Case, Mr. Drake, Presbyterian ministers, with some of the laity, were seized and imprisoned; Echard's England, and Clarendon's, and for which Mr. Love and Mr. Gibbons were beheaded on Tower-hill, 22d Aug., according to the sentence of the High Court of Justice—all the rest were pardoned: or to the attempt of the Scots to restore him, after he had taken the covenant, and been crowned at Scoon, Jan. 1. 1650-1.

Their behaviour towards him is notably girded, in the following lines:

"Now for the King the zealous kirk 'Gainst the Independent bleats,
Whenas, alas! their only work 'Is to renew old cheats:
If they can sit, vote what they list, And crush the new states down;
Then up go they, but neither Christ Nor King shall have his own."
Sir John Birkenhead revived.

[2] Dr. Turner has given some very remarkable instances of this kind; and, among the rest, one from Langius, (upon the credit of that author) of a woman longing to bite the naked shoulder of a baker passing by her; which rather than she should lose, the good-natur'd husband hires the baker, at a certain price: accordingly, when the big-bellied woman had taken two morsels, the poor man, unable to hold out a third, would not suffer her to bite again; for want of which she bore (as the story goes) one dead child, with two living.

The merriest kind of longing was that mentioned by Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, the lady who longed to spit in the great lawyer's mouth after an eloquent pleading. These unreasonable longings are exposed, Spectator No. 326.

[3] A remarkable instance of this we find in a Book of Psalms fitted, as the title page says,

For as relapses makes diseases More desp'rate than their first accesses:
If we but get again in power, Our work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert I' th' mystery to do our part.
We, who did rather undertake The first war to create, than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry't on;[1]
Trepann'd the state, and faced it down,
With plots and projects of our own:[2]
And if we did such feats at first, What can we now we're better vers'd?
Who have a freer latitude, Than sinners give themselves, allow'd,
And therefore likeliest to bring in, On fairest terms, our discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since We were ordain'd by providence;
When three saints ears, our predecessors,[3]
The cause's primitive confessors,
Being crucify'd, the nation stood In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, express'd The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men, To bring this work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on So great a work but we alone?
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?[4]
Possess'd with absolute dominions O'er brethrens purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys Of heaven and their ware-houses;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers hands To be dispos'd at their commands,
And daily increase and multiply, With doctrine, use, and usury:
Can fetch in parties (as, in war, All other heads of cattle are,)

for the ready use of all good Christians; printed by an order of the committee of Commons for printing, April 2, 1644. Ps. xciv. 7. p. 193.

"The Lord shall not see, they say, Nor Jacob's God shall note."

There is a marginal explanation of Jacob's God—the God of the Puritans. Miserable Cavaliers indeed! if they were neither to have a king left them on earth, nor a God in heaven.

[1] Walker observes. "That there was an excise upon all that was eat, drank, or worn." And in a tract, entitled, London's Account, or a calculation of the arbitrary and tyrannical exactions, taxations, impositions, excises, contributions, subsidies, twentieth parts, and other assessments within the lines of communication, during the four years of this unnatural war, imprinted in the year 1647, thus calculated, "That the annual revenue, they say, is eleven hundred thousand pounds a year; but I place (says he) but one million." The taxes, &c., raised by the rebels, 4,378,100*l.* which for the four years is £17,512,400*l.*

[2] L'Estrange calls it the old cheat of creating new plots. It was their constant practice when they had any remarkable point to carry, to pretend there was a plot on foot to subvert the constitution. See Clarendon, vol i. Walker observes of them, "That from the beginning, they made lies their refuge." And elsewhere, "That they forged conspiracies and false news, to carry on their base designs." "Their greatest master-piece is to forge counterfeit news, and to divulge and disperse it as far as they can, to amuse the world, for the advancement of their designs, and strengthening their party."

[3] Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

[4] What sort of preachers these were may be judged from their sermons, before the two houses at Westminster, from the breaking out of the rebellion, to the murder of the King. As to their learning and casuistry, the reader may find some curious specimens in the first edition of the Assembly's Annotations upon the Bible, 1645. Their note on Jacob's kids, Gen. xvii. 9. *Two good kids.*] "Two kids (say they) seem too much for one dish of meat for an old man; but, out of both, they might take the choicest parts to make it dainty; and the juice of the rest might serve for sauce, or for the rest of the family, which was not small."

And they observe upon Herod's cruelty, Matt. ii. 16.

Sent forth.] "Soldiers to kill the children without any legal trial."

From th' enemy of all religions, As well as high and low conditions,
And share them from blue ribands down
To all blue aprons in the town :[1]
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches;
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,[2] All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any side;
Has one considerable improvement, To double fortify the cov'nant:
I mean our covenant, to purchase Delinquents titles, and the churches:
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land:
And rise and fall like Indian actions,[3] According to the race of factions.
Our best reserve for reformation, When new out-goings give occasion,
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The covenant (their creed) t' assert;[4]
And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient;
Who can already muster friends, To serve for members to our ends,

[1] Alluding to the many preachers in blue aprons in those times: This secret we learn from the following passages in Cleveland; In the first of these he represents a fanatic within Christ-church, Oxford, disliking everything there, before it was reformed by plunder and sequestration:

"——— Shaking his head To see no ruins from the floor to th' lead;
To whose pure nose our cedar gave offence, Crying it smelt of Papists frankincense:
Counting our tapers works of darkness, and Chusing to see priests in blue aprons stand,
Rather than with copes."———

In the other passage, the scene is of himself, in a very different place:

"And first, to tell you, must not be forgot, ——— How I did trot,
With a great zealot to a lecture;
Where I a tub did view Hung with an apron blue,
'Twas the preacher's I conjecture:
His use and doctrine too Was of no better hue,
Though he spoke in a tone most mickle." Loyal Songs.

From hence we may illustrate our poet's meaning, couched in that part of the character of his hero's religion—'Twas Presbyterian true blue, Part I. Canto i. v. 191.

"This makes our blue lecturers prate, preach, and prate,
Without reason or sense, against church, king, or state,
To shew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate."
The Power of Money, Loyal Songs, &c. vol. i.

[2] Alluding probably to some noted strumpet in those times. Gayton (Notes upon Don Quixote) thus describes Maritornes: "She was a sow of the largest breed, she was an elephant in head and ears; her belly of a capacity for a cellar, two stands of ale might find room therein, and a century of spickets." See Ben Jonson's Ursula, Bartholomew Fair, passim, and Sir Fopling Flutter's description of the orange wench, whom he salutes with the pretty phrase of Double-tripe, Spect. No. 65. Dromio's account of Nell the kitchen-wench, Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, and Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

[3] Alluding probably to the subscription set on foot at the general court at the East India House, October 19, 1567.

[4] The author of Lex Talionis, 1647, takes the following freedom with the covenant: "Give me leave to tell you what your covenant was at first, and what it is now: It was first, by virtue of enchantment, a lousy threadbare Scots chaplain, who, growing weary of the slender stipend of a bare Scots mark per annum, came over into England to seek its farther advancement, where it became a tub preacher, and so, rendering itself capable of holy orders, did take upon it to teach and preach upon its own accord.

"The first attempt by which this covenant sought to ingratiate itself into the people was by consummating a marriage betwixt the committees: The match was privately contracted in the close committee, and afterwards solemnly published by legislative power, which marriage being thus accomplished, without the approbation of his Majesty, without the license of our church, and without consent of our laws, I doubt not but it may be made null by a bill of divorce. And, for the farther punishment of your covenant, let it be banished out of this kingdom for ever, and let it be confined to the utmost part of Scotland, there to pine and waste itself away upon its own dunghill."

That represent no part o' th' nation, But Fisher's-folly congregation;[1]
Are only tools to our intrigues, And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,
Who, by their presidents of wit, T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,[2]
Can order matters under-hand, To put all business to a stand:
Lay public bills aside, for private, And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary, With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent, And serve for us, in parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done In Plato's year, but finish none,[3]
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,[4] That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and brandy;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game, Assist as much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts, For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,[5] A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump, of Ay or No;
And, by adjusting all at th' end, Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost, And now's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosos, That found it out, get into th' houses.[6]
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook;[7]
And practis'd down from forty-four; Until they turn'd us out of door:
Besides the herds of boutefues, We set on work, without the house;

[1] L'Estrange (Key to Hudibras) observes, that a meeting-house was built by one Fisher, a shoemaker, which, at the Restoration, was pulled down by some of the loyalists: and then, lying useless, it was called Fisher's Folly. But he is mistaken: For Dr. Fuller explaining some London proverbs, among the rest, has the two following lines,

"Kirby's castle, and Megse's glory,
Spinola's pleasure, and Fisher's folly;"

and observes, "that the last was built by Jasper Fisher, free of the goldsmith's company, one of the six clerks in chancery, and a justice of the peace, who being a man of no great wealth (as indebted to many) built here a beautiful house, with gardens of pleasure, and bowling alleys about it, called Devonshire House at this day."

[2] Dr. South observes, "That their fasts usually lasted from seven in the morning till seven at night; that the pulpit was always the emptiest thing in the church; and there was never such a fast kept by them but their hearers had cause to begin a thanksgiving as soon as they had done."

[3] Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

[4] Mr. Lenthal was speaker to that House of Commons which began the rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the rump or fag-end of a house, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell, restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command; and, as his name was set to the ordinances of this house, these ordinances are here called the bulls of Lenthal, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of a Tale of a Tub, p. 99.

[5] Ben Jonson merrily observes (Discoveries), "That suffrages in Parliament are numbered, not weighed: Nor can it be otherwise in those public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the unequality: for there, how odd soever mens brains or wisdom are, their power is always even and the same."

[6] Alluding to the secluded members, who endeavoured to get into the house when Richard Cromwell was set aside, and the Rump restored, 1659. Echard's England. Sir Gilbert Gerrard, on this occasion, brought an action against Colonel Alured, for denying him admission.

[7] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer, which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by Hook, but not by Crook. See Sancho's way of explaining this expression, Don Quixote.

When every knight and citizen, Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence, From all points of the rabble's sense;
And fill the lobbies of both houses With politic important buzzes:
Set up committees of cabals[1] To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news, And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce, And every one his part rehearse,
Make Q's of answers, to way-lay What th' other parties like to say:
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections:
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions:
And treason for a token send, By letter to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit That men, like burglary, commit;[2]
With falser than a padder's face, That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when He's in his calling to be seen:
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations, In spite of laws and proclamations:[3]
For charlatans can do no good,[4] Until they're mounted in a crowd;
And, when they're punish'd, all the hurt Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as confessors are sure Of double pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution.
When some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen:
Disdain to own the least regret,
For all the Christian blood w' have let;
Twill save our credit, and maintain Our title to do so again;
That needs not cost one dram of sense, But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles, In time, will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrim's kisses:
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd awhile, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung:[5]

[1] A sneer probably upon Clifford, Ashley, Burlington, Arlington, Lauderdale, who were called the C A B A L in King Charles II.'s time, from the initial letters of their names.

[2] Lampoon, in French signifies a drunken song: and to lampoon one is to treat him with ridicule in a libel or satire, which is compared here to burglary, as being published clandestinely, and without a name.

[3] See an account of the King's proclamations against keeping up conventicles in the years 1668, 1669, Echard's England, and their manner of eluding them, George Fox's Journal, p. 314.

[4] Charlatan is an empyric or quack, who retails his medicines on a public stage. Tom Coryat observes, that ciarlatanoes, or ciarlatans, in Latin are called Circulatores, and Agyrtæ from the Greek word ἀγείρειν, which signifies to draw company together, for which Venice was very famous.

[5] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, (Sermon on the 29th of May, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their saintships should take Tyburn in the way."

As they had turned from side to side,
And, as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer;
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques, Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of leering faces, And annotations of grimaces,
After he had administer'd a dose Of snuff mundungus to his nose,[1]
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of the outward jobbernol,[2]
He shook it with a scornful look On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols, With such insufferable rambles?
To make the bringing in the King, And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade, And to assassinate, to aid:[3]
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No power is able to restore And bring him in, but on your score.
A spiritual doctrine that conduces Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;[4]
And weapons dress'd with salves restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:[5]
But whether Presbyterians have So much good nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have tried them can determine.

[1] From hence it is plain how long that foolish and pernicious custom of snuff-taking has prevailed here in England; which is merrily exposed by Dr. Baynard, History of cold Baths, "And now (says he) another nasty snuffling invention is lately set on foot, which is snuff-taking; which hangs on their nostrils, &c. as if it were the excrements of maggots tumbled from the head through the nose."

Misson (New Voyages to Italy), takes notice of an order of the Pope's, that no one should take snuff at church, with the reason why. The Tatler (No. 35), gives this philosophical reason for taking snuff: "That it is done only to supply, with sensation, the want of reflection." See the practice exposed, Spectator, No. 344. The Spaniards think more favourably of the practice, and present snuff as a token of friendship. Ladies' Travels into Spain.

[2] The same with great-head, Jagger-head. *Nowl*, a word often used by the translator of Rabelais.

[3] This is a sneer upon Serjeant Wild, who was sent to Winchester to try Rolf, against whom Osborne and Doucet swore positively to his design of assassinating the King. The Serjeant being bribed to favour and bring him off, observed upon their evidence to the jury, "That it was a business of great importance that was before them; and that they should take heed what they did in it: that there was a time indeed when intentions and words were made treason, (words were made treason without acts, 1649), but God forbid it should be so now. How did any body know, but that those two men, Osborne and Doucet, would have made away the King, and that Rolf charged his pistol to preserve him?" Clarendon's History. This Rolf was a shoemaker, or one of the gentle craft. History of Independency.

[4] This is mentioned as a thing certain by Sir Kenelm Digby, (Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy) and by Moufet, "Medentur enim formicæ, ut scorpiones suis morsibus, et cum malo medelam pariter afferunt." Insectorum. It was observed of Athenagoras, a Grecian, that he never felt pain from the bite of a scorpion, nor the sting of a spider. Sexti Philosophi Pyrrhon. Hypoyp. lib. i. p. 17.

[5] Here again he sneers the weapon-salve: For the manner of applying it, see Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourse of the cure of wounds by sympathy.

Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss Th' arrears of all your services,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon the ungrateful nation,
Be us'd s' unconscionably hard, As not to find a just reward,
For letting rapine loose, and murther,
To rage just so far, but no further:
And setting all the land on fire To burn t' a scantling, but no higher:[1]
For venturing to assassinate And cut the throats of church and state:
And not be allow'd the fittest men To take the charge of both again:
Especially, that have the grace Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,[2] And sprinkled in at second hand;[3]
As we have been, to share the guilt Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt:
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, to avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set, As well as ours, who did but bet;
(For he had drawn your ears before,[4]
And nick'd them on the self-same score).
We threw the box and dice away, Before y' had lost us, at foul play;
And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles. From perching upon lofty poles;
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up like alligators:[5]
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd Your Presbyterian gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your zealous frauds and force To fits of conscience, and remorse,
To be convinc'd they were in vain, And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies:
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apochryphal and false,
To charge us with the consequences Of all your native insolences;
That to your own imperious wills, Laid law and gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament,[6] To serve the New for precedent:

[1] Mention is made of an humorous countryman who bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour of his, and not making use of his part, when his neighbour filled his with corn and hay, his neighbour expostulating with him upon laying out his money so fruitlessly: "Pray neighbour, says he, never trouble your head: You may do what you like with your part of the barn; but I'll set mine on fire."

[2] Walker charges the Independent faction, "That by an impudent fallacy, called translatio criminis, they laid their brats at other men's doors."

[3] Alluding to their manner of baptising, or admitting members into their churches, in opposition to the practice of the Anabaptists.
At Watling in Oxfordshire, there was a sect called Anointers, from their anointing people before they admitted them into their communion.

[4] Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

[5] Alligators are of a crocodile kind, and are frequently hung up in the shops of druggists and apothecaries.

[6] This was done by a fanatical printer; in the seventh commandment, who printed it

T' amend its errors and defects, With murder, and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
As Mahomet (your chief) began To mix them in the Alchoran:[1]
Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones, And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind:
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge, with illumination:
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody-Bones, or Lunsford;[2]

'Thou shalt commit adultery," and was fined for it in the star-chamber, or high commission court. Archbishop Laud's Trial and Troubles, and Spectator.

[1] Mahomet was so ignorant, that he could neither write nor read; yet in drawing up the Alchoran, commonly called the alchoran, though he was born and bred a Pagan, "he associated to himself a learned Jew born in Persia, a Rabbin in his sect, whom Elmacin called by the name of Salman; (Dr. Prideaux, Abdallah Ebn Salem) but the greatest assistance he received was by a Nestorian monk, called by the western historians Sergius, and by the eastern Bahira, an apostate, who had been expelled his monastery for his disorderly life: Such were the architects whom Mahomet employed, for the erecting the new system which he projected: The Jew furnished him with various histories from the old Testament, blended with the chimæras and dreams of the Talmud, out of which Mahomet, in order to heighten the marvelous, picked out some fabulous circumstances of his own inventing, which are still to be seen in the alchoran: And the Nestorian monk at the same time brought him acquainted with the New Testament, and the discipline of the church. All this he changed and corrupted with fables, which he borrowed from the pseudo gospels and apocryphal books; and it is manifest that he was not unacquainted with the history of the infancy of Jesus, and the family of the Virgin Mary." Abbé Vertot's Discourse of the Alchoran. Mahmut the Turkish Spy defends it

"Come Mahomet, thy turn is next, New gospel's out of date;
The Alchoran may prove good text In our new Turkish state
Thou dost unto thy priests allow The sin of full four wives,
Ours scarce will be content with now Five livings, and nine lives.
Thy saints and ours are all alike, Their virtues flow from vice:
No bliss they do believe and seek But an earthly paradise.
A heaven on earth they hope to gain, But we do know full well,
Could they their glorious ends attain, This kingdom must be hell."

Mercurius Pragmaticus, No. 2, April 11, 1648.

[2] It was one of the artifices of the malcontents in the civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: At that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers. And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children, (Echard's England), which scandalous insinuation is deservedly ridiculed in the following lines:

"From Fielding and from Vavasour, Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us, That eateth up children."

Collection of Loyal Songs.

Cleveland banters them upon the same head:

"The post that came from Banbury, Riding in a blue rocket,
He swore he saw when Lunsford fell A child's arm in his pocket.

And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him, as we learn from the following lines of Cleveland: (Rupertismus).

"They fear the giblets of his train, they fear Even his dog, that four-legg'd cavalier:
He that devours the scraps which Lunsford makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes."

Gayton, in banter of this idle opinon, (notes on Don Quixote), calls Saturn the very Lunsford of the deities. They might as well have ascribed to him the appetite of the giant-

While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the cause:
And turn'd the men to ten horn'd cattle,
Because they went not out to battle:
Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;[1]
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the saints adventures.
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:
Inchant the King's and church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands;
And settle on a new freehold, As Marchy-hill had done of old;[2]
Could turn the covenant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate:
Expound upon all merchants cashes, And open th' intricatest places:
Could catechise a money-box; And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the cause became a Damon, And Pythias the wicked Mammon.[3]

Wide-nostrils, who swallowed wind-mills with their sails, or Zyto, (conjuror to Wenceslaus, son to the Emperor Charles IV.) who, upon a trial of skill at the Duke of Bavaria's court, swallowed the Duke's principal conjuror with all he had about him, his dirty shoes excepted; and then, for diversion of the company, ran with him to a large tub of water, and launched him out to the middle of it. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643. (Echard's England.)

[1] That text in Judges v. 28. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The rebellious preachers were wont to be found often in the ears of the people, to make them imagine they should fall under a grievous curse, if they, as many at least as were fit to make soldiers, did not list into the parliament army, to fight, what these hypocritical rebels called, the Lord's battles against the mighty, that was, the King and all his friends. Stephen Marshall preached a seditious sermon before the commons, Feb. 13, 1641, from that text, entitled, Meroz cursed (pence me), to which probably Butler alludes.

"Then curse ye Meroz in each pulpit did thunder,
To perplex the poor people, and keep them in wonder,
Till all the reins of government were quite broken asunder."

Collection of Loyal Songs, reprinted 1731.

The Scots (in their Declaration, Aug. 10, concerning their expedition into England,) "The Lord save us from the curse of Meroz, who came not to help the Lord against the mighty." How careful they and their English brethren were to keep all others from that curse, appears from the declaration of both kingdoms, 1643. "We give (say they) public warning to such persons to rest no longer upon their neutrality, but to take the covenant, and join with all their power, otherwise we do declare them to be public enemies to their religion and country, and that they are to be censured and punished as professed adversaries and malignants." Foulis's History of Wicked Plots.

[2] "Near the conflux of the Lug and Wye (Herefordshire) eastward, a hill which they call Marclay-hill, did, in the year 1575, rouse itself as it were out of sleep, and for three days together shoving its prodigious body forward, with a horrible roaring noise, and overturning everything in its way, raised itself, to the great astonishment of the beholders, to a higher place, by that kind of earthquake, I suppose, which naturalists call Brasmatia." Camden's Britannia.

A like account we meet with of Blackmore in Dorsetshire, in the year 1587, and at Westram in Kent, 1599, of the fall of one of the highest mountains among the Grisons by an earthquake, in the year 1618, which overwhelmed a borough, or little town, called Pleara, and swallowed up the inhabitants, so that there was not any trace or sign left of the place. And the sinking down of part of a hill near Clogher in Ireland, March 10, 1712-3, and of the uncommon sinking of the earth at Folkestone in Kent, 1716, and the hill of Scarborough is fresh in memory.

[3] Damon and Pythias were two of Pythagoras's followers. When Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, had condemned one of them to die, he begged a few days to set his house in order

And yet, in spite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout, Than e'er y' were able to cast out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own schools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit.
By whom you have been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command:
Out-gifted, out impuls'd, out-done, And out-reveal'd at carryings-on.
Of all your dispensations worm'd, Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of church and state, And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments Of precious edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces
Like better bowlers in your places;
All which you bore, with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never hum'd and hah'd sedition,
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision.[1]
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single red-coat sentinel Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;[2]
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse;
We knew too well those tricks of yours;
To leave it ever in your powers;
Or trust our safeties or undoings To your disposing of out-goings;
Or to your ordering providence, One farthing's worth of consequence.
For had you power to undermine, Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan, Inveigle, or betray one man,
There's nothing else that intervenes,

and the other willingly offered himself in the mean while to stay as pledge, and to die instead of his friend, if he returned not at the time appointed: But he came according to appointment to suffer death himself, and thereby acquit his friend that had engaged for his return. When the tyrant saw this faithfulness of their friendship, he pardoned him that was condemned to die, and desired that he might be admitted as a third person in their friendship. (Valer. Maxim. lib. xx. cap. vii. De Amicitia.) See the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, Virgil, Æneid. lib. ix.

"His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant," &c.

[1] Alluding to those treasonable sermons before the two houses from 1641 to 1648, in number between two and three hundred.

Butler, in his Geneva Ballad, girds them for speaking through the nose, Remains, 1727.

"To draw in proselytes, like bees With pleasing twang, he tones his prose
He gives his handkerchief a squeeze 'And draws John Calvin through his nose."

And in his poem, entitled, Oliver's Court, Remains:

"If he be one of the eating tribe, Both a Pharisee and Scribe,
And hath learn'd the sniv'ling tone Of a flux'd devotion,
Cursing, from his swearing tub, The Cavaliers to Beelzebub;
Let him repair," &c.

L'Estrange distinguishes between the religion of the heart, and that of the nose. Declaration of the City to the Men at Westminster.

[2] L'Estrange in his observation upon the mob, says, "that they are tongue-valiant, and as bold as Hercules, where they know there's no danger: but throw a volley of shot amongst them, and they have not the courage of so many hares."

And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in power;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in, As grace is introduc'd by sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense, And sanctify'd impertinence;
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model:
Oblig'd the state to tack about, And turn you root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all, T' your great Croysado General.[1]
Your greedy slav'ring to devour, Before 'twas in your clutches, power,
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net:
Your spite to see the church's lands Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down, By under churches in the town;
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the Independent's spreading growths:
All which consider'd, 'tis most true None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;[2]
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,
Else frog and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,[3]

[1] It was demanded in the army's remonstrances, and printed papers, "That all reformado officers, soldiers, and forces in and about London, or elsewhere, not actually in the army's power, may be immediately dispersed; the old city and parliament guards removed, and a new guard of horse and foot presently sent from the army to secure the city and tower of London, and the Commons house." The total and final Demands already made by and to be expected from the Agitators and Army. London, 1647.

By Croysado General, General Fairfax is intended, who laid down his commission when, in the year 1650, it was proposed to him to march against the Scots; upon which the Rump settled upon him 5000*l.* per annum. Ludlow's Memoirs.

Cleveland (in his Character of a London Diurnal) observes upon him as follows: "The greatest wonder is at Fairfax, how he came to be a babe of grace. Certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the State Sophies distinguish) in his politic capacity; regenerated *ab extra* by the zeal of the house he sat in, as chickens are hatched at Grand Cairo, by the adoption of an oven."

"Will Fool was counted the worst of the twain, (Sir W. Waller.)
Till Tom Fool, Lord F——, the cause to maintain,
His honour and conscience did fearfully stain,
Which no body can deny."
The Rump carbonado'd, Collection of Loyal Songs.

General Fairfax is called the Croysado General; because religion was the first pretence to rebellion, and in allusion to the expedition of the Christians in the year 1196, to recover the holy land from the infidel Saracens, at the instance of Pope Urban II. which was called the Croysade.

[2] This probably refers to their private cabals, or clubs; a knot of men, or club of men, is much the same; and the word knots, rather than clubs, is used for the sake of the rhyme. He calls them *seal'd knots*, on account of the secrecy they were bound to keep.

[3] Alluding to one of the plagues in Egypt. See Exodus viii.

And flies and mange, that set them free From task-masters and slavery?
Were likelier to do the feat, In any indifferent man's conceit
For who e'er heard of restoration, Until your thorough reformation?
That is, the king's and church's lands Were sequester'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before, Your eyes were open'd to restore.
And, when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?
As by a world of hints appears, All plain and extant as your ears.
But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't;
Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts and put cases:[1]
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:[2]

"Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam."
Virgilii Georgic. lib. i. 378.

"Improbus ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet."
Virgilii Georgic. lib. iii. 431.

[1] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English parliament sent him some propositions; one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition; it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: The controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published: From which it appears that the King without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the kirk, (and I think it will be no hyperbole, if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together) and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow to Edinburgh, with a deep sonse of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidents, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the kirk or state, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with, as far beyond my expression as expectation.——I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge, and must confess, that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me, that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

Butler is mistaken in saying, that Henderson was one of the persons sent to dispute with the King in the Isle of Wight; for Mr. Henderson died Oct. 31, 1646, and the treaty at Newport began Monday, 18th Sep. 1648, (Echard's England) near two years after Mr. Henderson's death.

[2] Ob and Sollers are said by the annotator to be "two ridiculous scribblers, that were often pestering the world with nonsense." Two scribblers that never wrote at all, or were known only to our annotator.

Whoever considers the context will find, that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson, and his fellow disputants, who are called Masses, (as Mas is an abridgement of Master) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books, or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut), where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions: In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol: Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Ob and Sollers.

"Next comes in gold that brazen face,
The youth is in a woful case:
He brings us in some simple bobs,
If blustering be a sign of grace
Whilst he should give us Sols and Obs,
And fathers them on Mr. Hobs."
The Rota. See Collection of Loyal Songs.

As if th' unseasonable fools Had been a coursing in the schools:
Until th' had prov'd the devil author
O' th' covenant, and the cause his daughter.
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion:
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hewson:[1]
But only those, who first begun The quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the saints, Those reformation termagants?
But, e're this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,[2] T' inclose him with his warriors round:

[1] Pride was a foundling, to which the following lines allude, Collection of Loyal Songs.

"He, by Fortune's design, should have been a divine,
And a pillar no doubt of the church;
Whom a sexton (God wot) in the belfry begot,
And his mother did pig in the porch."

He had been a brewer, or rather a drayman; for which he is sneered by the same poet.

"But observe the devise of this nobleman's rise,
How he hurried from trade to trade;
From the grains he'd aspire to the yest, and then higher;
Till at length he a drayman was made."

He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's Purge. (Echard's England.) He was one of Oliver Cromwell's Upper House. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice, for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Butler calls him Sir Pride, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword. (Ludlow's Memoirs.) A knighthood not much unlike that proposed by Ralph, knight of the burning pestle, (Beaumont and Fletcher) to the innkeeper, in lieu of his reckoning.

"*Ralph.* Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
[Viz. Chamberlaino, Tapstero, and Ostlero.
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood by virtue of this pestle."

He, Hewson, was a cobler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and to help to coble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's Upper House. L'Estrange makes the following remark upon Hewson: "This minds me of a question a cobling colonel of famous memory (and he was a statesman of the long parliament edition) put to a lady of quality in Ireland: She had been so terribly plundered that the poor woman went almost barefoot; and, as she was warming her feet once in the chimney corner, the Colonel took notice that her shoes wanted capping, Lord, Madam, (says he) why do you wear no better shoes? Why truly, Sir, (says she) all the coblers are turned colonels, and I can get nobody to mend them." He observes farther of this infamous cobling Colonel, (Key to Hudibras) "That the day the King was beheaded, he went with a body of horse from Charing-cross to the Royal Exchange, proclaiming all the way, that whosoever should say that Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer present death." And he is justly sneered by Butler, and another loyal poet, in the following lines:

"A one-ey'd cobler then was one Of that rebellious crew,
That in Charles the martyr's blood Their wicked hands imbrew."
Tale of the Cobler and Vicar of Bray, Remains.

"Make room for one-ey'd Hewson, A Lord of such account,
'Twas a pretty jest That such a beast
Should to such honours mount. When Coblers were in fashion,
And niggards in such grace, 'Twas sport to see
How Pride and he Did jostle for the place."
Collection of Loyal Songs.

L'Estrange observes "That a brother cobler was killed by his order."

[2] Cromwell was in Scotland when the treaty of Newport began, but it went on with a fatal slowness, chiefly by the means of Sir Harry Vane, Pierpoint, and some others, who went to it on purpose to delay matters; and partly by the diffidence of that religious monarch, who could not come to a resolution so soon as his friends desired earnestly of him; so that, by the time it was come to any maturity, Cromwell came with his army from Scotland to London, and overturned all.

Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd the untimely sophists out.
Nor had the Uxbridge business less Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;[1]
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,[2]
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation To doctrine, use, and application.
So, when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,[3]

[1] The Parliament's commissioners were tied up to rigid rules, and seemed to have no power of receding from the very letter of the propositions they brought along with them. This is confirmed by the King's letter to his Queen, of the 5th of March after: "Now is it come to pass (says he) what I foresaw, the fruitless end (as to a present peace) of this treaty; but I am still very confident that I shall find the good effects of it: For, besides that my commissioners have offered (to say no more) full-measured reason, and the rebels have stucken rigidly to their demands, which, I dare say, had been too much, though they had taken me prisoner; so that assuredly the breach will light foully upon them." This sentiment is just and rational, since the Parliament's commissioners were inflexible, and made not the least concession. As to what has been pretended in some memoirs (Bishop Burnet's History). That the King abruptly broke up this treaty, upon the Marquis of Montrose's letter to him upon his victory in Scotland, I think it may be refuted by the King's letter to his Queen of Feb. 19, wherein he tells her, "He even then received certain intelligence of a great defeat given to Argyle by Montrose, who, upon surprise, totally routed those rebels, and killed 1500 of them upon the place." This is all he says of it; and, if he had received such a letter as is pretended, or this victory had such an extraordinary effect upon him, no doubt he would, in the height of his joy, have told the Queen of it, to whom he opened his bosom, and frankly communicated all his secret intentions. Nay, does he not, in his letter of March 5, when the treaty was broke up, absolutely lay the fruitless issue of it to the rigidness of the parliament's commissioners? If it had been rendered ineffectual by his means, or if he had receded upon this intelligence, from any proposition he had before agreed to, certainly the Queen must have been acquainted with so extraordinary a motive: On the contrary, he was desirous the treaty might be prolonged, in hopes of an accommodation; for, on the 19th of February, he tells her, "He had set an enlargement of days, for the limited days for treating were then almost expired." These are authorities drawn out of the King's own letters, which fell into the power of the parliament at Naseby-fight, which were soon afterwards published to the world by special order of parliament, under the title of The King's Cabinet opened, with severe annotations upon them. And can we think, that, if the least hint of this secret piece of history had been found, the strict and partial examiners of those letters and papers would not have triumphed at the discovery, and blazoned it to the good people of England, in their plausible annotations? I have been thus particular in refuting this ill-natured insinuation, because it has of late so often been mentioned in conversation, and the truth of it, by some men who are no friends to the memory of that excellent monarch, taken for granted.

[2] This was Christopher Lover, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there on Jan. 30, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

Echard (vol. ii) mentions a providential vengeance upon him, occasioned by this incident: That the letter of reprieve from Cromwell was taken from the northern postboy by some Cavaliers on the road.

[3] The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum: their receipts in money, and free quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the Sidrophel of this poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colnbrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late, written bitter things against thy children, and forsaken thine own inheritance: And now, O Lord, in our misery and distress we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots I mean), but, good Lord, thou knowest that they are a false and perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled, Lex Talionis, 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

"I must confess, the holy firk Did only work upon our kirk
For silver and for meat;

Who had so often, in your aid, So many ways been soundly paid:
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends;
You basely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in:
Which is so far from being true, That none but he can bring in you:
And, if he take you in to trust, Will find you most exactly just:
Such as will punctually repay With double interest, and betray.
Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art, Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home, And so are governments to some;
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues:
While others, in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloaths:
And nastier, in an old opinion, Than those who never shift their linen.
For true and faithful's sure to lose, Which way soever the game goes:
And, whether parties lose or win, Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While power usurp'd, like stolen delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.[1]
And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems On one another, lights and dreams.
To stand on terms as positive, As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own:
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heading:
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant, all courses are in vain, Unless we can get in again;

"Which made us come with a' our broods, Venture our blood for a' your goods,
To pilfer and to cheat."
The Scotch war, Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731, vol. i.

"For of the late treacherous Scots and we On a national covenant did agree;
And bound ourselves by solemn oath, Ne'er after to keep faith and troth!
And well may we swear, They're our brethren dear,
For they have cost us many a thousand pound:
And for all that we have got But this advantage from the Scot,
We are turn'd rebellious and round."
A New Ballad, called, a Review of the Rebellion, in three parts.

[1] This was Sir Sampson Legend's opinion in Jeremy's case, Congreve's Love for Love, act ii. sc. iv. and Gibbet's, see answer to Archer, Beaux Stratagem, act ii.

The only way that's left us now, But all the difficulty's now.
'Tis true, w' have money, th' only power,
That all mankind fall down before ;[1]
Money, that, like the swords of kings,[2]
Is the last reason of all things ;
And therefore need not doubt our play Has all advantages that way :
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well ;
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages, Of storing plagues to after ages.
Nor is our money less our own, Than 'twas before we laid it down ;[1]
For 'twill return, and turn t' account, If we are brought in play upon't :
Or but, by casting knaves get in, What power can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And, by th' unfortunate events, Can mend our next experiments :
For, when w' are taken into trust, How easy are the wisest chous'd ;
Who see but the outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights ;
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents, To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present power from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms Of plots and parties taking arms ;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide From healing up of side to side ;
Profess the passionat'st concerns, For both their interests, by turns,
The only way t' improve our own, By dealing faithfully with none ;
(As bowls run true, by being made On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For, if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together ;
And therefore have no other means To stand upon our own defence,

[1] "It is with money, as it is with majesty (says L'Estrange), all other powers and authorities cease, whilst that's in place.—Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relations, friendships, are all but empty names of things.—It is interest that governs the world, and the rulers of it.—For it works in all degrees and qualities of men.—Money in fine, is the universal passport ; and all doors open before it."

"Nihil autem tam arduum quod pecunia non explicitur : Quemadmodum eleganter dictum est à M. Tullio, actione in Verrem secundâ, nihil esse tam sanctum quod non violari, nihil tam munitum, quod non expugnari pecunia possit. Ortam aiunt Paræmiam ab oraculo quodam Apollinis Pythii, qui Philippo regi consulenti, quo pacto possit victoria potiri? Respondit ad hunc modum :

Ἀργυρίαις λογχαισι μαχου, καὶ παντα νικησεις. [qu. κρατησεις]

That is, Argenteis pugna telis atque omnia vinces,
videlicet innuens, ut quosdam largitionis ad proditionem solicitaret, atque ita consecuturum quæ vellet." Erasmi Adag. Chil. ii. Pecuniæ obediunt omnia.

Ψυχη Βροτοισιν αιμα τ' ἐστιν αργυρος.

[2] See the Spectator's dissertation upon the Argumentum Basilinum, (others write it Bacilinum, or Baculinum) No. 239.

"A man (says the Spectator, No. 240), who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonists much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding, it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant, accommodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible."

But keeping up our ancient party, In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late dissenters, Our brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close, As when they first began t'espouse;
Erect them into separate New Jewish tribes, in church and state;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only among themselves converse,
And all, that are not of their mind, Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle From conclave down to conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing, According to the light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense;
But in another quite contrary, As dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the spirit:
Protect their emissaries, empower'd To preach sedition and the word:
And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rers for the cause;
And turn the persecution back On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe, From breaking or maintaining law.
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full tides of the moon;
But off your zeal t' a fitter season, For sowing faction in and treason;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from baiting on their perches?
That when the blessed time shall come Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.[1]
Mean while be better arm'd to fence Against revolts of providence;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For, if success could make us saints, Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;[2]
A scandal that would fall too hard Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone;
And not to stand on terms and freaks, Before we have secur'd our necks:
But do our work, as out of sight, As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own, In opposition to the crown,

[1] Dr. Lightfoot, (Sermon Nov. 5, 1669), speaks of the Fifth Monarchy Men in the following manner: "And here (says he) I doubt the Fifth Monarchy Man is foully mistaken in his reckoning, when he accounts the Fifth Monarchy to be the kingdom of Christ; whereas the Fifth Monarchy was the kingdom of the devil."

[2] The author of the Fourth Part of the History of Independency, p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their swords, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking." "Where is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day, O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble? The God came from Naseby, and the Holy One from the west. Selah."

And a poet of those times banters them upon this head, in the following lines:

"That side is always right that's strong, And that that's beaten must be wrong:
And he that thinks that 'tis not so, Unless he's sure to beat 'um too,
Is but a fool to oppose 'um." Collection of Loyal Songs.

See the rebellion justified (by their rebel-preachers) from success. Century of Eminent Presbyterian Preachers.

And for the crown as fiercely side, The head and body to divide,
The end of all we first design'd, And all that yet remains behind.
Be sure to spare no public rapine, On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant Authority, as men in want:
As some of us, in trusts, have made The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects T' improve the factory of sects;
The rule of faith in all professions, And great Diana of th' Ephesians:[1]
Whence turning of religion's made The means to turn and wind a trade;
And, though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers, To thrive the better in commerce.
For all religions flock together, Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
To nab the itches of their sects, As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal;
As persecution, or promotion, Do equally advance devotion.
Let business, like ill watches go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out So easy, ease itself will do't:
But, when the feat's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray, Than ruin any other way.
All possible occasions start, The weighti'st matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import, That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by, Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And seem as scrupulously just, To bait our hooks for greater trust:
But still be careful to cry down All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate, And charge it all upon the state:
Express the horrid'st detestation, And pity the distracted nation.
Tell stories scandalous, and false, I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says, Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Or heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs).
Entrust it under solemn vows Of mum, and silence, and the rose,[2]
To be retail'd again in whispers, For th' easy credulous to disperse.[3]
Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;

[1] See Acts xix. 28.

[2] *Mum* in print (says Dr. Baynard. History of Cold Baths), is like the sealing of a bond in private, which begins, Noverint universi.

[3] The entrusting of secrets, with a design of having them divulged, is well exposed in L'Estrange's Fable of the woman entrusted with a secret, who, (by way of trial and banter) was entrusted by her husband with the secret of his having laid an egg, which was increased to forty eggs by six in the afternoon.

Rabelais informs us, how Pope John XII. reproved the Abbess and Nuns of Fontcrralt, for not being able to keep a secret with which he had entrusted them twenty-four hours, though they had desired of him an indulgence to confess themselves to one another under the seal of secrecy.

And strait another, all aghast, Rush'd in with equal fear and haste;
Who star'd about, as pale as death, And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till, having gather'd up his wits, He thus began his tale by fits:[1]
That beastly rabble,—that came down[2]
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls and shop-boards, in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore, And bawl the bishops—out of door:
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals;
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonad'ing—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Hold forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges To represent their personages:
Each bonfire as a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And every representative Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle, we are not Already sacrific'd incarnate:
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an ale-house,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Make up of rags, to personate Respective officers of state,
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed;
And, while the work is carrying on Be ready lifted under Dun,[3]

[1] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal, was Sir Martyn Noell, whom he calls a discreet citizen: he came about nine at night, and told them the surprising news of the citizens burning the parliament (which they then called the Rump) in effigy and emblem. Lilly says, "This council of state (the very cabal before us) could not believe it, until they had sent some ministers of their own, who affirmed the verity of it." Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it; and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself in Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced, that the breaks are natural and judicious.

[2] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump parliament.

[3] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Butler, in his Proposal for farming Liberty of Conscience, published 1663, among other resolutions gives the following one: "Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be —and among many other particulars—lastly, to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that uncircumcised Philistine."

His predecessor's name was Gregory, as appears from the prologue to Mercurius Pragmaticus, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at Paris, 1641.

"This trembles under the black road, and he Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree."

And in a paper called the Parliament Kite, 1648, No. 14, mention is made of him:

"What would you say, to see them fall, With both their houses vile?
Because they have deceiv'd us all, Now Gregory they'll beguile."

Sir John Birkenhead likewise mentions him, Paul's Church-yard. Sir William Segar, Garter King of Arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a herald, who procured him by artifice to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be a common hangman of London. And from him, probably, the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun, which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, Virgil Travestie, 1670.

"Away therefore my lass does trot, And presently an halter got,
Made of the best string hempen teer, And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art, As Dun himself could do for's heart."

See Marquis of Argyle's Last Will and Testament, 1661.

That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five, As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then, Is chosen for a fifth again;[1]
(For, since the state has made a quint Of generals, he's listed in't).[2]
This worthy, as the world will say, Is paid in specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the life in clouts,
Th' have pick'd from dung-hills here abouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin,[3] A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em:
And to the largest bonfire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride in.[4]
On whom, in equipage and state, His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two, As, at thanksgivings, th' us'd to do;

Nay, the name of Dun was continued to these finishers of the law (as they have sometimes affected to stile themselves, and squires by their office, from the confirmation, I suppose, of Gregory Brandon's arms) twelve years longer; when one Jack Ketch about threescore years ago was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since. This appears from Butler's Ghost, published 1682: When the author wrote the former part of it, it it is plain, that Dun was the executioner's name, or nick-name.

"For you yourself to act Squire Dun, Such ignominy, ne'er saw the sun." Butler's Ghost.

But, before he had printed off his poem, Jack Ketch was in office.

"Till Ketch observing he was chous'd, And his profits much abus'd;
In open hall the tribune dun'd To do his office, or refund." Butler's Ghost.

Loyal Songs, vol. ii. No. 2.

None of these in their office could come up to the Dutch headsman, mentioned by Cleveland (Character of a London Diurnal) of whom it was reported, "That he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after the execution should stand still upon the shoulders." Or to the executioner of Stockholm, who was condemned to that office at ten years old, for cutting off the head of another boy at play. A. de la Motraye's Travels, vol. ii.

[1] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2. Lord Clarendon, Echard, Rapin, &c. Sir Arthur Hazlerig (as Mr. Walker observes), was a governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and £6,500 in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

The writer of an elegy upon King Charles the first, 1648, gives but a scurvy character of him, in the following lines:

"Nor John of Leyden, whom the pillag'd quires Employ'd in Munster for his own attires:
His pranks by Hazlerig exceeded be, A wretch more wicked, and as mad as he;
Who once in triumph led his sumpter moils Proudly bedecked with the altar's spoils."
See Mercurius Rusticus.

Walker calls him a saint of the devil's last edition. A tract entitled, A true and exact Relation of the great and heavy pressures and Grievances the well affected northern bordering counties lie under by Sir Arthur Hazlerig's Misgovernment; London, 1650.

[2] The Rump growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; (Echard's England, 881.) but their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole General notwithstanding.

[3] Alluding to Hazlerig's name. "*Bavin* signifies a brush faggot:

"It yearly costs five hundred pounds besides
To fence the town from Hull and Humber's tides,
For stakes, for bavins, timber, stones, and piles," &c.
J. Taylor's Merry Wherry Voyage.

Shakespeare uses the word in his First Part of Henry IV. act iii. vol. iii. p. 400. where the King, speaking of Richard II., says,

"The skipping King, he ambled up and down, With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt."

[4] The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a regicide.

"When Pluto keeps his feast, The rogues must all appear,
And Mr. Scot, I had forgot, Must taste of this good chear:
Find out the man, quoth Pluto, That is the greatest sinner;
If cook be he, then Cook shall be The cook to cook my dinner."
Collection of Loyal Songs.

Each in a tatter'd talisman, Like vermin in effigie slain.
But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tails o' th' beast,
Set up by Popish engineers, As by the crackers plainly appears;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.[1]
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heaven, by springing mines,[2]
And, with unanswerable barrels Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels;
Now take a course more practicable, By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites;[3]
More like to ruin, and confound, Than all their doctrines under ground.
Nor have they chosen rumps amiss, For symbols of state mysteries;
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few;
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches In all their politic far-fetches:
And, from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,[4]
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees[5] To express their antique Ptolemies;
And, by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power:
Because these subtle animals Bear all their int'rests in their tails;
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state:[6]

[1] Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a soldier; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French, in the year 1521, and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

[2] Alluding to the gun-powder treason, conducted by the Jesuits.

[3] Sambenito, a coat of coarse cloth, in which penitents are reconciled to the Church of Rome; and prisoners wear it sometimes for a year in prison. It is also (as here meant) a coat of coarse canvass, painted with devils and ugly shapes, which persons condemned for heresy by the Spanish Inquisition wear when they go to execution.

[4] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. *Kirkerus* in the two first editions.

[5] The Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy), under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

[6] *Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.*"
Virgilii Georgic. lib. iv. 168.
"All with united force combine to drive The lazy drones from the laborious hive."
Dryden.

Virgil observes of them (Georgic. lib. iv. 236, 237, 238.) that they instantly die on the loss of their stings:

"Illis ira modum supra est, læsæque venenum
Morsibus inspirant, et spicula cœca relinquunt
Affixa venis, animasque in vulnere ponunt."
"Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault the aggressor's face;
And through the purple veins a passage find,
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind." Dryden.

They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.
For, as, in bodies natural, The rump's the fundament of all;
So, in a common-wealth, or realm, The government is call'd the helm;
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail,
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with, through sea and air;
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The same thing with the stern and compass.[1]
This shews how perfectly the rump
And common-wealth in nature jump.
For as a fly that goes to bed Rests with his tail above his head;[2]
So, in this mongrel state of ours, The rabble are the supreme powers;
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue, No force in nature can do hurt to;[3]
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed All sorts of vegetals proceed:[4]
From whence the learned sons of art,
Os sacrum, justly style that part.
Then what can better represent,
Than this rump-bone the parliament;[5]

[1] The compass, or magnetic needle, first found out in Europe by John or Flavio Gioia, of the city Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples.

[2] This is literally true.

[3] Buxtorf, in Lexic. Chaldaic. Talmud. & Rabbin. Col. 12. under the word לוז, Luz, thus writes, "Nomen ossis cujusdam in corpore humano, quod scribunt Hæbræi incorruptibile," &c. for which he quotes several rabbinical authors: "When Adrianus was bruising of bones, he asked R. Jehoshuang, the son of Hhaninah, and said to him, From what will God at the latter end revive man? He said, from Luz of the back-bone. (Luz is a little bone in the shape of an almond, or hazel-nut, standing at the bottom of the back-bone, R. Solomon.) He said to him, when dost thou know it? He answered, Get it me, and I will inform you: Adrianus procured one, and he (R. Jehoshuang) endeavoured to grind it in a mill, but it would not grind: He endeavoured to burn it in a fire, but it would not burn: He put it into water, and it was not dissolved: He put it upon a garment, and struck it with a hammer, but the garment was rent, and the hammer split, and it (the bone) was not diminished." A translation from Bereschith Rabbath, sect. 28. by Mr. Israel Lyon.

Mohammed taught his followers something to this purpose. See Sales's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran.

[4] John Gregory, of Oxford, in his sermon upon the Resurrection, where he is proving the resurrection of the same body, informs us, "That a learned chemist, who spent much time in the contemplation of tinctures, and the impression of vegetables, to prove the great principle of salt, made this experiment: He took several herbs and plants, and calcined them to ashes: he put up the ashes into several glasses sealed hermetically, and written upon with the several names of the calcined herbs: When he would show the experiment, he applied a soft flame to the glasses, where forthwith he might perceive the self-same herbs rising up by little and little out of the ashes, every one in his proper form: and, the flame subtracted, they would return to their chaos again."

Philip Skippon, in his journey through part of the Low Countries, &c., makes mention of one Baldasti, a chemist, who bragged, "that he could discover the name of any plant, only by seeing the fixed salt of it. If four thousand were brought one after another, he could distinguish them.——That he had an universal liquor, that would produce any plant out of its fixed salt." See Tatler, No. 119.

[5] See the reason why those few members of the House of Commons, after they had secluded their fellow members, to make way for the King's trial, were called a Rump, or fag-end of a parliament, Walker's History of Independency.

That, after several rude ejections, And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives, Starts up, and like a cat, revives?[1]
But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' house, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout, With which they other fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, And paultry private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation, Beyond all hopes of restoration:
And parted, like the body and soul, From all dominion and controul.
We, who could lately, with a look, Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law, And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff, All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the great, Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly, For ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all The horror that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge:[2]
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last:
And, to be but undone, entail Their vessels on perpetual jail;[3]
And bless the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.

"The Rump's an old story if well understood;
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a parliament's hood,
And like't, but the tail stands where the head should,
Which no body can deny.
'Twould make a man scratch where it does not itch,
To see forty fools heads in one politic breech;
And that hugging the nation, as the devil did the witch."
A New-year's Gift for the Rump, Collection of Loyal Songs.

[1] The Rump was ejected by Oliver Cromwell and his officers, April, 1653, restored 6th May, 1659, turned out again 13th October, and restored 26th December. Foulis's History of the Wicked Plots, &c.
"Then a pox light on the pitiful Rump, That a third time above-board vapers
Which Old Nick blew out, but now turns up trump,
As Joan —— — and out tapers." Collection of Loyal Songs.

[2] John Taylor, the water-poet, has emblazoned the arms of such villains as these:
"—————— I hope Thou wilt conclude thy roguery in a rope;
Three trees, two rampant, and the other crossant One halter pendant, and a ladder passant:
In a field azure, clouded like the sky, Because 'twixt earth and air I hope thou'lt die;
These arms for thee my muse hath heraldiz'd,
And, to exalt thee, them she hath devis'd:
Then when thou bidst the world the last good night,
I squint upright, and say, Gallows, claim thy right."
A quarrel betwixt Tower-hill and Tyburn, Collection of Loyal songs.

[3] L'Estrange's Apology. This the regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed in terrorem: Those that came in upon proclamation, were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25 Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves, why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alledged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious declaration from Breda and the votes of parliament, &c., they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c. And Harry Martin briskly added, That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged, for taking the King's word now. A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropped, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of." Echard's England, 68. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.
Diodorous Siculus observes of the Egyptians (Rer. Antiquar. lib. iv cap. i.), that amongst

This said, a near and louder shout Put all th' assembly to the rout,[1]
Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear:
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until th' had block'd the passage fast,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs, Of one another, on their backs:
The van-guard could no longer bear The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid cookery of the rabble:
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse, Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.[2]

them it was reckoned dishonourable to commute death with banishment. "Commutare mortem exilio, veluti mos est apud Græcos, nefas habetur: Ferunt quendam, misso, ad se mortis signo, cogitasse ex Ethiopia fugere: Quod præsentiens mater, zonâ ad filii collum positâ, nequaquam manibus reniti ausum, ne suis dedecori esset, strangulasse."

[1] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burnt in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder therefore they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

[2] The anniversary of the Pope's coronation is celebrated at Rome with universal festivity, and concludes at night with a costly and extraordinary fire-work, which is played off from the top of the castle of Saint Angelo, and distributes rockets in the air all around, into various forms, of crowns, scepters, &c. in a most surprising manner. Amongst the other diversions of the day, is a horse-race in one of the longest streets in the city, to which resort a vast number of well-dressed gentlemen and fine ladies: particularly, the Cardinal Protector for the English nation does then hire a house for the day in that street, where he entertains such of our country-men as will favour him with their company, with an elegant regale of rich wines, and all sorts of sweetmeats, &c. and, from the windows of the balconies, they and indeed all other persons of quality and distinction have the pleasure of seeing the race, which is performed in the following manner.

The horses, without being saddled, are placed exactly all together abreast, and so held by the bridle. There is a girth goes round each of their bodies, to which, upon the top of their backs, is fastened a thin plate of polished steel, about two inches in breadth, and a foot long, in the shape of an arch, which is so pliable as to rise up and fall down again towards the hinder part of the horse at his least motion, at the extremity whereof hangs a bunch of very sharp spurs; these spurs are held up from touching the horse by a groom, who, upon the signal for starting, lets them fall down and prick his back, upon which all the horses immediately start, and the faster they run, the faster do the spurs prick them.

There are persons at the end of the race ready to lift up the spurs, take them off from the girths, and lead the horses home by the bridle.

I suppose Tuscany breeds the best Italian race-horses; which induced Butler to use the term of Tuscan horse. And this seems to be confirmed by Sir William Davenant, who speaking of Gartha, one of his heroines,

"To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd And bids her Tuscan chariotteer drive on,
As if her steeds were dieted to wind,
Slow seemes their speed whose thoughts before them run."

The picture of one of these horses: There is a line full of spurs reaching from mane to tail.

The horse-race in the street Del Corso, at Rome, during the time of the carnival is performed much in the same manner.

A. de la Motraye observes, "That two bags stuffed with straw, one on the top of the other, in the top of a wallet, with little pointed wires, like the bristles of a hedge-hog, are tied on the horse's back, and hang down upon his flanks; then they whip two or three of them together,

CANTO III.—ARGUMENT.[1]

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight,
He plots to turn his amorous suit
Repairs to counsel, to advise
But first resolves to try by letter
To quit the enchanted bow'r by night.
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
'Bout managing the enterprise;
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed, Equivocally, without seed?[2]
And have no possible foundation, But merely in th' imagination,
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;[3]
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.[4]
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses, To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos[5] Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear;
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions;
And, when their eyes discover least, Discern the subtlest objects best:
Do things, not contrary, alone, To th' course of nature, but its own:
The courage of the bravest daunt, And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear, With too much as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out, And those they fled, like lions, rout.

and so let them go; and the motion of their running stirring the bristles, and (as it were) spurring them, increases the speed."

[1] Our poet now resumes his principal subject; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest canto in the whole poem. This respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: It was necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

[2] Pliny affirms the same of two sorts of fern, "Filicis duo genera nec florem habent, nec semen."

Shakespere seems to banter this opinion. Henry IV.

Gadshill to the Chamberlain. "We steal as in a castle, cock-sure, we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible."

Dr. Derham (Physio-Theology,) disproves this opinion: "Filicem reliquasque capillares herbas semine carere veteres plerique——prodidere: Quos etiam secuti sunt e recentioribus nonnulli, Dodoneus, &c.——Alii e contra, Bauhinus, &c. Filices, et congeneres, spermatophoras esse contendunt: Partim, quia historia creationis, Gen. ii. 12, &c. verissimam esse Autopsia convincit."

Fredericus Cæsius, he saith, was the first that discovered these seeds by the help of a microscope.

[3] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that witches have their imps, or familiar spirits that are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them.

[4] A sneer upon the tales of fairies told to children in the nursery.

[5] The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth age. They are also called the enlightened, immortal, and invisible; they are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions. The Rosicrucian philosophers held a millennium. Vid. Jo. Garhardi Loc. Theologic. tom. ix. col. 331.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true, Who, by the furies, left perdue,
And haunted with detachments sent,
From Marshal Legion's regiment,[1]
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit, Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear, Was both the imps and conjurer:
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi, It follows in due form of poesy.
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way, In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led, (He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need, Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast, To fly and run away, his best:
To keep the enemy, and fear, From equal falling on his rear,
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer side,
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,[2]
And, when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind, Believes 'tis always left behind,
But when the morn began t' appear,[3]
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture At best advantage to accost her,

[1] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the rebels. He was called the Geneva bull.
"Or roar, like Marshal, that Geneva bull, Hell and damnation, a pulpit full."
Cleveland's Rebel Scot, 1677, and Dr. Bruno Ryves, calls him the Arch Flamen of the rebels.

[2] John Taylor, the water poet, banters the seamen, as bad horsemen. He observes, "That mariners are commonly the worse horsemen. As one of them being upon a tired hackney, his companions prayed him to ride faster, he said, he was becalmed: Another mounted upon a foundered jade that stumbled three or four times headlong; the sailor imagined, that his horse was too much laden a-head, or forward on, (as the sea phrase is) and therefore to ballast him, that he might go or sail with an even keel, he alighted, and filled his jerkin sleeves full of stones, and tied them fast to the horse's crupper, supposing thereby to make his stern as deep laden as his head, to avoid stumbling."

[3] I have before observed, that we may trace our heroes morning and night: This particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the critics. How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous discovery? Mr. Butler is as clear in this point as any of them: For, from opening of these adventures, every morning and night have been poetically described; and now we are arrived at the third day.

She order'd th' antimasquerade, (For his reception) aforesaid:
But when the ceremony was done, The lights put out, and furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest, Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone) (As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself, The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part, With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And, therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold spright
That took his place and shape to night?[1]
Some busy Independent pug, Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,
And from th' inchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you,
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are,
Which you would gratefully repay Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, The infernal conjurer Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out;
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid, Have noted all they said or did;
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent,
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight, T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell, And that she-devil Jezebel,

[1] Here is an amazing discovery opened: The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with the night: No sooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his mistake: He finds Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or a ghost: Upon this he is agreeably surprised, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about; since the day before they had mutually resolved to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciously formed this incident: For it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, and the other by his treachery and gross imposition: But very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs; and, consequently, each thought himself the offender: It is therefore natural and probable, that they should easily come to a good understanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but for the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter on the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted: Thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the poet.

That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,
That play'd the devil to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town, That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats,
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer,
That to our churches veil'd his mitre;[1]
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none, but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear To rid me of my hellish fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon, With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a-while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony, That only can prevail upon ye:
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain, But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd the advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear, That partings wont to rant and tear,

[1] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable, that Geo. Grahame, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered in this place by Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes, where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function, as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation, "Good God, what is this that I have lived to hear? That a bishop in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry mercy for his now abandoned calling."

There is another Scotchman, Arch. Adair, Bishop of Killala in Ireland, who was deprived of his bishopric, for speaking in favour of the rebellious Scotch covenanters; but was promoted to the see of Waterford after the Earl of Strafford's death.

The writer of the printed notes insinuates, "that the Archbishop of York is here intended:" But he is certainly mistaken; for Archbishop Williams was as much hated by the fanatics of those times as any one of his order. In a libel entitled, The Character of an Oxford Incendiary, he is treated in the following indecent manner: "And now we talk of preferment, enter Owen Glendour on horseback, Brute's cousin-german, and top of his kindred, Welsh Williams, prelate of York; This is the pepper-nosed Caliph, that snuffs, puffs, and huffs ingratitude to the parliament, though they freed him from prison, and put his adversary in his room: Tell him of reformation, and you transform him into a turkey-cock: A jack of lent, made of a leek and red herring, will not more inflame him, than the name of Presbytery."

And I find, in an original letter in Dr. William's MS. collections, from Sir William Brereton to the speaker, a complaint against the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Chester, St. Asaph, and Bangor, for fortifying Conway castle against the parliament.

And give the desperat'st attack To danger still behind its back.
For, having paus'd to recollect, And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd;
It put him in so fierce a rage, He once resolv'd to re-engage,
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice,
That made me from this leaguer rise;
And, when I 'ad half reduc'd the place, To quit it infamously base;
Was better cover'd by the new Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests, and run, Victoriously, from battles won,
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight, And, conqu'ring, run away by night
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do;
To mount me in the dark by force, Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage, Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue, I might the unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man, Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse[1]
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter hole by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain:
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones From unavoidable battoons,
The enemy was reinforc'd, And we disabled, and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight, And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as desp'rate in the attempt,
Has given you freedom to condemn't.
But, were our bones in fit condition To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain, To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprise Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast designs serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast,
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose This stratagem, t' amuse our foes,

[1] A cart in which criminals are carried to be hanged. Dr. Baillie, in his Wall-flower written in Newgate, 1659, uses the word *caroach* for coach.

To make an honourable retreat, And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,[1]
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part Of conduct in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats atchieve,[2] As citizens, by breaking, thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallantest course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest,
That spares th' expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains,
And in the end prevails as certain As those that never trust to fortune;
But make their fear do execution Beyond the stoutest resolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow, And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men, That only sav'd a citizen,[3]
What victory could e'er be won, If every one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won, The war's as far from being done:
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
And sometime, when the loss is small,[4]
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats, And emendations in gazettes;[5]

[1] A saying of Demosthenes, who fled with Philip of Macedon, when he obtained a great victory over the Athenians at Cheronæa, a village of Bœotia; and, being reproached for it, he made the following answer. Ανηρ, inquit, ο φευγων,—καλιν μαχησεται. Aulii Gellii Noct. Attic. lib. xvii. 21. "Be pacified, (says the curate to Don Quixote, upon one of his misadventures), "Fortune may have yet better success in reserve for you; and they who lose to-day may win to-morrow." Of Demosthenes's opinion was the cowardly soldier, (L'Estrange's Fables), "who, being tried by a council of war, for cowardice, pleaded for himself, That he did not run away for fear of the enemy, but only to try how long a paultry carcase might last a man with good looking to."

From this saying of Demosthenes, the Italians might probably borrow their following proverb:

Emaglio che si dieu, qui fuggi, che qui mori. "It is better it should be said, here he run away, than here he was slain." Select Proverbs, Italian——London, 1703.

[2] Mark Antony's brave retreat from his Parthian Expedition.

"A prudent chief not always must display His powers in equal rank, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply, Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem, Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream."
Pope's Essay on Criticism.

[3] The corona civica was given to any soldier that had, in battle, saved the life of a Roman citizen, by killing, at the same time, an enemy; and, though it was composed of no better materials than oaken boughs, yet it was esteemed more honourable than any other crown. Virgil calls it civilis quercus. Æn. vi. 772.

"Qui juvenes, quantas, ostentant, aspice vires:
At qui umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu."

See an account of the honours, conferred on those persons that had merited it, Kennet's Antiquities of Rome, part ii.

[4] After a battle, the rebels, if they found their loss was small, they represented it to the people as a great victory gained, and made bonfires, and appointed a public thanksgiving for it; by which they kept up the spirit of the party.

[5] I don't remember to have met with any such paper printed in those rebellious times; though there was a paper with that title early in the reign of King James I. as appears from John Donne's verses upon T. Coriat's Crudities, 1611.

"Munster did towns, and Gesner authors shew;
Mount-now——to Gallo Belgicus appear As deep a statesman as a gazetteer."

The gazettes began first to be regularly printed in Charles II.'s time, 1665, the year of the plague. The first number dated Nov. 7, 1665. There is a complete collection of gazettes from that time, to Dec. 30, 1703, in 13 vol. fo., in Pepys's library in Magdalen College, Cambridge: In Lord Oxford's library, a complete set to the year 1739, inclusive, in vol. 34.

And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame, And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells;
And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;[1]
Yet with religious blasphemy, By flattering heaven with a lie,[2]
And, for their beating, giving thanks,[3]
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from th' enemy, Engage them equally to fly;[4]

[1] This they frequently did, though beaten. And it was their custom likewise to sing a psalm before an engagement; to which Cotton, Virgil Travestie, compares the dismal howlings of Queen Dido's domestics, when they discovered that she had hanged herself:

"Even like unto the dismal yowl, When tristful dogs at midnight howl;
Or, like the dirges that, through nose, Humm'd out to damp their Pagan foes,
When holy Roundheads go to battle, With such a yell did Carthage rattle."

We know it has been customary in other nations, upon an imaginary victory, nay, sometimes a defeat, to sing Te Deum. Mahomet ridicules this custom among Christians, in a remarkable manner, and with a seeming justness; "I have been (says he) at a ceremony which I am willing to see often, to give an account of it in my letters: It is the Te Deum which Christian princes cause to be sung in their churches, on the gaining any considerable advantage over their enemies; which Te Deum is a hymn composed by two of their saints, to wit Ambrose and Austin. When the French beat the Spaniards, they sing the Te Deum; and, when these vanquish their enemies, they do the same. These two nations do the duty of the Mussulmen, in destroying one another: and, when this is done, they give God thanks for the evil they had committed."

[2] There are many instances of this kind upon record. "You mocked God (says a Spy at Oxford——) in your public thanksgivings for your invisible victories, when you were publicly beaten: As at Edgehill, when you and the saw-pit Lord (viz. Philip Lord Wharton, who hid himself in a saw-pit) with some others, did make people believe lies, on purpose to gull them of their monies."

[3] Walker gives a remarkable instance of this kind: "Popham (says he) was the man, who, on June 4, 1649, gave a dismal relation to the high and mighty states at Whitehall, of his ill success in tampering with the Governor of Kinsale, in Ireland, who, being honester than the saints expected, took a sum of money of him to betray the town and fort, and ships in the road: but when Popham came into the road, to take possession of his new purchase, gave him such a gun-powder welcome, that he lost most of his men landed to take livery and seisin, and divers ships. He was commanded to conceal the ill news, and make a different report to the plebeians of the Commons House, of his success, &c. (which occasioned an order June 15, That, for this remarkable additional mercy, bestowed upon them, in the prosperous success given to their fleet at sea, upon Thursday next, the day set apart for thanksgiving, their ministers should praise God." "Lord, (says Walker) since these audacious saints are so thankful to thee for one beating, bestow many more beatings upon them, for they deserve all thy corrections."

"Nay, to the Almighty's self, they have been bold
To lie, and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God, for, if they were
Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see, Reward them straight with another victory!
Just such a one as Brainsford, and, sans doubt,
'Twill weary, e'r't be long, their gratitude out." Cowley's Puritan and Papist.

"But, oh! your faith is mighty, that has been, As true faith ought to be, of things unseen.
At Worc'ster, Brainsford, and Edgehill, we see, Only by faith, y' have got the victory.
Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay." Id. ib.

"At Keinton, Brainsford, Plymouth, York, And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain, The like ne'er seen before:
How often we Prince Rupert kill'd, And bravely won the day;
The wicked Cavaliers did run The quite contrary way."
Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731.

[4] Of this opinion, probably, was that humorous traveller, who, relating some of his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabians run; which, startling

And, when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the days that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aquavitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;[1]
With the uncontroul'd decrees of fate To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn, They unavoidably return:
Or else their sultan populaces[2] Still strangle all their routed bassas.
Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;[3]
Although the rabble sous'd them for't
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold, Nor ty'd to honour, as the old:
For now they laugh at giving battle, Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision, The whole design o' th' expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout The enemy, but eat them out:

them, he observed, that there was no great matter in it; for (says he) we run and they ran after us.

[1] Or baccharack. A wine from Bachiæra, a town on the Rhine, upon the Palatinate, whence it has its name.

A sort of Rhenish wine, so called from the village of Hockheim on the Maine, opposite to Mentz.

[2] The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob to the Sultan or Grand Seignior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called Bassas, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

[3] Alluding probably to Sir William Waller's defeat at Roundway Downe; which the soldiers ever after called Runaway Downe. Whitelock makes the rout to be occasioned by a panic fear in the parliament house: But Lord Hollis charges it upon the unskilfulness and cowardice of Sir Arthur Haslerig. It gave occasion for much rejoicing and pleasant raillery among the Cavaliers; and Cleveland thus plays upon both those commanders: "This is the William, who is the city's champion, and the diurnal's delight; yet, in all this triumph, translate the scene but to Roundway Downe, there Haslerig's lobsters were turned into crabs, and crawled backwards. There poor Sir William ran to his lady for a use of a consolation."

"Sir William at Runaway Downe had a bout, Which him and his lobsters did totally rout
And his lady the conqueror could not help him out. Which nobody can deny."
Collection of Loyal Songs.

Whitelock says that Waller posted up to London, and, by his presence, silenced invectives against him.

A Spy at Oxford, speaking of Sir William Waller, at Runaway Downe, or Roundhead Downe, as he calls it, says, "Brave William had a beating with a witness, being totally routed by Prince Maurice and Sir John Byron. And this was the twelfth conquest which made up the conqueror's brown dozen in number, compared to the twelve labours of Hercules.—For these great victories, so happily gained by this old beaten conquering commander, he was pompously received into London, with little less than a Roman triumph on Tues. 25 July. The Lord Mayor's show was nothing to it: There wanted nothing but a galley-foist, and then all would have been near complete. The people swarmed about him like caterpillars; every one glutted their eyes in gazing on this conquered Agamemnon; and a thousand voices cried, A Waller, a Waller! Upon which he remarks, "Thus you mocked God, the King, and the people: and by this means you have caused Pagan and Heathen idolatry to be committed. First, to Bacchus there have been offered hundreds of hecatombs of health and carouses; and, secondly, Your burnt sacrifices to Vulcan have been innumerably blazed in bonfires, fire and faggots, guns, flame, pipe and smoke."

As fighting, in all beasts of prey, And eating, are perform'd one way;
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming
All dangers are reduc'd to famine;
And feats of arms, to plot, design, Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near, Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;
And forc'd, with terrible resistance, To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground to encamp upon, Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side, may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted
The certainer th' are to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,[1]
And made their mortal enemy, The water-rat, their strict ally.[2]
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears hunger best and cold;
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:[3]
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' Emperor Caligula,[4] That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners, And lobsters 'stead of cuirasiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops:
Not like their ancient way of war, To wait on his triumphal car;

[1] Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

[2] Meaning the Dutch, who seemed to favour the Parliamentarians.

[3] An ordinance was passed March 26, 1644, for the contribution of one meal a week towards the charge of the army. Remarkable was the case of Cecilly de Rygeway, indicted the 31st of Edward III. A.D. 1347, for the murder of her husband; who, refusing to plead, was adjudged to fast forty days together in close prison, without meat or drink, which she did. Dr. Plot has given this, with two other remarkable instances of this kind; namely, of William Francis, who wilfully fasted fourteen days, being melancholy mad, and of John Scot, a Scotchman, who abstained from meat thirty or forty days. Others have carried this point much further, and their accounts greatly exceed belief.

Picus Mirandula mentions (from Roger Bacon) two English women, one who fasted twenty years, and the other forty. See the life of Martha Taylor, who lived one year without the use of meat or drink, 8vo. 1669. And Reynold's Discourse upon the prodigious Abstinence occasioned by the twelve Months Fasting of Martha Taylor, the famous Derbyshire Damosel, 1669. An account of a woman who had lain six days covered with snow, without receiving any nourishment. And a copy of an affidavit made in Scotland, concerning a boy's living a considerable time without food, Philosophical Transactions, vol. xxxi.

[4] See an account of this famous expedition, in Suetonius, Caligul. lib. iv. cap. xlvi.

But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely eat his captives up;[1]
And left all war by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her, Or waging battle to subdue her,
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride, By curbing of her back and side,[2]
But, since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd;
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And, if they were, would have it out,
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel;
To storm her heart, by th' antic charms Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her, And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word, And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;[3]

[1] The courage of many of the heroes of those times consisted in their teeth. Sir William Brereton, the famous Cheshire knight, is thus characterised by Cleveland, "Was Brereton (says he) to fight with his teeth, as he in all other things resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at this weapon. Oh! he's a terrible slaughter-man at a thanksgiving dinner. Had he been cannibal enough to have eaten those he vanquished, his gut would have made him valiant."

"Will Brereton's a sinner, And Croydon knows a winner;
But O take heed lest he do eat The rump all at one dinner."
Loyal Songs.

"A man of stomach of the next deal Was hungry Colonel Cobbet,
Who would eat at one meal A commonwealth,
And make a joint but a gobbet." Collection of Loyal Songs.

[2] A story in Tasso, an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

This account is not literally true of Rinaldo, one of the principal heroes concerned in the siege of Jerusalem, against the infidel Saracens. Armida, a beautiful queen, was in love with him, and had by magic engaged his affections. But when, by the assistance of his friends, he broke loose from her snares, and left her, she vowed revenge, and offered to marry any one of those Pagan princes who came to Saladin's assistance, provided they could take off Rinaldo in battle, though she still retained a secret affection for him. But when he had slain, with his own hand, all those princes, who had rashly undertaken his death, she fled from him with a design of taking away her own life; but he pursued and prevented it; and his love re-kindled by her heavy complaints against him: And when she had given them vent, in the most moving and passionate terms, he convinced her that his affection for her was as strong as ever, which brought about a reconciliation. Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloigne.

This suits as well with what Shakespeare mentions of Theseus and Hippolyta (Midsummer Night's Dream), Theseus speaks to Hippolyta in the following manner: "Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, and won thy love, doing thee injuries: But I will wed thee in another key, with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling."

[3] Breaking of gold was formerly much practised; and, when done, it was commonly believed, that such a man and woman were made sure to one another and could marry no other persons:

For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd;
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;[1]
And that, unless I miss the matter, Is all the bus'ness you look after:
Besides, encounters at the bar Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution, With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old;
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead, And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then, Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs In voluntary feats of arms;
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or lose, All must be try'd there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere y' have done.
The law, that settles all you do; And marries where you did but woo,
That makes the most perfidious lover A lady, that's as false, recover;
And, if it judge upon your side, Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Of which you like best, int' your hands.
For law's the wisdom of all ages, And manag'd by the ablest sages;
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar Be but a kind of civil war,[2]

that they had broke a piece of gold between them was looked upon to be a firm marriage-contract: Nothing was thought to bind the contract more firmly, before they were actually married, than this breaking a piece of gold.

See an account of Valentine's dividing a gold ring with Clermond, when he took leave of her, before his pilgrimage. History of Valentine and Orson.

[1] See a remarkable bill of charges, upon a disappointment in courtship, Guardian, No. 97.

"On promise of marriage, damages may be recovered, if either party refuse to marry: But the promise must be mutual on both sides, to ground the action, 1 Salk. 24.—And though no time for marriage being agreed on, if the plaintiff aver, that he has offered to marry the woman, and she refused; an action lies against her, and damages are recoverable.—If a man and woman make mutual promises of intermarriage, and the man gives the woman £100 in satisfaction of his promise of marriage, it is a good discharge of the contract. Mod. Cas. 156. By Stat. 29 Car. II. c. iii. no action shall be brought on any agreement or consideration of marriage, except it be put in writing, and signed by the party to be charged, &c. And where an agreement relating to marriage must be in writing, and when it need not, Vid. Skinn. 353."

[2] This piece of grimace in the gentleman of the long robe is entered by the writer of a pindaric poem inscribed to the Society of Beaux Esprits.

"Nor is your time misspent in parchment jar, The hellish bustle of the bar,
Where the loud prattling tribe wage an eternal war:
A war, while there——high words are rais'd, Their pedigrees and virtues blaz'd:
That is the issue of a first rate clown, And wore his leathern breeches up to town:
This is a pimp to causes, such a cheat, He pawn'd his soul for a five shillings treat:
That has a conscience steel'd, and this a face of brass, And he that looks so gravely is an ass.
Yet, when they next meet, they agree, Who but dear Jack, and Billy, who but he?
Consult afresh to raise their clients strife, And make it last as long as life:
And yet they know the law was meant,
What's wrongful to redress!
To free the poor and innocent."

The Spectator observes, (No. 13), "That nothing is more usual in Westminster-hall, than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing one another to pieces in court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it."

In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans;
They never manage the contest T' impail their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen The dignity of their profession:
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our common-wealth, the cause and side;
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle, About the slightest fingle-fangle;[1]
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than to argue at their own expence,
But make their best advantages Of other quarrels, like the Swiss;[2]
And out of foreign controversies, By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages,
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
Th' have no disputes about their art, Nor in polemics controvert:
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians, Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist, and Paracelsian,[3]

[1] The Squire in this speech pays a true and worthy compliment to the professors of the law. This obvious good understanding among themselves makes them easy; and the law ought to be held in veneration, because it is not exposed to the censure and judgment of the vulgar, (as other professions mentioned by Ralpho are) by the indiscreet writings of its professors. No wonder it is, that the Squire, by such fair and undeniable arguments in their favour, persuaded the Knight to apply to a lawyer for advice in his present case, which undoubtedly required relief and satisfaction.

[2] The Cantons of Switzerland will, upon any reasonable terms, allow any Christian princes to raise soldiers among them; by which means they are sure to be at peace with all the neighbouring states, and at the same time make a tolerable provision for great numbers of their people. But one Swiss regiment (as I am told) will not fight with another Swiss regiment, on any consideration. As they are all mustered and exercised every Sunday; so the whole country, to a man, are ever ready to fight. They expect to have their pay regularly; otherways they are ready to make good the proverb, No money, no Swiss."

[3] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200.
Paracelsus was born the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.
Que V. A. S. me permette de luy d'ecrire l epitaphe, &c.
"Your serene Highness will permit me to relate to you an epitaph I saw against the wall in the church at Saltsbourg, of a man much esteemed in Germany, and particularly in this part of it.

"Conditur, hic, Philippus Theophrastus, Insignis Medicinæ Doctor, qui dira illa
Vulnera, lepram, podagram, hydropisim, Aliaque insanabilia corporis contagia
Mirifica arte sustulit. Ac bona sua in pauperes distribuenda
Collocandaque honoravit Anno MDXLI die xxiiii. Septemb.
Vitam cum morte mutavit."

"This suits but little with what I learned concerning him in France, where he passes only for a quack, desirous of blinding the world by the extraordinary advantages he promised them.
"This impostor promised to every body the secret of making gold; and nevertheless died himself a beggar, and in the hospital of this very Saltsbourg: where the wealth he left to the poor, and could be of no use, but to add two lines more to his epitaph.
"He boasted too, that it was in his power to make the Pope, Luther, and the Turk, agree: he was a wicked man then, for he did not do it. I know no quality he had to facilitate his doing it, but that he had no zeal for any party. In fine (says he) I have the secret to

Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes:
And heralds stickle, who got who, So many hundred years ago
But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day, The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other sciences They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw, By inward light a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation, An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice, In bills, and answers, and replies;
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries constant course Of sinking when they take a purse)
Resolv'd to follow his advice, And kept it from him by disguise:
And, after stubborn contradiction To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon The resolution, as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol, thou advisest,
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier, nor vainer;
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' expence;
To act against myself, and traverse My suit and title to her favours:
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;
What after-course have I to take, 'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd, And goes to law, to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chowse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,

make a man live to one hundred and fifty free from diseases; and he himself died at thirty-seven, loaded with distempers: Nothing of all this persuades me in favour either of his probity or erudition."

Dr. Quincy distinguishes between Galenical and Chemical medicines; and observes, that the Galenical run much upon the multiplying of herbs and roots in the same composition, seldom torturing them any other way than by decoction: in opposition to Chemical medicines, which by the force of fire, and a great deal of art, fetches out the virtues of bodies chiefly mineral into a small compass.

Applies himself to cunning men, To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain, Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way, But is as difficult to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over, Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won,
But since I have no other course, But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;
He that complies against his will, Is of his own opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now, For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin, Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd advertisement, By times enough, of his intent
And knowing, he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand The plaintiff to be eldest hand:
Who what he pleases may aver, The other, nothing till he swear:
Is freely admitted to all grace, And lawful favour, by his place:
And, for his bringing custom in, Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise Which way t' encounter, or surprise,
And, after long consideration, Have found out one to fit th' occasion;
Most apt for what I have to do,[1] As counsellor and justice too:
And, truly so, no doubt, he was, A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years at Bridewell-dock,[2]
At Westminster, and Hicks's Hall; And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;[3]
Where, in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,

[1] Who this lawyer was I am really at a loss to understand: The author of the printed notes has pointed out E. P. Esq.: as the person intended by Butler: But I cannot give in to his opinion; though his character was not wholly unexceptionable, as appears from several passages in Walker's History of Independency. His great business in his profession, and the posts that he filled, must take up too much of his time, to suffer him to engage in the proper business of a pettifogger. He had been Commissioner of the Great Seal, worth £1,500 a year; and then, by an ordinance, practised within the bar, as one of the King's council, worth £500 per annum. He was afterwards postmaster for all inland letters, worth £100 every Tuesday night; and Attorney-General to the Commonwealth of England. And died in 1659, worth sixty thousand pounds in gold, in his coffers, as was credibly reported; besides lands of great value. Whitelock observes of him, "That he was a generous person, faithful to the parliament interest, and a good chancery lawyer." Bishop Tillotson, as I am informed, by a worthy gentleman descended from him, lived with him as chaplain: And he was a man much esteemed in Devonshire, where he lived, (namely, at Ford abbey, which he bought of Sir Samuel Rosewell, reputed by some the hero of this poem) for his hospitable and charitable disposition. What room then for fixing this character upon him, rather than upon Glyn or Maynard, who likewise complied with the times?

I have been told, that one Sidersin, who lived in those times and raised considerable fortunes in a low way of practice, has been reputed the lawyer sneered by our poet.

[2] Alluding probably to his attendance at Bridewell when petty criminals were whipped, who would not or could not commute their whipping for a sum of money.

Dr. Plot makes mention of an idiot, who daily amused himself with always counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; and, when it was spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike, and count the hour without the help of it.

[3] An unintelligible term used by jugglers. See Preface to a tract, entitled, Hocus Pocus, Vulgar. Such a lawyer as this would certainly have been banished out of Sir Thomas More's Utopian Commonwealth.

And us'd too equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining :[1]
To many a whore gave privilege,[2]
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent :
And many a trusty pimp and croney,
To Puddle-dock, for want of money ;
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace ;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept them prisoners of course, For being sober at ill hours ;[3]
That in the morning he might free Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,[4]
For leave to practise, in their ways ;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground :
The kennel, and the King's highway, For being unmolested, pay,
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most ;
Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,[5] And, for false weights, on chandelers ;
Made victuallers and vintners fine For arbitrary ale and wine.
But was a kind and constant friend To all that regularly offend :
As residentiary bawds, And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
That cheat in lawful mysteries, And pay church-duties, and his fees :

[1] Judge Bridlegoose's method seems to have been more equitable, who decided causes and controversies by the chance fortune of the dice. Or the Russian custom of giving judgment by lot. Or the romantic way of trying causes in some part of the East Indies ; the contending parties putting their bills into the hand of St. Thomas the apostle.

[2] L'Estrange observes, "That set a kite on the bench, and it is forty to one that he'll bring off a crow at the bar."

[3] Of this cast were the constable and watchman (Sir Richard Steele's Lying Lovers), upon the rencounter that happened between Lovemore and Bookwit.

Const. "Where, where was this clashing of swords? Soho! soho! You Sir, what are you dead? Speak, friend, what are you afraid of? If you are dead, the law can take no hold of you.

Watch. I beg your pardon, Mr. Constable, he ought by the law to be carried to the Roundhouse, for being dead at this time of night.

Const. Then away with him, you there—and you, gentlemen, follow me to find who killed him."

[4] He extorted money from those that kept shows. Don Quixote.

There is a remarkable account of Biroche, the famous Puppet-player of Paris, who was taken up as a conjurer, in one of the Cantons of Switzerland, (they taking his puppets for so many little devils) and he had certainly been condemned as such by the magistrate, had not Monsieur Dumont, a colonel of a regiment of Swiss, interposed ; who convinced them at last that there was no witchcraft in the case. However, they insisted upon Birothe's paying the charge of the prosecution ; which he not complying with, they fined him severely by plundering his puppets, and carrying off their fine cloaths in triumph, and putting him to the expence of new dressing them, before they could appear in Flanders. Count de Rochford's Memoirs.

Addison observes, (Travels) that the notion of witchcraft prevails very much among the Swiss. And the Spectator, (No. 372.) that, in Holland, there is a tax upon puppet-plays for the industrious poor.

[5] That is, took a bribe to save them from the pillory.

The ancient way of punishing bakers for want of weight was by the tumbrel, or cucking stool. This punishment was inflicted on them in the time of K. Hen. III. by Hugh Bigod, brother to the Earl Marshal. Hollingshed.

But was implacable and aukward To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,[1] And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case:
Which he as proudly entertain'd As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me;—
Better, and better still, quoth he:
And vows to stick me to a wall, Where-e'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When h' has confess'd, he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry hang him.
Now, whether I should before-hand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.[2]
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?[3]—Ah, whoreson.
Or, if 'tis better to indite, And bring him to his trial?—Right;
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or, whether he that is defendant, In this case, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?—Better still.
Then there's a Lady too,—Ay, marry, That's easily prov'd accessary;
A Widow, who, by solemn vows Contracted to me, for my spouse,

[1] "Discord's apartment different was seen, He had a lawyer been;
One that, if fee were large, loudly could bawl; But had a cough o' th' lungs, if small:
And never car'd who lost, if he might win.
His shelves were cramm'd with processes and writs;
Long rolls of parchment, bonds, citations, wills;
Fines, errors, executions, and eternal chancery bills."
The Progress of Honesty.

[2] Thus, one Harman, a very wealthy gentleman in Northamptonshire, was served by a tenant. Mr. Harman hearing that his tenant, who was in great arrears, was going to a fair, with money to buy cattle, met him designedly upon the road, told him he knew he had money, and desired him to discharge some part of his arrears, which he did with some difficulty. This coming to the knowledge of persons who were no friends to Harman, they advised his tenant to indict him for a robbery upon the highway, which he did, and Mr. Harman was condemned; but pardoned at the instance of one of the same name, who was secretary to the then Lord Treasurer: for which piece of service, he left him his whole estate, which was a very large one. Kennet's Complete History of England.

Remarkable was the custom of the Egyptians with regard to theft and robbery. Upon the thief's discovering the theft, and delivering the money or goods to the *chief* priest, the person robbed was bound to return one fourth part of the money or goods stolen to the robber. Diod. Siculi.

And it is observed of the Sicilians, that, with them, robbery was esteemed honourable: and the robber, if he was killed in pursuit of booty, was highly honoured after his death.

[3] An action of *trover*, from *trouvir* to find, is an action which a man has against one, who, having found any of his goods, refuses to deliver them upon demand.

Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel, To tamper with the devil of hell;
Who put m' into a horrid fear, Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men Upon my body—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright. And false imprisonment, all night,
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir, quoth the lawyer, Not to flatter ye,[1]
You have as good and fair a battery,[2]
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For, if th' have us'd you, as you say, Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I'd give More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,[3]
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony, and hanging here, Both go by destiny so clear,[4]
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And, if I durst, I would advance As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known; But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry that bears[5] Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is no leather To stick a pin in left of either;

[1] The Knight's queries, and the Lawyer's answers, seems to be artfully managed. The Knight has scarce told the Lawyer anything but things false in fact: How plausible has he made his own case, and how black that of his adversaries! though he himself was the most notorious offender. This is a perfect example of a practice, than which nothing is more common in life: Plaintiffs and defendants generally represent their own case with a fair outside, and conceal what they think will impeach the justness and validity of it. From hence arise so many law-suits, and from such partial representations very often are their disappointments occasioned.

It is observable, that the Knight put his case, and proposed remedies, more like a counsel than a client; he has a command of proper law terms, and seems not to be unexperienced in litigious affairs. The Lawyer now gives his advice, which proves to be agreeable to the Knight's wishes and sentiments: they thereupon part good friends, and without any wrangling, which is a thing very rare with the Knight: The Lawyer concurs with the Knight's opinion, of the conveniencies of perjury and forgery, and conscientiously promises him his service in the maintenance of them.

[2] This battery was of the same kind with that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's, (Shakespeare's Twelfth Night), who, when he had struck Sebastian, (taking him for his sister Viola, who was disguised in man's cloaths) and Sebastian had returned his compliment, threatens in the following manner:

Sir Andr. "Nay let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: Though I struck him first, yet 'tis no matter for that."

And probably our Lawyer would have defended it much like him, who, in aggravation of the defendant's crime, in action of battery, told the judge, "That he beat his client with a certain wooden instrument, called an iron pestle."

[3] The first action brought in a matrimonial case at Rome was by Carvilius, near five hundred years after the building of that city. Auli Gellii.

[4] Torquemeda mentions a person, who owned at the gallows, "that it was his destiny to be hanged."

With regard to matrimony, the young fellow seems to have been of a different opinion, who desired the prayers of the congregation, when he was upon the point of matrimony. See the moral. So Nerissa, Merchant of Venice, speaks in the same style with our poet:

"The ancient saying is no heresy, Hanging and wiving go by destiny."

[5] From *barret*, a wrangling suit.

For which, some do the summer-sault,[1]
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any rate, Things not in nature, for the state:
For, in all courts of justice here, A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the Knight; for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like charity; else right and wrong Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight, Convey men's interest and right,
From Stiles's pocket, into Nokes's, As easily as hocus pocus:[2]
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.[3]
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has, And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone, The proof is all it looks upon:
And you can want no witnesses To swear to any thing you please,[4]
That hardly get their mere expenses By th' labour of their consciences:
Or letting out, to hire, their ears To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values, To serve for jury-men, or *tales*,[5]
Although retain'd in the hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that, quoth he, let me alone;
W' have store of such, and all our own,

[1] *Summer-sault*, (*Soubresalte*, Fr.) a feat of activity showed by a tumbler. Alluding to the custom of throwing unfair practitioners over the bar.

[2] "In all probability (says Archbishop Tillotson, Discourse against Transubstantiation) "those common juggling words, of hocus pocus, are nothing but a corruption of Hoc est corpus, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the church of Rome, in their trick of transubstantiation. Into such contempt by this foolish doctrine, and pretended miracle of theirs, have they brought the most sacred and venerable mystery of our religion."

[3] The crafty part of the profession are bantered by the Clown in Shakespeare. Measure for Measure, act iii.

Butler may probably gird some of those reforming gentlemen, who, during the rebellion, divested persons unexceptionable of their property with a bad character, and restored them to it with a good one at the restoration.

[4] Knights of the post were common in all ages:

"Non bene conducti vendunt perjuria testes: Non bene selecti judicis area patet."
Ovidii Amor. lib. i. el. x. 37, 38.

John Taylor, the water-poet, observes of them, "That it is to be feared, that there are some that do make a living or trade of swearing: As a fellow being asked once, of what occupation he was? made answer, that he was a witness (witness); which was one that for hire would swear in any man's cause, be it right or wrong." And Walker observes "That the Council of State had hundreds of spies, and intelligencers, affidavit-men, and knights of the post."

It is a pity that the false witnesses in those times, (and all others) by whose evidence people's lives were taken away, did not meet with the fate of Sophy, a woman, who giving false evidence against William Bardesius, Prætor of Amsterdam, at the instance of his great enemy Mr. Henry Theodorus, Consul of that place, in order to take away his life: "had, May 3, 1561, her tongue cut out, was then hanged, had her body burnt, and publicly exposed." Baker's Inquisition.

[5] *Tales* is a Latin word of known signification: It is used, in our common law, for a supply of men impaneled upon a jury, or inquest, and not appearing, or challenged. For in these cases the judge, upon a petition, granteth a supply to be made by the sheriff, of some men there present equal in reputation to those that were impaneled. And hereupon the very act of supplying is called, A tales de circumstantibus. When a whole jury is challenged, they are called Mileores.

Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,[1]
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That's well, quoth he, but I should guess
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch On Bongey, for a water-witch;[2]
And, when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her,
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans To draw her neck into the banes:
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,[3]
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies:
And, if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand To copy out her seal, or hand;[4]

[1] Dr. Downing and Steph. Marshal, who absolved the prisoners released at Brentford from their oaths.

[2] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon: In that ignorant age, everything that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

There was likewise "one Mother Bongey, who, in divers books set out with authority, is registered or chronicled by the name of the Great Witch of Rochester."

[3] The word *quillet* is often used by Shakespeare, in his Love's Labour Lost, act iii. vol. ii. p. 142. upon the King of Navarre's talking with his company of love, and Dumont's saying,

"Ay marry there——some flattery for this evil.——"

Longville answers,

"Oh! some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks—some quillets how to cheat the devil."

The Earl of Warwick likewise uses the word. Henry VI. act ii.

"But in these nice sharp quillets of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw."
Henry VI. act iii.

Timon——— "Consumptions sow In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins. And mar men's sparring. Crack the lawyer's voice, That he may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quillets shrilly." Timon of Athens. And in his Hamlet, act v. Hamlet seeing the grave-digger digging up sculls, says,

Ham. "Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer?
Where be his quiddities now? his quillets? his cases?
His tenures, and his tricks?"

Mr. Peck upon the passage above from Love's Labour Lost, observes, "That *quillet*, as Minshew says, is a small parcel. ——— Here we come to the point. If we look into the map of Derbyshire, we find a place called Over Seile, which parish, though surrounded by Derbyshire, is yet a quillet, or small parcel of Leicestershire. The like may be observed in divers other places in other counties. These quillets, in all sheriffs aids, scutages, and the like, it should seem, were taxed, or pretended to be taxed, sometimes with the one county, sometimes with the other, and sometimes with neither. Thus when the sheriff of Leicester demanded those aids of the parish of Over Seile, it is probable they answered, they belonged to Derbyshire, not to Leicestershire. Again, when the sheriff of Derby demanded those aids that they belonged to Leicestershire, and not Derbyshire. And so, by this pretty artifice, sometimes got excused from both, or at least attempted so to do.——The word is often used in our author, and is always used to signify a quirk of the law, or quibble."

Dr. Donne uses the word in this sense: "This family would not think itself the less, if any little quillet of ground had been conveyed from it: nor must it, because a clod of earth, one person of the family, is removed."

[4] Selden observes, "That there were no seals before the conquest in England: No King of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest, ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses.

"The punishment inflicted for counterfeiting another man's seal, was no less than abjuring the kingdom, or going into perpetual exile, as appears by a writ of King John to the sheriff of Oxford, wherein the King commands the sheriff to cause one Ankerill Manvers, who had been taken up for falsifying the seal of Robert de Oldbridge, to abjure the realm, and to send him without delay to the sea by some of his officers, who should see him go out of the land."

Or find void places in the paper
To steak in something to intrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees;[1]
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,[2]
About the cross-legg'd knights, their host:
Or wait for customers between The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, And affidavit-men ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and cloaths,[3]
Their only necessary tools, Besides the gospel and their souls,
And, when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give, quoth Hudibras, A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill To wind and manage it at will;
To veer and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;

There have been artists in this way in all ages. A remarkable instance of this kind was Young, the forger of the flower-pot plot, in the reign of William III., who was, I think, afterwards hanged, for coining, in Newgate.

Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough observes upon the imprisonment of the Lord Marlborough for this plot, "That to commit a peer, there should be an affidavit from some body of the treason. Lord Romney, secretary of state, sent for one Young, who was then in jail for perjury and forgery, and paid the fine to make him what they call a legal evidence; for the court-lawyers said, Young not having lost his ears, was an irreproachable evidence." Which verifies L'Estrange's observation, "That for a knight of the post, alluding to the practice of those times, it is but dubbing him with the title of King's evidence, and the work is done."

Nay, sometimes when there has been no similitude of hands, from that very circumstance, men of dexterity have pretended to prove it the person's hand.

This was exemplified in the case of an Irish physician, in the time of the Popish plot, "who was charged with writing a treasonable libel, but denied the thing, and appealed to the unlikeness of the characters. It was agreed, they said, that there was no resemblance at all in the hands: But the Doctor had two hands, his physic-hand, and his plot-hand, and the one not one jot like the other: Now this was the Doctor's plot-hand; and they insisted upon it, that because it was not like his hand, it was his hand."

[1] Oldham alludes to this practice, 13th Sat. of Juvenal imitated.
"If Temple-walks, or Smithfield, never fail Of plying rogues that set their souls to sale.
To the best passenger that bids a price, And make their livelihood of perjuries:
For God's sake, why are you so delicate, And think it hard to share the common fate?"

[2] He calls the monuments of the old knights lying cross-legged hosts to the knights of the post: alluding to the proverb of dining with Duke Humphrey.——The knights of the post walking in Westminster Abbey about dinner-time.

See the proverb of dining with Duke Humphrey explained among the London Proverbs, Fuller's Worthies, and a poem intitled, The Legend of the thrice honourable, ancient, and renowned Prince, his Grace, Humphrey, Duke of St. Paul's Cathedral Walk, Surveyor of the Monuments and Tombs in Westminster, and the Temple, Patron to the Perambulators of the Piazzas in Covent-Garden, Master of King's-Bench-Hall, and one of the College's Privy-Council. Chronicor. Ecclesiastic. gives the following account of the cross-legged knights.

"Sumptuosissima titulo S. Sepulchri per orbem Christianum erecta Cœnobia: in quibus hodieque videre licet militum illorum imagines, monumenta tibiis in crucem transversis: sic enim sepulti fuerunt, quotquot illo sæculo nomina bella sacro didissent, vel qui tunc temporis crucem suscepissent.

[3] Lord Clarendon gives a remarkable instance of this kind. "An Irishman of a very mean and low condition, who afterwards acknowledged, that being brought to Mr. Pym, as an evidence of one part of the charge against the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, viz., the Earl of Strafford, in a particular of which a person of so vile a quality would not be reasonably thought a competent informer, Mr. Pym gave him money to buy a satin suit and cloak; in which equipage he appeared at the trial, and gave his evidence." The like was practised in the trial of Lord Strafford, for the Popish plot.

And ring the changes upon cases, As plain as noses upon faces;
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee :[1]
I long to practise your advice, And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you b'd : As, not long after, thus he did :
For, having pump'd up all his wit, And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.[2]

I, who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;[3]
And from as fam'd a conqueror As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle :
For since I am deny'd access To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise Of your good graces, and fair eyes,
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent To everlasting banishment ;
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe To pass your doom before you hear,
You'ld find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you, Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ;
But not, because it is unpaid, 'Tis violated, though delay'd :
Or, if it were, it is no fault, So heinous as you'ld have it thought ;
To undergo the loss of ears, Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
For there's a difference in the case, Between the noble and the base ;
Who always are observ'd t' have done't Upon as different an account :
Tho one for great and weighty cause, To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who are nicest of their honour :
The other, for base gain and pay, For swear and perjure by the day ;
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences a calling,
It is no scandal, nor aspersion, Upon a great and noble person,
To say, he nat'rally abhorr'd The old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame, In meaner men, to do the same :
For to be able to forget Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,

[1] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. (J. Taylor, the water-poet), "May the terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and multiply, may actions beget actions, and cases ingender cases as thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday: let proclamations forbid fighting to increase actions of battery; that thy cassock may be three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow thread-bare!"

[2] This epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow: It therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for: On the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions.

[3] See Daniel iv. 32 33.

To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers, Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt The guilty, and punish the innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong[1]
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn, Another to be cropp'd or torn.
And if you should, as you design, By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right, To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service, than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer:
But, by the practice of the age, Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And, where the sense by custom's check'd,
Are found void, and of none effect.
For no man takes or keeps a vow, But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-tempered blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not be allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false, But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative To any other power alive?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of nature Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause To any, but its own great laws?
Love that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controuls the mighty power of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that restores, As fast as time and death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe,
Not only earth, but heaven too:

[1] Sir Hudibras seems to think it as unreasonable to punish one member for the fault of another, as the Dutchman did the application made to one part for the cure of another. "A purse-proud Dutchman, says L'Estrange, was troubled with a megrim: the doctors prescribed him a clyster—the patient fell into a rage upon it: Why certainly these people are all mad, (says he) who talk of curing a man's head at his tail."

For love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing, but the soul of man, Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love, To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse, Like angels, by the eye-discourse?[1]
Address and compliments by vision, Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend, In order to so great an end?
Or heav'n itself a sin resent,[2] That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake, A pardon for th' offence's sake,
Or, if it did not, but the cause Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate, And feel no sense of love or hate;
That have no passion of their own, Nor pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict. Revenge on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive Is empire, and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem To grant a pardon, than condemn.[3]
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine, And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,

[1] Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

The correspondence by two persons at a great distance, mentioned by Strada, and quoted by the Guardian, No. 119, was much more extraordinary than this eye-discourse of lovers. He, in the person of Lucretius, "gives an account of the chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a loadstone, which had such a virtue in it that it touched two several needles. When one of these needles so touched began to move, the other, though never at so great a distance, began to move at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with four and twenty letters, in the same manner that the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate: They then fixed the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate: If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion: The friend at the same time, saw his own sympathetic needle moving itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities, mountains, seas, or deserts." The Telegram.

[2] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it.

[3] This was part of Julius Cæsar's character, as given us by Sallust, in his comparison of M. Cato and C. Cæsar. "Cæsar beneficiisac munificentia magnus habebatur, integritate vitæ Cato; ille mansuetudine et misericordia clarus factus; huic severitas dignitatem addiderat. Cæsar dando sublevanda, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo gloriam adeptus est." See Spectator's remark upon these two characters, No. 169.

Isabella (Measure for Measure), in pleading to Angelo, for her brother's life, seems to have been of this opinion.

"No ceremonies (says she) that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with half so good a grace, as mercy doth."

Blown up with philtres of love-powder?[1]
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging:
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright, And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd, With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled:
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick, for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites,
That with your breeding teeth begin, And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon. Our cully sex, and we use none?
We who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound like Parthians, while you fly,[2]
And kill with a retreating eye:
Retire the more, the more we press, To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear, T' entrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers less subtle books.
Lay trains of amorous intrigues, In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;[3]

[1] See Eleanor Cobham's Heroical Epistle to Duke Humphrey, Drayton's Heroical Epistles.

[2] Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: They were excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more upon their retreat, than they did in the engagement.

"Fidentemque fuga Parthum, versisque sagittis——" Virgilii Georgic. lib. iii. 31.
"——Et missa Parthi post terga sagitta." Lucan. Pharsal. lib. i, 230.

The Russians and Tartars shoot forward and backwards, and the Tartars shoot their arrows behind them with such exactness as to hit those that pursue them at two hundred paces distance."

Prior borrowed this thought to adorn his ode on a lady that refused to continue a dispute.
"So when the Parthian turns his steed," &c.

[3] One of the Assembly of Divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

Nye was a leading Independent preacher: "He was put into Dr. Featly's living at Acton, and rode thither every Lord's day in triumph, in a coach drawn with four horses, to exercise there."

There was a curious pulpit and paper war carried on (says Mr. Byron) between this Saint and William Lilly the conjurer, about the lawfulness of his art, though Lilly was employed for the service of the Parliament. Which dispute (like many others) was interlarded with some pretty epithets, personal altercations, &c. "For Nye bleated forth his judgment publicly against Lilly and astrology; and in return Lilly called Nye a Jesuitical Presbyterian (he was an Independent), and says, that to be quit with him, he urged Abbot Causinus the Jesuit's approbation of astrology; and concluded, Sic canibus Catulos," &c.

At the Restoration, it was debated several hours together, whether Philip Nye and John Goodwin should not be excepted for life; because they had acted so highly (none more so,

Prepost'rously t' entice and gain Those to adore 'em they disdain ;
And only draw 'em in to clog, With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress, but the more a slave ;
And whatsoever she commands, Becomes a favour from her hands ;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must, Whether it be unjust or just.
Then, when he is compelled by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And, when necessity's obey'd, Nothing can be unjust or bad :
And therefore, when the mighty powers
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood By frail enamour'd flesh and blood ;
All I have done, unjust or ill, Was in obedience to your will ;
And all the blame that can be due, Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess'd Against my will and interest
More than is daily done of course,
By all men, when they're under force.
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
But are no sooner out of pain, Than they deny it all again.
But, when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under :
And therefore, when I told him none, I think it was the wiser done
Nor am I without precedent, The first that on th' adventure went ;
All mankind ever did of course, And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can shew a lover, That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,[1] To fall a-board in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime, Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did infant Rome,[2] By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely married where they pleas'd :
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo ;
Disdain'd to stay for friends consents, Nor juggled about settlements ;
Did need not license, nor no priest, Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money,

except Hugh Peters) against the King: and it came at last to this result, That, if after 1st Sept., in the same year, they should accept any preferment, they should in law stand as if they had been excepted totally for life. Wood's Athen. Oxon.

[1] This is true of some romances, particularly of Amadis de Gaul and Amadis de Greece, but of no others that I know of.

[2] When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum or place of refuge for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to; by which means it soon came to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without propagation it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them; and, when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring

In th' holy state of matrimony
Before they settled hands and hearts Till alimony, or death, departs :[1]
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies, down-right force :
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men;
With acting plays, and dancing jigs, The luckiest of all love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure :
For, after matrimony's over, He that holds out, but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute more, Than half a year of love before ;
For which the dames in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit, or treaty, to be won ;
And such as all posterity Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one, And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore men have power to chuse,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way, 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse ;
And gratefully submit to those Who you, before another, chose.
For why should every savage beast Exceed his great Lord's interest ?
Have freer power, than he, in grace And nature, o'er the creature has ?
Because the laws he since has made, Have cut off all the power he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion That nature gave him over women ;
When all his power will not extend One law of nature to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal The smallest clause is to rebel;
This, if men rightly understood Their privilege, they would make good.
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives,
For which sin they deserve to be Kept, as they are, in slavery :
And this some precious gifted teachers,
Unreverendly reputed leachers,[2]
And disobey'd in making love, Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought, For that uncharitable fault.

[1] *Alimony* is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from her husband. That and death are reckoned the only separations in a married state.

[2] L'Estrange (Key to Hudibras) mentions Mr. Case as one ; and Butler, in his Posthumous Works, mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters : And the writer of A letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved, That he got both mother and daughter with child." "I am glad (says an anonymous person,) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again : It was reported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655), that he was found with a whore a-bed, and that he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

But I forget myself, and rove Beyond th' instructions of my love,
Forgive me, Fair, and only blame Th' extravagancy of my flame.
Since 'tis too much at once to show Excess of love and temper too.
All I have said that's bad and true, Was never meant to aim at you;
Who have so sovereign a controul,
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,
That, rather than to forfeit you, Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
Both with an equal power possess'd,
To render all that serve you bless'd:
But none like him, who's destined either
To have, or lose you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release, (For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded and I swore,
And expiate upon my skin, Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
For 'tis but just that I should pay Th' accruing penance, for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move Your equal pity and your love.
The Knight perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle;
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit And humble distance to his wit;
And dated it with wondrous art, Giv'n from th' bottom of his heart;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, A smoking fagot,—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep, And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent, These to her gentle hands present.
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,[1]
With lessons how t' observe and eye her:[2]
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter.
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out, With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind, And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

That you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,

[1] The quaint superscription of this famous letter, and the solemn manner of the Knight's delivering it, with directions to his Squire, is very diverting. It puts me in mind of the like solemnity in Don Quixote, which if the reader pleases to compare with the scene before him, it may add to his diversion: and he will be pleased to find, that our Knight exactly adheres to the laws of knight-errantry.

[2] Don Quixote, when he sent his Squire Sancho to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, gives him the following directions: "Go then, auspicious youth, and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the beams of that refulgent sun of beauty——Observe and engrave in thy memory the manner of this reception: Mark whether her colour changes upon the delivery of thy commission; whether her looks betray any emotion or concern, when she hears my name. In short, observe all her actions, every motion, every gesture; for, by the accurate relation of these things, I shall divine the secrets of her breast, and draw just inferences so far as this imports to my amour."

At least to me, who once, you know, Did from the pound replevin you,[1]
When both your sword and spurs were won,
In combat, by an Amazon:
That sword, that did (like fate) determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows, But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla, was in single fight, Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight;
Your heels degraded of your spurs,[2] And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint;
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade,
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it, But after own'd and justify'd it:
And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself, by breaking two,
For while you sneakingly submit, And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears, To hope for quarter for your ears;
And, doubting, 'twas in vain to sue; You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force, To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence To body, soul or conscience:
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.
These are the motives which t' induce, Or fright us into love, you use:
A pretty new way of gallanting, Between soliciting and ranting,
Like sturdy beggars that entreat[3] For charity at once and threat.
But, since you undertake to prove Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize In war between two enemies;
Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but sue for might recover;
It is not hard to understand The myst'ry of this bold demand;
That cannot at our persons aim, But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paultry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire[4]
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:

[1] Replevin, the releasing of cattle, or other goods distrained, with surety to answer the distrainer's suit.

[2] To this the author of Butler's Ghost refers, cant. i. p. 89.
"You look, as if y' had something in ye, Much different from the quondam ninny,
That sat with hamper'd foot i' th' stocks, Dispersing his insipid jokes."
And perhaps, as Bertram observes of Parolles the coward, (All's well that ends well, act. iv.)
"His heels deserved it, for usurping his spurs so long."
In England, when a Knight was degraded, his gilt spurs were beaten from his heels, and his sword taken from him and broken.

[3] It is observed of the beggars in Spain, that they are very proud, and, when they ask an alms, it is in a very imperious and domineering way.

[4] The Tatler seems in one instance to be of a different opinion. (No. 151) "What jewel (says he) can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders so much as her eyes?—The cluster of diamonds upon her breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory that supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but not to love her."

Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on your lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,[1]
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock, Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,[2]
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks, Produce those amorous effects:
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle by their tones, Their mystic cabals and jargons:
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous
O' th' charms and graces of my house;
What extasy, and scorching flame, Burns for my money, in my name:
What, from the unnatural desire To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;
To these th' address with serenades,
And courts, with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part, Of mankind study't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand,[3] Still fall to th' owner of the land:
And, where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound
Than that which has the slighter basis Of airy virtue, wit and graces:
Which is of such thin subtlety, It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay, Steals out again, as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold, and precious stones,

[1] Who wore stones hung at their lips.

[2] In the History of Don Fenise, a romance, translated from the Spanish of Francisco de Las Coveras, 1651, Don Antonio speaking of his mistress Charity, says, "My covetousness, exceeding my love, counselled me, that it was better to have gold in money, than in threads of hair; and to possess pearls that resembled teeth, than teeth that were like pearls."

[3] A thing given, or rather forfeited to God, for the pacification of his wrath in case of misadventure. See Manley's Interpreter.

Must, like its shining parents, prove As solid and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces, but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with;
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds, With which a philtre love commands.
This is the way all parents prove, In managing their children's love;[1]
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, As if th' were bur'ing of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,[2]
To join in wedlock all they have;
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse:
For money has a power above The stars, and fate, to manage love;[3]
Whose arrows learned poets hold,[4]
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though some say, the parents claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo and contracts in their names;
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in matrimony, But sell and prostitute for money.
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worse than nothing:
And, when they're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right; but, for the course You take to do't, by fraud, or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray That tell what tricks they are to play.

[1] The author of the Devil upon Two Sticks gives an instance of this, in the case of a delicate young lady, whom her prudent parents prostituted to the embraces of an old brute. "The beastly sot (says he) was rival to one of a very agreeable character; their fortunes were equal; but, I dare say, you'll laugh at the merit which preferred this worthy to the choice of the mother: You must know he had a pigeon-house upon his estate, which the other had not. This turned the balance in his favour, and determined the fate of that unfortunate lady."

[2] Alluding to the burial office, which was scandalously ridiculed in those times. One Brook, a London lecturer, at the burial of Mr. John Gough, of St. James's, Duke's place, within Aldgate, London, used the following words:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Here's the pit, and in thou must."
Mercurius Rusticus, No. 9.

Mr. Cheynel behaved as remarkably at the funeral of Mr. Chillingworth. After a reflecting speech upon the deceased, he threw his book, entitled, The Religion of Protestants, a safe way to Salvation, into the grave, saying, "Get thee gone, thou cursed book, which has seduced so many precious souls: Earth to earth, dust to dust: Get thee into the place of rottenness, that thou may'st rot with the author, and see corruption."

[3] See Butler's Ghost, cant. i. How small a matter will sometimes preponderate in this case appears from the Spectator, No. 15, who mentions a young lady, who was warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for many months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

[4] The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows, the one tipped with gold and the other with lead: the golden always inspire and inflame love in the person he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

Marriage at best is but a vow, Which all men either break, or bow.
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure, when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand swear and lye, For earnest to their treachery;
And, rather than a crime confess, With greater strive to make it less:
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die, Will take upon their death a lye,
Nor are the virtues, you confess'd T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd.
So slight, as to be justify'd, By being as shamefully deny'd.
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost, B' a brave knight-errant of the post,
That eats, perfidiously, his word,
And swears his ears, thro' a two inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown, And perjure booty, *pro* and *con;*
Can make the gospel serve his turn, And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,[x]
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues, in whose name,
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion, In grace and nature, o'er all women:
Of whom no less will satisfy, Than all the sex, your tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a num'rous crew, Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were Solomons, And wise and great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to subdue, (As they did him) and baffle you.
And, if you are impos'd upon, 'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite, And teach us how to use the slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that a stone, Like sots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime, Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;
You force us, in our own defences, To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces, And draw attracts upon our faces:
And, in compliance to your wit, Your own false jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those arts, We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most, That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like heav'n, Too rich a present to be given.

[x] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times.

In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, I am as good as under an oath. And in the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the court answered, he spoke too late, Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question whether he were sworn or no, replied he had not yet kissed the book—The court answered, that was no matter, it was but a ceremony, he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.

Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well, The simple natural excell.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows;
For, without art, the noblest seeds Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though paradise were e'er so fair, It was not kept so, without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd, For all that nature has conferr'd.
This does but rough-hew and design, Leaves art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife) Man first turned tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd, How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet, To us alone, you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice, And our unnatural no-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast, And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause To not appear in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks, And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves:
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own;
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs:
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second hand:
As if a pilot, that appears To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir, Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Prester John,[1]
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,[2]

[1] Prester John, an absolute prince, Emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission. Browne's Vulgar Errors.

"But, if his purpose do not vary, He means to fetch one more vagary,
To see, before his coming back, The mighty bounds of Prester Jack."

[2] Sir Francis Alvarez, a Portugal priest, in his voyage to the court of Prete Janni, observes, "That he commonly sheweth himself thrice a year, on Christmas-day, on Easter-day, and on Holy-Rood-day in September. And the cause why he thus sheweth himself thrice, is because his grandfather, whose name was Alexander, was kept three years secret after his death by his servants, who governed the country all the mean while; for, until that time, none of the

W' enjoy as large a power unseen, To govern him, as he does men:
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,[1]
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucel's braver name[2] Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.[3]
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause;[4]
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong
To th' long robe and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight, In all the world's affair of state;
Are ministers of war and peace, That sway all nations, how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks, Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles O' th' spirits in all conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well, Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,

people might see their King; neither was he seen of any but a few of his servants. And, at the request of the people, the father of David, one of their Emperors, shewed himself three days; and the King also doth the like."

[1] This is a notable gird upon Pope Alexander III. who had a meeting with the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa at Venice (Sir W. Segar says, in the year 1166, Sir Paul Ricaut in the year 1177) the following account of which is given by Sir W. Segar, "The Emperor being arrived at Venice, the Pope was set in a rich chair at the church door.——Before the Pope's feet a carpet of purple was spread upon the ground: the Emperor, being come to the said carpet, forthwith fell down, and from thence (upon his knees) went towards the Pope to kiss his feet; which done, the Pope with his hand lifted him up.

"From thence they passed together unto the great altar, in St. Mark's church, whereon was set the table of precious stones, which at this day is reputed one of the greatest treasures in Europe. Some have reported, that the Emperor did prostrate himself before the altar, and the Pope set his foot on his neck: While this was a doing, the clergy sung the psalm of David, which saith, Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis; which the Emperor hearing, said, Non tibi, sed Petro: The Pope answered, Et mihi et Petro."

[2] Joan of Arc, called also the Pucelle, or maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Damremi on the Meuse, daughter of James d'Arc and Isabella Romee, was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty, she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by the John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword that lay in the tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the cross and fleur de lis were engraven, which put the King in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it: Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner, in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Mr. Anstis observes, (Register of the Garter) "That Joan the maid of Orleans, for her valiant actions, was ennobled, and had a grant of arms, dated Jan. 16, 1429, and her pursuivant named Hear de Liz."

[3] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses; particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

J. Davies, in his relation of Achen, observes that the women there are the King's chief counsellors; and that a woman was his admiral.

[4] "Make rev'rend judges speak with awe, And a bad title good in law."
Hudibras' Ghost, canto ii.

And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike sail, And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when h' has chac'd his enemies, Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state, Untimely rais'd, or magistrate
That's haughty and imperious? He's but a journeyman to us;
That, as he gives us cause to do't, Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are young guardians that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal, In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must, In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorousest course Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are us'd, Are further off from being reduc'd;
And scorn t' abate, for any ills, The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply Arts, born with us; for remedy;
Which all your politics, as yet, Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d'we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford, Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon Things that are never to be known:
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous;
To square the circle of the arts, And run stark mad to shew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws, And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents, And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast, to cry down ours;
And what in real value's wanting Supply with vapouring and ranting.
Because yourselves are terrify'd, And stoop to one another's pride;
Believe we have as little wit To be out-hector'd and submit;
By your example, lose that right
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrify'd into an awe, Pass on ourselves a Salic law:[1]

[1] Pharamond, the first King of France, died about the year 428. An ancient chronicle gives

Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race,[1]
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

him the credit of settling the Salic law by four lords, and says, they laboured in it for three malles or assizes: and that it is called Salic, from the Saliens, the noblest of the French people.

Others call its antiquity in question, and think it was four hundred years later than Pharamond, and made by Charles the Great, against the German women inheriting lands in their small domains between the Sala and the Elbe; and if so, it had no signification to the French. Echard's History of England.

But whether the claim is in Pharamond or Charles the Great, if we may credit Dr. Howel, the first time it was put in execution was after the death of Lewis X. or Lewis Hutin, the forty-sixth King of France, who died June 5, 1316, and left his Queen Clementia great with child of son called John, who died the eighth day after he was born. He left a daughter also named Joanna, begotten of Margaret, daughter of Robert Duke of Burgundy, for whom her uncle Odo, brother of this Robert, challenged this kingdom in right both of her father and brother: but Philip sirnamed the Long, brought her uncle Odo over to his interest, by marrying to him his own daughter Joanna.——At this time, and in this case, was this law first objected, almost nine whole ages after it was first enacted. Edward III. King of England, not long after this, in 1328, (Echard's England) claimed the crown of France in right of his mother Isabella, daughter of Philip IV. sirnamed Philip the Fair.

"It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause, By a sword stronger than the Salic laws,
Though fetched from Pharamond, when the French did fight
With women's hearts against the women's right."
A Poem on the civil war by Abr. Cowley.

Henry V. was advised by Archbishop Chichly to lay claim to his right in that kingdom, which descended to him from King Edward III. Montaigne observes (Essays) that this was never seen by any one.

The Lysians (according to Herodotus) had a custom peculiar to themselves, and the reverse of this. For, amongst them, the relation by the mother's side was esteemed more honourable than that by the father; and, for that reason, the children took the mother's name.

[1] The Spanish ladies do so. But he alludes probably to the Muscovite women, who are far more obsequious in this respect than they should be. For Mr. Purchase observes, "That if there the woman is not beaten once a week, she will not be good; and there they look for it weekly: and the women say, if their husbands did not beat them, they should not love them."

"Est Moscoim quidam Alemannus, faber ferrarius, cognomento Jordanus, qui duxerat uxorem Rhutenam; ea cum apud maritum aliquandiu esset, hunc ex occasione quodam amice sic alloquitur: Cur me conjux charissime non amas? Respondit maritus, ego vero te vehementer amo: quærebat igitur maritus qualia signa vellet? Cui uxor, nunquam, ait, me verberasti." Rer. Moscoviticar. Comment. Sigismundi, &c. 1600.

We see, after all, that the Widow is too cunning to be entrapped, either by the threats or intreaties in the Knight's letter. She gives him no hopes of a peaceable compliance with his demands, nor any handle for a forced one, either in law or equity. Her satire is just, and so appositely levelled at the most sensible part of his passion, that all his pretensions to it are ridiculed and overthrown: All his hypocritical schemes and pretences being thus disappointed, we may conjecture that it wrought in his stubborn mind a conviction that they were vain, empty, and unavailable; and, accordingly, we find that he now puts an end to a three years fruitless amour, for we hear nothing of him afterwards.

THE END.

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